DECEMBER 1966

Commentary

VOLUME FORTY-TWO, NUMBER SIX

S. Y. AGNON: Three Stories

With an Introduction by **EDMUND WILSON**

AGNON'S QUEST
Baruch Hochman

SAVING THE HUMANITIES
Eric Larrabee

THE THEATER OF COMMITMENT
Eric Bentley

A CONTROVERSY ON CHURCH & STATE
Ivan Shapiro / Milton Himmelfarb

AUSCHWITZ ON STAGE
Jack Richardson

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Michael Harrington — Joseph Epstein
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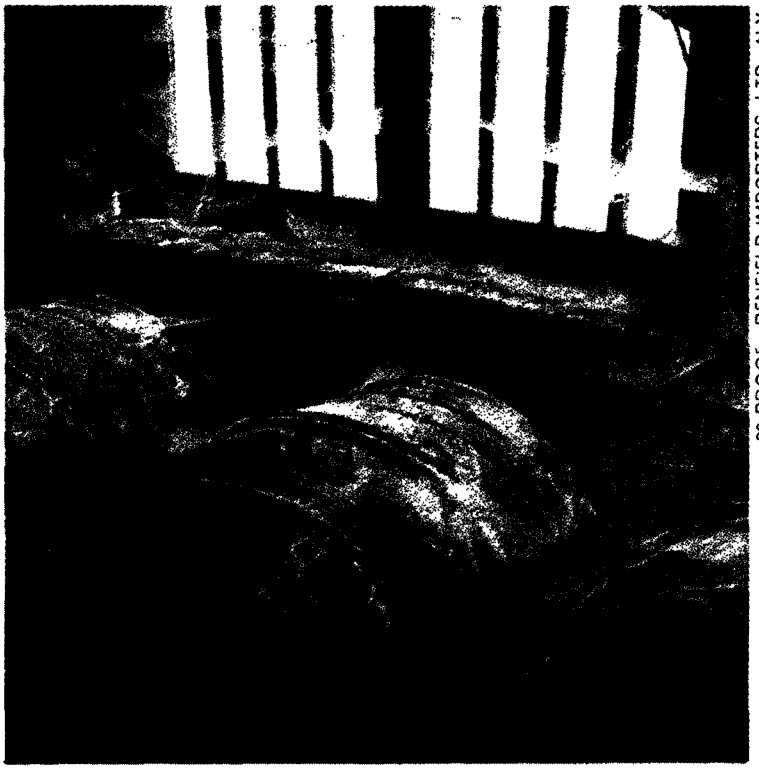

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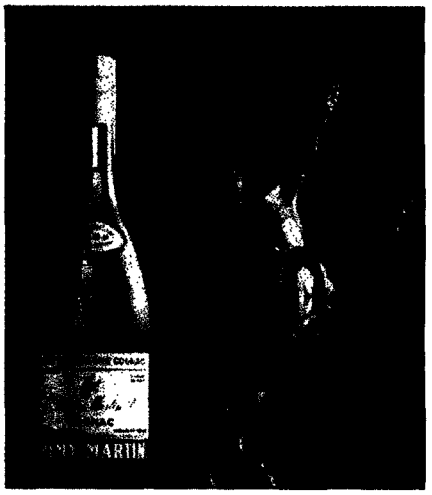

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Commentary

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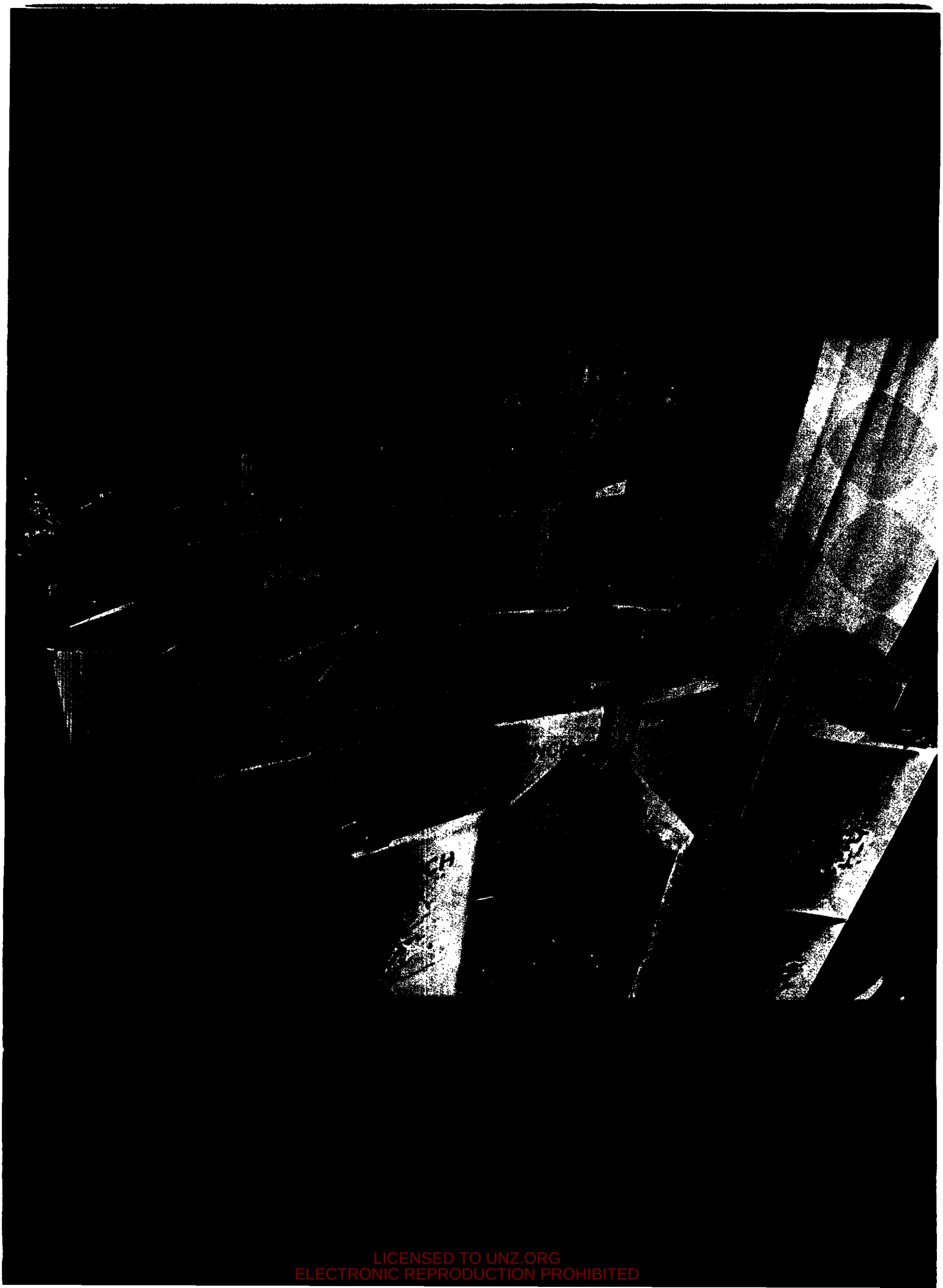

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The Armenian Case

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Marjorie Housepian's "The Unremembered Genocide" [September] is a soul-searing indictment, both of those who "would rather not get involved" and of those who do not hesitate to do so—for self-gain.

May I suggest, however, that Werfel's *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* is not the "sole literary testament" to this event. My book, *The Cross and The Crescent*, a historical biography of the 1915 Turkish Armenocide, although not a novel, details the inception and progression of Turkey's contribution to mankind—genocide. Dedicated to the 1,500,000 Christian martyrs who were slain by the Moslem Turks, it depicts not only the holocaust in Armenia in 1915, but the Communist holocaust which marked the Republic of Armenia as the first victim of Communism in 1920.

Author Housepian might also have mentioned the . . . name of Soghomon Tehlirian, the twenty-five-year-old Armenian patriot who tracked down, found, and executed Talaat Pasha in Berlin in 1921. Talaat, the author of the first genocide of the 20th century, escaped the Allied occupation forces in 1918 and fled to Berlin until his crimes caught up with him. Tehlirian went before a High German Court, and in the ensuing two weeks, all the agony and pathos of the Armenians were brought to light. The accused was acquitted, marking the first time in history that a mass-murderer was judged guilty of "war crimes," setting a precedent that culminated in Nuremberg. Ironically, as Adolph von Gorton, Tehlirian's defense attorney, was calling for an international court to try Turkish war criminals, some miles away, another Adolph was penning his *Mein Kampf*. . . .

President Wilson and the Western powers did not establish the republic of Armenia, as stated in the article. Nor can I agree with the statement that the "establishment of the Republic was a result of genocide, not a cause." Under the banner of the leading political party, the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, the Armenian Volunteer Regiment, composed of survivors and volunteers from all over the world, fought and defeated Wehib Pasha's 36,000 regulars and thus raised the red, blue, and orange tricolor over Yerevan, establishing the Republic on May 28, 1918—two years before the Sèvres Treaty of 1920. Thirty days after the Treaty was signed on August 10, 1920, the Turks and Soviets attacked the Republic. The combined Kemal-Lenin sneak attack resulted in the Republic's defeat on December 2, 1920—the first domino to fall. The world failed to challenge Communism's first violation, or Turkey's part in it. President Wilson's call for an American mandate over Armenia had been denied months before and the road to world domination had been opened. The reaction of many so-called Western powers was by no means apathetic; on the contrary, it was quite deliberate. . . .

LINDY V. AVAKIAN
Los Angeles, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

May one say thank you for . . . "The Unremembered Genocide"? Maybe the Turks succeeded in "burying their crime in the pit of history" but, at least for me, Marjorie Housepian has succeeded in digging up just one more instance of man's inhumanity to man. . . .

D. DEITCHER
Montreal, Quebec

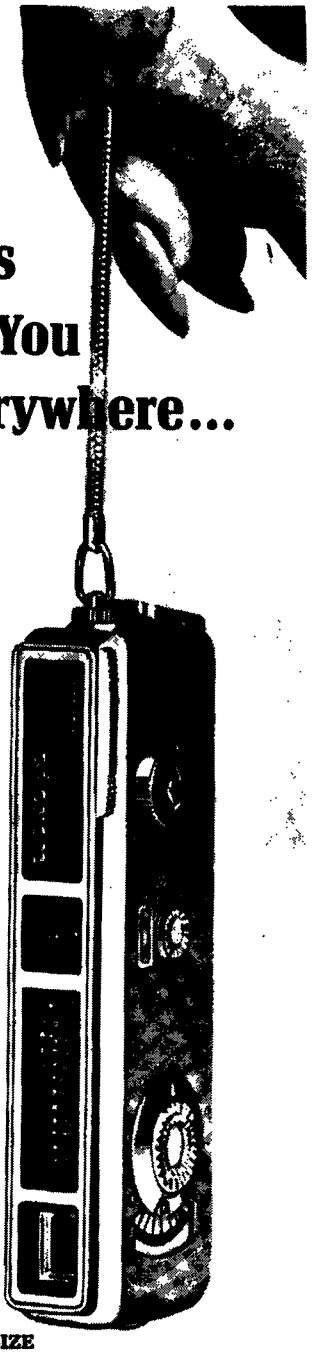
TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Marjorie Housepian's article . . . reminded me of an incident from my boyhood. I was about nine or ten and angry as only a boy of nine or ten can be at his father. In a rage, I shouted at him, "You Turk!" It seemed to me the ultimate opprobrium because of what he had told me about the hurt and misery he and his people had known in the old land. Could I hurt him more deeply?

I expected him to turn on me with fury. . . . But instead, he said, quietly, "What's the matter with the Turks? There are good ones among them too."

At the time, I could not understand it. But years later, it suddenly came to me, what my father meant. . . .

In the spring of 1964, I traveled from Antiocus deep into the heartland of Turkey just short of the Lake Van regions and back, my father's words ringing in my ears all the way. To remember is one



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thing, to forgive is something else entirely. . . .

. . . Ultimately every single man, woman, and child who has been deeply hurt by the kind of mass insanity Miss Housepian depicts in her article must find his way to a personal resolution that permits the giving of such forgiveness. . . .

I have made my way through this intricate process so I can say, "I forgive!" Since I am a writer and have worked the hurt over in the process of creation, reparations have been exacted. . . .

HARRY BARBA
Department of English
Skidmore College
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . We are living in an age of expediency and fraudulent diplomacy. Terms like "free world," "captive nations," etc. etc. are the merest slogans to serve our national purpose . . . and interest. The entire population of Eastern Turkey —Armenia, that is—is massacred, the Turks rule the land, and when the Armenians raise their voices for justice, their cries fall on deaf ears . . ., for keeping Turkey as an ally is held to be the most important consideration. . . .

Your editors are to be congratulated for . . . this reminder of the death of a nation in the civilized 20th century.

(Dr.) STEPHEN G. SVAJIAN
Brooklyn, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I fail to see what useful purpose is served by Marjorie Housepian's rehearsal of the Turkish evils of over a half century ago. She laments the fact that "today there are few who even know that they occurred," but does not tell us why it would be better for many to know. Had she cited evidence that the old insanities of Turkish nationalism were still alive, that the forces that could lead to genocide were still active, then there might have been some point in alerting us. As it is, her article merely serves to reinforce paranoid tendencies, the fear of threats and dangers which do not in fact exist. The emotional maps of fifty years ago are just as obsolete as the political maps. Let us adjust and live in terms of present-day realities—both in Turkey and in Germany.

JOHN V. HAGOPIAN
Department of English
Harpur College
Binghamton, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Aside from the reasons presented by Miss Housepian, more recent political considerations have undoubtedly prevented this timeless story from being known, judging, for example, from the fact that official pressure has, on at least two occasions, prevented Franz Werfel's epic *Forty Days of Musa Dagh* from being made into a film.

It is plain that even the most "civilized" people have been unwilling to put moral issues above personal interest. . . . COMMENTARY is to be congratulated for bringing this shocking story to light. Opening a window to truth may be chilling to those who have something to hide—but in the long run it promotes international health.

ARMINE DIKIJIAN
Brooklyn, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As an American Jew who not long ago spent nearly two years in Turkey, I was particularly interested in Marjorie Housepian's article. I have no special factual knowledge to contribute to her account of the alleged Turkish atrocities against the Armenians. However, during my stay in Turkey I did come to know many Turks, some of whom are now among my closest friends. In these circumstances, it is difficult to be objective about the grave charges made in this article.

Judging simply from numerous contacts with individual Turks a generation after these atrocities were supposed to have been committed, my only reaction is that the Turks seem so completely normal and human in every way that Miss Housepian's charges are completely believable. Certainly they are no harder to believe for a Turcophile like myself, than reports that bombs, napalm, and other tokens of endearment are sometimes dropped by American planes on the villages of our South Vietnamese allies in the hope that armed Vietcong, as well as innocent civilians, will be among the victims.

Miss Housepian's closing note is particularly appropriate in a Jewish magazine. Certainly the Armenians have a right to expect that the world remember the genocide committed against them.

SEYMOUR SMIDT
Ithaca, New York

MISS HOUSEPIAN writes:

Mr. Avakian's reference to the Tehlirian case is well taken. His last paragraph, however, deals with

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postwar political developments that are quite irrelevant to the issue of the 1915 genocide with which I was primarily concerned. His letter does serve to illustrate how easily history can be garbled when clear distinctions are not made; as between the unprovoked exterminations of 1915-16, and the highly complex political aftermath in the Trans-Caucasus in 1918-20. After the war, Armenians who had escaped to Russian soil had an opportunity, at least, to display a measure of resistance against Moslem attacks on that area. These Armenians and their Russian-Armenian brethren attempted to fight for independence only after the Bolsheviks ceded to Turkey the territory on which they had found refuge, and precisely because, after the events of 1915, they felt it would be suicidal to submit to Turkish rule. Recognition of an Armenian State in the Treaty of Sèvres (only to be abandoned when the treaty was scrapped) was likewise the direct result of genocide. And since, at the end, countless Armenians assisted in the Communist takeover—in order to prevent the sole remaining province of Erevan from falling into Turkish hands—that episode can hardly be compared to the holocaust of 1915. Mr. Avakian's zealous anti-Communism has perhaps blurred his vision.

Mr. Hagopian's bland assertion that whatever forces motivate genocide will never again recur is scarcely reassuring. If he is convinced that the human animal has undergone revolutionary change for the better in fifty—no, twenty years, I suggest the burden of proof is on him. Equally remarkable is his urge to dismiss the past, and his indifference to how the past is recorded. We should be grateful Mr. Hagopian does not teach history.

I'm happy to know Mr. Smidt numbers Turks among his best friends. Despite their failings, some of mine are white Anglo-Saxon Protestants.

Anti-Semitism

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Norman Cohn leaves unanswered the question why collective psychopathological anti-Semitism is an essentially Christian phenomenon ["The Myth of the Jewish World-Conspiracy," June]. It may be that the fantasy of Jews as a brotherhood of evil arose not merely as a "device for immunizing Christians against the attractions of the parent religion," for few 4th-century Christians were attracted to Judaism, but also as a much-needed explanation of the rejection of Jesus as Messiah by the people who knew him best.

Author Cohn's hope of forestalling "aberrations" requires not only facing the implications of collective psychopathology, but the elimination of their causes. It is therefore relevant for us to consider whether there can be a non-anti-Semitic Christian explanation of the Jewish rejection of Jesus.

ROBERT FEINSCHREIBER
Department of Economics
Yale University
New Haven, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Norman Cohn's article . . . is historically satisfying but offers no new or adequate psychopathological explanation. Does Mr. Cohn understand the unconscious? His inability to appreciate the fantasy of the Negro as the bad, powerful father is due to lack of regard for the irrationality of the unconscious, racial and individual. . . .

This view of the Negro as the fantasied large bad father coincides with an explanation for prejudice offered by the psychoanalysts Richard F. Sterba in 1943 and Lawrence S. Kubie in 1964. The 1943 paper reported fantasies of white parents during the Detroit race riots and points out hatred of the Negro as a father-substitute with the aim of his death and castration. Kubie related anti-Negro feeling to the child's frustration at the large size of the father as well as other factors. The distinction between the infantile origins of anti-Negro and anti-Semitic psychology remains obscure as we look for the reasons some succumb to prejudice while others do not.

(Dr.) PAUL LOWINGER
Department of Psychiatry
Wayne State University
Detroit, Michigan

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Norman Cohn's article is . . . one of the more interesting essays to have appeared in COMMENTARY recently. For a director of a center for research in collective psychopathology to discover that projection and Oedipal problems in relation to anti-Semitism are ideas that have been "kicking around" in psychiatry for a long time is one surprise. But the uncritical accept-

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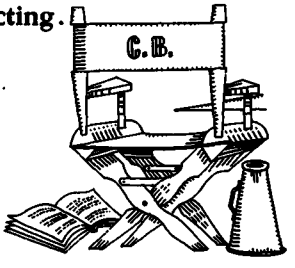

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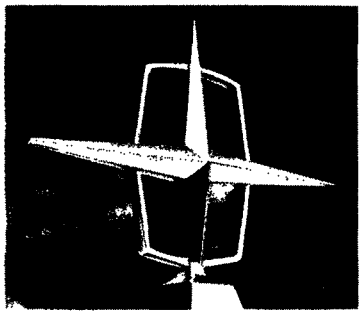

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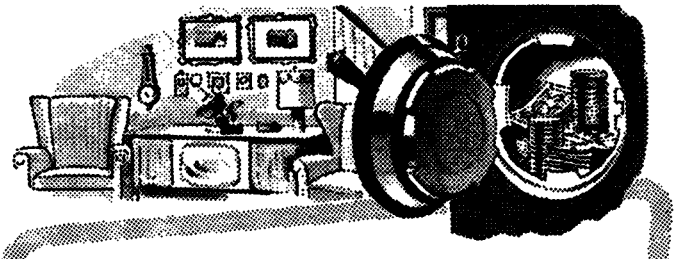

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ance of these notions is almost as surprising. Argument by metaphor and analogy may be literarily pleasant but it is scientifically untenable. To apply principles of a specious theory of personality development to incidents of collective behavior and social movements is . . . reductionism. Clearly, socio-cultural behavior demands analysis in socio-cultural—not psychoanalytic—terms. If reductionism is valid, then let's look for anti-Semitic genes. Cohn's argument is all the more suspect, since he notes elements of social structure which may be pertinent to his argument (little or no anti-Semitism in India or China, where religious and ethnic pluralism is great) but clearly does not understand his own observations. Sociological analysis of anti-Semitism seems well beyond Mr. Cohn's understanding, and that is too bad, since he fails to inspect the data and settles for the literary, psychoanalytic point of view, which is not science, but ideology.

MICHAEL SCHWARTZ
Department of Sociology
Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Mr. Cohn's admission that Jews lived in China and India for centuries unmolested, . . . aroused my curiosity. Aren't Hindus and Chinese also troubled unconsciously by the Oedipus complex and the "abnormal fear and hatred of parental figures"? . . .

I suggest to all writers on the subject of anti-Semitism that if you want to play cards, call a spade a spade. Say where the blame lies: on people, not unconscious drives. And upon whom? On the popes, the archbishops, the priests, the ministers, the leaders of every sect and cult of Christianity who practiced, encouraged, and taught anti-Semitism, and who did not utter a single word of protest against murder. . . .

CHARLES LEVINE
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Credence in the ancient blood libel persisted in this country into the 20th century. I refer to the incident in the 30's when the police chief of Massena, N.Y., questioned the local rabbi after the disappearance of a local child . . . to the horror of American Jewry. And the naive police chief was surely not the only American who held this belief.

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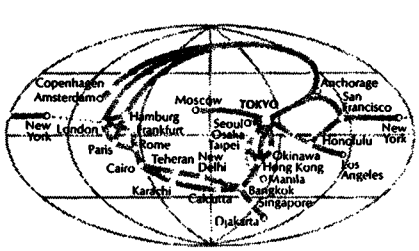

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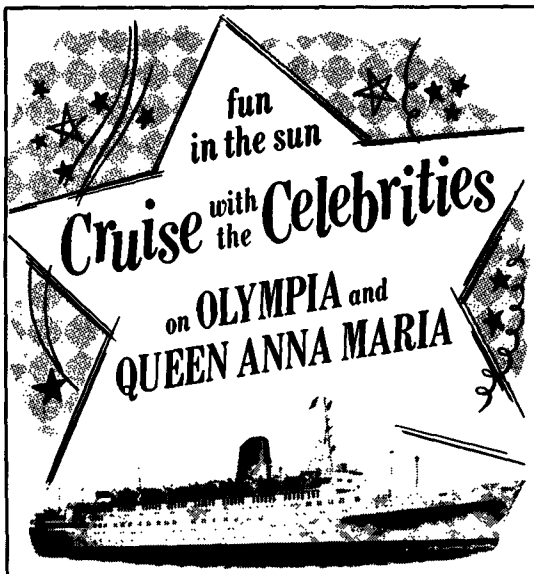

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Recently, this man, who is now a distinguished lawyer, the former vice-president of the Canadian Bar Association, and a former lecturer at the law faculty of McGill University, was elevated to the bench of the Superior Court of the province of Quebec. I doubt whether in this ecumenical age, he still retains belief in the validity of the ancient libel, but our encounter continues to provide food for thought....

SAMUEL H. ABRAMSON
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Reading Norman Cohn's article brought to my mind what Robert Alter said in the same issue ["The Apocalyptic Temper"] about "archetypes" as "an academic exercise" in literature. Using such archetypes in history, together with some rudiments of psychoanalysis, one can formulate any ("modern") theory, . . . while disregarding all the facts. As an historian I would like to mention some of those facts:

(1) Genocide has been practiced throughout history, not exclusively against Jews in the 20th century. Armenians were massacred during World War I in Turkey, apparently without benefit of any myth of world-conspiracy. And Stalin massacred many millions by "creating" varied myths of a number of world-conspiracies including that of a capitalist-American-Trotzkyite-Zionist, etc. conspiracy. The Nazis themselves planned

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and began (partially) to execute the *Aussiedlung* and extermination of Slavic peoples with the goal, as formulated by Himmler on March 15, 1940, *alle Polen zu vernichten*. A later RSHA plan envisaged the evacuation to Siberia of some fifty million Poles, Czechs, Ukrainians, and Bielorussians—all of this without any "Protocols of the Elders of Slavonia" or any myth of world-domination.

(2) Dr. Cohn states that "one can imagine how the *Protocols* were greeted in Poland and Rumania!" . . . This writer happened to be "a participant-observer" in Poland in those years and knew about anti-Semitism but was not aware—and is not aware today—of any considerable impact of the *Protocols* in that country.

(3) Without here going into the problem of identification of the (bearded) Jew with the "bad" father, it should be mentioned that attacks on Orthodox Jews with long beards are not characteristic of German troops only. Memoirs of East European Jews who came to New York in the last decades of the 19th century relate how bearded Jewish peddlers who went into non-Jewish neighborhoods near New York's Lower East Side usually returned home, beaten, and minus their beards. In Poland, the so-called *Haleczyki* (soldiers of Polish ethnic origin who served with the Allied armies in France during World War I and who, after the war, were allowed to proceed to resurrected Poland under the command of General S. Haller) were the first to tear out Jewish beards there. . . .

(4) Nor can the fact that "people dissociated themselves from the Jews and their fate" serve to indicate the influence of the myth, since this dissociation is factually not true for Tsarist Russia and Germany before the Nazi regime. There were Russians who fought in Tsarist Russia with the Jewish self-defense units against pogroms, just as there were liberals who fought in the *Duma* (Parliament) and elsewhere in behalf of the Jews. Nor is the picture in Germany before 1932 all black either in terms of association with, or support of, Jews (and I can again speak as "a participant-observer"). . . . In a dictatorial state—in Hitler's Germany or Stalin's Russia—one does not need . . . any explanation for not having "the courage" to become a martyr; very few people have that kind of courage.

(5) Also valueless is the association of the *Protocols* with the accusation of sorcery since the Middle Ages. Accusations of sorcery and witchcraft against heterodox peoples . . . are to be found among the Greeks and Romans, among Christians in connection with Jews, Moslems, and certain Christian sects. There are also some Asian-African denominations which are not free of this tendency. And the Jews themselves? The Bible contains more than a dozen references to sorcery and witchcraft in connection with non-Jews. The same holds true for the Talmud, Midrash, and later literature. . . .

In summary, Dr. Cohn's speculations can find very little, if any, support in the facts. The *Protocols* were used as a rationale or justification for action against Jews in the same way as other "myths" (Stalin's, among others) were used (and are still being used) to justify policies against larger groups. They may or may not *all* be classified as psychopathological.

BERNARD D. WEINRYB
Dropsie College
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

"Exterminatory anti-Semitism, [which] appears where Jews are imagined as a collective embodiment of evil, a conspiratorial body dedicated to the task of ruining and then dominating the rest of mankind," is not primarily "a matter of fantasy," to be understood best by psychological or psychoanalytic investigation, as Professor Norman Cohn suggests. . . . Rather, it is primarily a matter of ideology, in turn based mostly on theology: . . . a consequence of the Christian belief in a potent and dangerous Devil, with whom Jews (as well as the Albigensians and other heretics) . . . were seen as allied and therefore dangerous. . . .

This kind of anti-Semitism can therefore be understood far better by studying history, and the history of Church doctrine and practice in particular, than by studying psychology. . . .

One example of Cohn's tendency to show uncritical reverence for psychoanalysis, while relegating history to a secondary place, is his assigning of the blame for medieval anti-Semitism to the unconscious Oedipus complexes of the Christian populace, rather than to the conscious theology of the medieval Church, which was much more anti-Semitic then than it had been previously. . . .

Little if any change in Oedipus complexes occurred between the 8th and 14th centuries, although anti-Semitism was far more virulent in the latter period. There were, however, great changes in Christian theology, the most important of which was a greatly increased emphasis on, and fear of, the Devil, . . . largely the result of specific historical factors omitted or minimized by Cohn; among them are the separation of the Byzantine and Roman Churches in 1054, the imposition in 1075 of sacerdotal celibacy in the West, the crusades preached by the Church from 1095, and the Fourth Lateran Council of 1215.

It was this Council which decreed that all Jews wear identifying badges, thereby . . . creating officially-sanctioned targets for whatever hostilities and vexations arose within the populace—and during the plague- and fear-ridden Middle Ages there were many. Equally important was the doctrine of transubstantiation, which defined the wine and wafer of Christian communion as changed literally, rather than metaphorically, into Christ's blood and flesh at the time of ingestion. Since believing Christians were thus religiously required to engage in literal cannibalism whenever they took communion, it is not surprising that they believed, or could easily be brought to believe, that adherents of other faiths did likewise. These are but two examples of specific changes in Christian theology *at that time*, understanding of which is far more helpful in explaining the medieval blood libel than timeless psychological conjectures about Oedipus complexes.

Theological dualism, a frequent consequence of strife and desperation, was a central ideological concept which invaded Christendom in the medieval period. It led in practice to the denial of the concept of one God, to its replacement by the dualistic notion of two deities, God and Devil, and to the belief that those humans allied with the Devil—first Jews, then many others—had to be repressed or annihilated for God's kingdom to be built. This demonological dualism was responsible for the deaths of hundreds of thousands of Jews, heretics, "witches," and others not submitting completely to church or state power.

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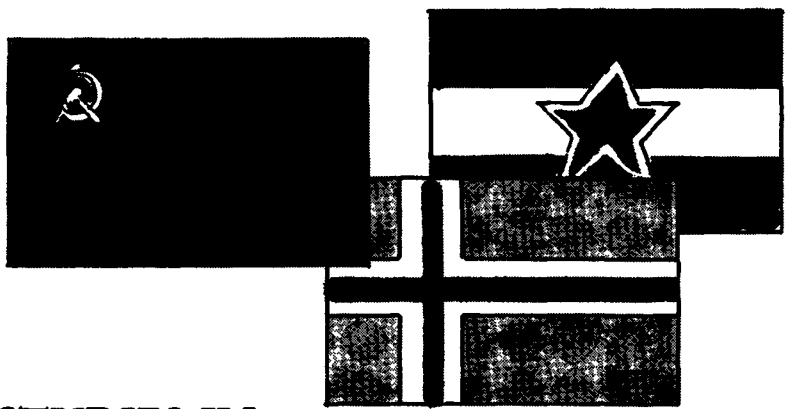

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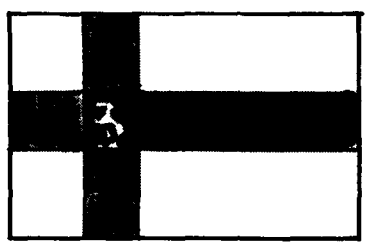

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We used to think that that kind of diabolistic dualism died with the growth of science, but it continues to exist in our own century, although, as Cohn shows, it can take different forms. Nowadays it masquerades as scientific, and many people accept it as such, particularly when they know relatively little of history, and of Church history in particular. . . .

Twenty-seven years ago, the late Professor Morris R. Cohen of CCNY pointed out the ignorant, irresponsible, and fundamentally anti-scientific quality of psychoanalytic historical methodology. In a scathing review of Freud's *Moses and Monotheism*, written for *Jewish Social Studies*, he showed how Freud "is not interested in, and shows no familiarity with, the actual conditions of life among the ancient Israelites and their neighbors. Nor does he pretend to any command or knowledge of the Hebrew text of the Bible which is practically our only source of information for the history of the Hebrew religion. . . ."

Norman Cohn also seems quite unaware of the role of psychoanalysts and psychiatrists in the Holocaust itself, as unwitting, and possibly witless, Trojan horses facilitating the Nazi takeover, and as assistant murderers afterward. . . .

Throughout the early period of Hitler's rise to power, during which the justified fears of German intellectuals and Jews about political events were increasing . . . the flourishing German psychoanalytic profession functioned on the basic, unquestioned assumption—which Cohn seems still to share—that the fundamental causes of people's anxieties were their childhood experiences. The Nazis were frightening, yes; but the fundamental, genetic basis of the anxieties, of which the present anxiety was merely reminiscent, was really fear of the potentially castrating father. And in Germany, as here, the psychoanalytic clientele included a disproportionate number of those shaping cultural and political thinking. . . .

The degradation under the Nazis of German medicine, which, as in this country, accepted psychiatry as its ideological leader, is a matter of shameful historic record. What is not usually realized, however, is that psychiatry not only helped provide the ideology of mass murder, but that it supplied the first victims also. These were allegedly hopeless mental

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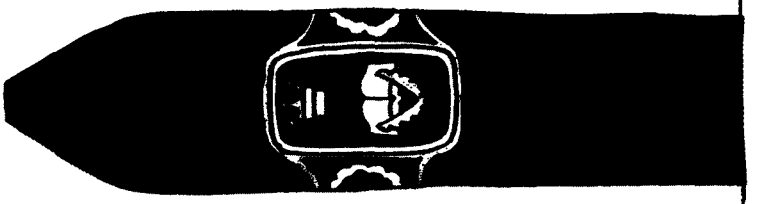

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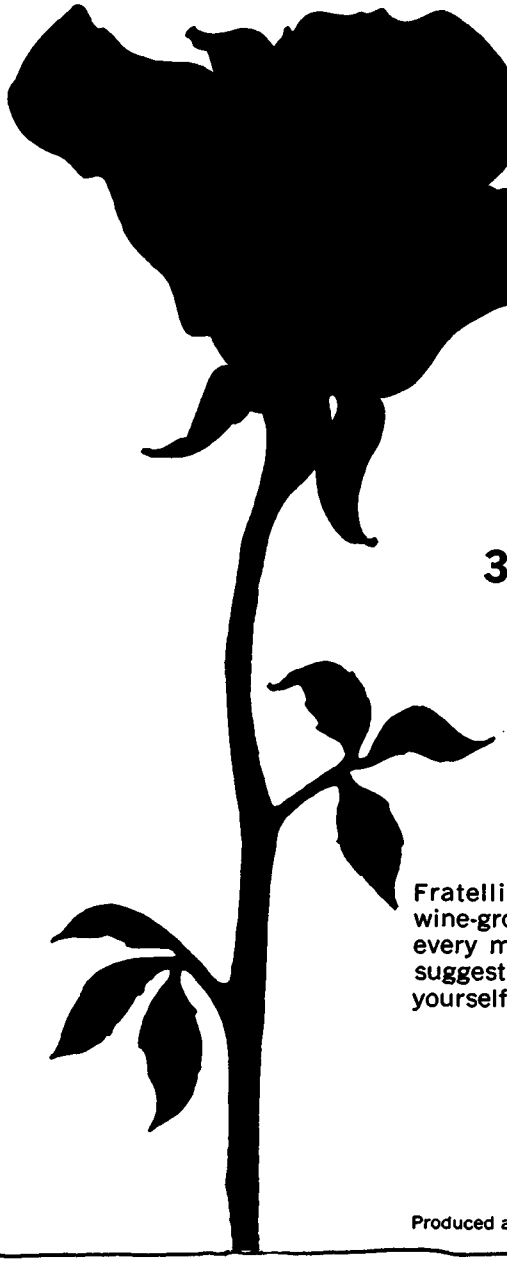

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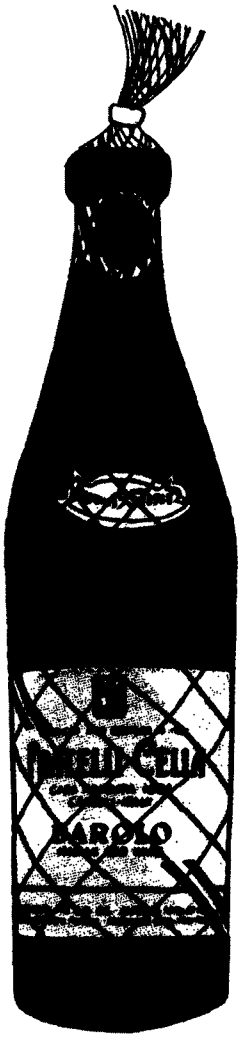

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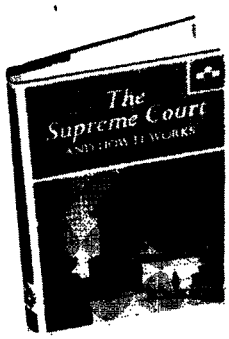

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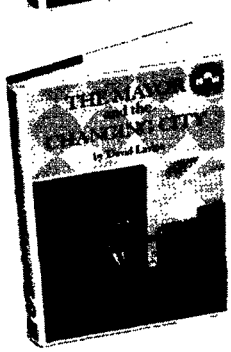

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hospital patients, killed by their own psychiatrists as "socially useless" after war began with Poland in 1939.

The many . . . errors in Cohn's presentation require more space for discussion than is available here. But Morris R. Cohen's characterization of Freud's *Moses* may apply also to the methods used by Norman Cohn, director of the newly created Center for Research in Collective Psychopathology, an organization whose task it is to find out why the Holocaust occurred, and whose very name suggests that psychology is expected to furnish the answer. "It is a sad disappointment," Morris R. Cohen wrote in 1939, "to find that one who has been acclaimed as the greatest psychologist of all times should be able to throw so little light on the causes of Jewish persecution."

(Dr.) NATHANIEL S. LEHRMAN
Department of Psychiatry
Albert Einstein
College of Medicine
Bronx, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . It is not enough to rejoice that Jews are less suspect at present of carrying on such a secret conspiracy. Our goal should be to cauterize men's imaginations of this kind of mythology wherever it occurs. A most effective means to this end, I find, is Dr. Cohn's clear and incisive exposure of the sily credence given to the *Protocols*. Let us hope and pray that the wish he expresses in his final paragraph is not at all "utopian" but one that we can and will gradually realize. . . .

(Rev.) WILLIAM C. MCFADDEN, S.J.
Department of Theology
Georgetown University
Washington, D.C.

MR. COHN writes:

My article on the myth of the Jewish world-conspiracy is the short concluding chapter (somewhat adapted for publication in COMMENTARY) of a whole long book on the history and sociology of that deadly delusion. Many of the points raised by your correspondents are fully dealt with in the body of the book, which is to be published next spring by Harper & Row. Meanwhile, by way of clarification and amplification, I offer the following comments:

Mr. Feinschreiber's argument and mine are not mutually exclusive. Certainly the question of the

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messiahship of Jesus was the first cause of Christian anti-Semitism, and indeed of the split between the Synagogue and the Church. But the "demonization" of the Jews came rather later, and in the circumstances I indicated; see, for instance, James Parkes, *The Conflict of the Church and the Synagogue,* London, 1934, and Jules Isaac, *Genèse de l'antisémitisme,* Paris, 1956.

I am grateful to Dr. Lowinger for his interesting comments on the fantasy of the Negro as the "bad" father. I did point out in my article that the Negro has, like the Jew, been the recipient and victim of powerful unconscious negative projections. American psychoanalysts with whom I have discussed the matter seem to think that the Negro is seen above all as the embodiment of those id-impulses which, traditionally, white Americans have tended to repress in themselves: laziness, dirtiness, spontaneous lust. If he is indeed sometimes seen as a father-figure, it must surely be above all as a physically powerful, sexually overwhelming father. The image of the mysterious, remote, omnipotent father, whose power for evil springs from occult, rather than crudely physical sources, is certainly more easily wished upon the Jew (or in certain circumstances upon the Jesuit, the Communist, or the "imperialist") than upon the Negro. It is significant that even when white supremacists talk of Negroes as involved in a world-conspiracy, they imagine them as followers, not as leaders. And there are, after all, obvious sociological reasons why this should be so. Incidentally, we could do with a lot more empirical investigation into the various types of unconscious negative projection, in relation to the groups to which they get attached. I can think of few fields of behavioral science where systematic comparative research is more needed.

I agree with Mr. Schwartz that anti-Semitism cannot be adequately interpreted without due attention to the socio-cultural aspects, and in my book these receive very full treatment. Moreover, in the article itself I emphasized that some kinds of anti-Semitism can be adequately interpreted in sociological terms alone. But in these concluding reflections I was trying to account for the persistence and influence of one very special and highly unrealistic anti-Semitic fantasy, which has exercised an ex-

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traordinary fascination even in countries where there have been no Jews for centuries; and here, I believe, an understanding of the unconscious does help. After all, unconscious fantasies certainly do find socially institutionalized expression in many ways—for instance in much religious belief, symbolism, and ritual. This is a fact, and it cannot be disposed of by such clichés as "reductionism." It is indeed a pity when sociologists and anthropologists, out of a narrow loyalty to their own discipline and training, cut themselves off from that whole dimension of human life which is the unconscious. Fortunately, not all of them do so; and in my experience those who do not are the ones who can think most fruitfully about problems of this kind.

Mr. Levine is quite right in thinking that Christian propaganda has played a large part in disseminating the most deadly forms of anti-Semitism—though if he really supposes that my article ignores this, he must be a very careless reader. The problem, however, remains: why the particular fantasies embodied in the ritual murder accusation and the *Protocols*? I gave reasons why in Christendom Jews are peculiarly liable, as a collectivity, to have such Oedipal projections thrust upon them. These reasons do not apply in China or India, where nothing points to the Jews as "parental" figures. Of course Hindus and Chinese have equally destructive unconscious fantasies, but they express them in other ways.

Mr. Abramson's anecdotes are fascinating, if depressing. I have heard similar tales in the United States, and not only about Catholics. Until quite recently, the demonological kind of anti-Semitism seems to have flourished in the Bible belt.

For one who claims to be an authority on the history of anti-Semitism and of the Nazi exterminations, Mr. Weinryb makes a remarkably poor showing; for almost all his comments are demonstrably inaccurate, when they are not simply irrelevant. I shall deal with them as briefly as possible:

(1) I never suggested that *all* genocides or massacres involve myths of world-conspiracy. There are grounds for thinking that in advanced societies they do usually involve the dehumanization of the victim-group in one way or another; this certainly applied to the

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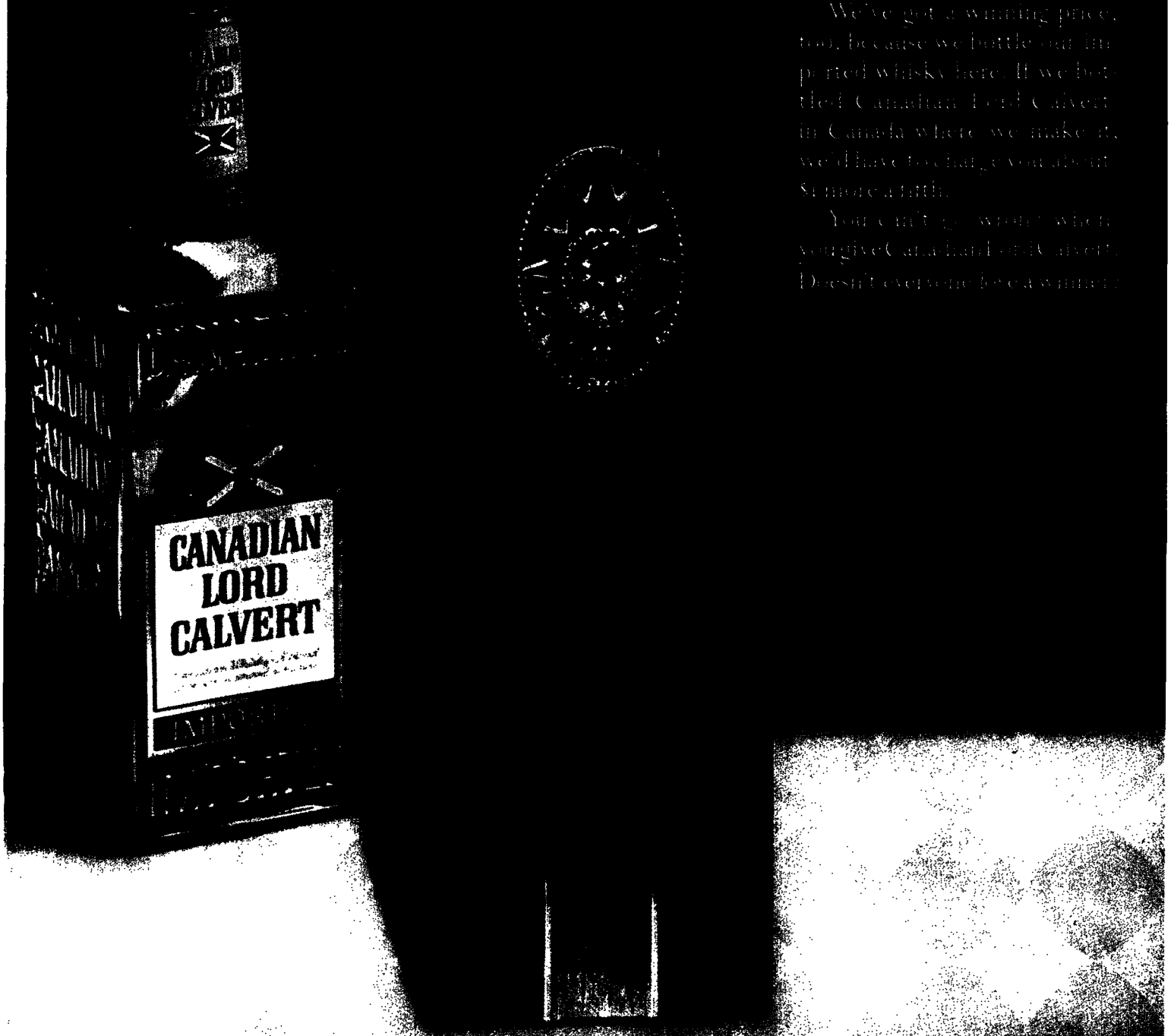

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massacres of the Armenians in Turkey. But here I was dealing with the Nazi massacres only; and the role which the myth of the Jewish world-conspiracy played in these is fully documented in my book. Incidentally, Mr. Weinryb is wrong about the planned massacre of fifty million Slavs: in Hitler's mind these peoples were, in a very special sense, "creatures" of the Elders of Zion. The sources for this too will be found in my book.

(2) If Mr. Weinryb really did observe in person how the *Protocols* were greeted on their arrival in Poland (which is what I was talking about), then his memory must be playing tricks on him; not surprisingly, after a lapse of forty-six years. I suggest that he refresh it by reading, for instance, the "cry for help and rescue for Poland" issued by the Polish episcopate in the summer of 1920. The influence of the first of the four Polish editions of the *Protocols* (Warsaw, early 1920) is unmistakable.

(3) Here Mr. Weinryb contributes something of value. These additional examples of the rage evoked by the Jewish beard powerfully reinforce my general argument.

(4) Certainly there have always (yes, even in the Middle Ages) been Gentiles who opposed the persecution of Jews, often at great risk to themselves; I have never denied it. My argument was that indifference was much more widespread and dissociation much easier than they would have been if Jews had never been the subject of demonological propaganda. If Mr. Weinryb seriously doubts this, I can only advise him to consult some of the basic works on the history and sociology of anti-Semitism; or else, to consult someone who remembers the strange rumors about Jewish power and Jewish machinations which spread even in the Western democracies during the Nazi period.

(5) The link between the *Protocols* and traditional accusations of sorcery is not a matter of opinion but of facts—notably, the facts concerning the immediate precursors and first editors of the *Protocols*: once more, I must refer Mr. Weinryb to my book. That accusations of sorcery have often been brought against other out-groups is true, but in no way affects my argument.

After such a display of misinformation and bad reasoning, Mr. Weinryb's conclusion comes as an agreeable surprise, for it is almost sound: "the *Protocols* were used as a rationale or justification for action against Jews in the same way as other 'myths' (Stalin's and others) were used (and are still being used) to justify policies against larger groups." Quite so—except that in this case the myth did not have to be manufactured *ad hoc* but was already to hand, in the form of an ancient body of superstition. But what interests me is why, despite their manifest absurdity, such myths are at times so effective, why their appeal is so widespread and powerful—in fact, why they are worth using at all. I suggest that it is because they speak to infantile and paranoid (or quasi-paranoid) propensities from which very few of us are wholly free.

As FOR Dr. Lehrman's long and (to put it mildly) discursive essay, I am quite baffled. Dr. Lehrman bids us beware of psychiatrists as a lot of potentially murderous quacks, and advises me personally to study the history of medieval religious attitudes and of the post-medieval witchcraft mania. But I am a historian who has been specializing in these very fields—and writing about them—for over twenty years. Dr. Lehrman, on the other hand, himself a psychiatrist, and in an institution where he must have other psychiatrists as his daily associates . . . I give up.

However, as a matter of fairness to my own colleagues I must mention that Dr. Lehrman is totally misinformed about the Center for Research in Collective Psychopathology at the University of Sussex. This is an interdisciplinary (and international) organization which has on its staff historians, sociologists, anthropologists, and ethnologists, as well as some (quite unmurderous) depth-psychologists of various persuasions. Also, the Center is concerned with many matters apart from the preconditions of the Holocaust.

One final comment: None of your correspondents has tackled my analysis of the various ways in which, when embodied in an ideology, paranoid fantasies can condition the behavior of certain social groups (in this case, the organizations of Jew-killers) and influence that of whole societies. This is disappointing, for I believe that this part of the article is the one that could most profitably have been debated.

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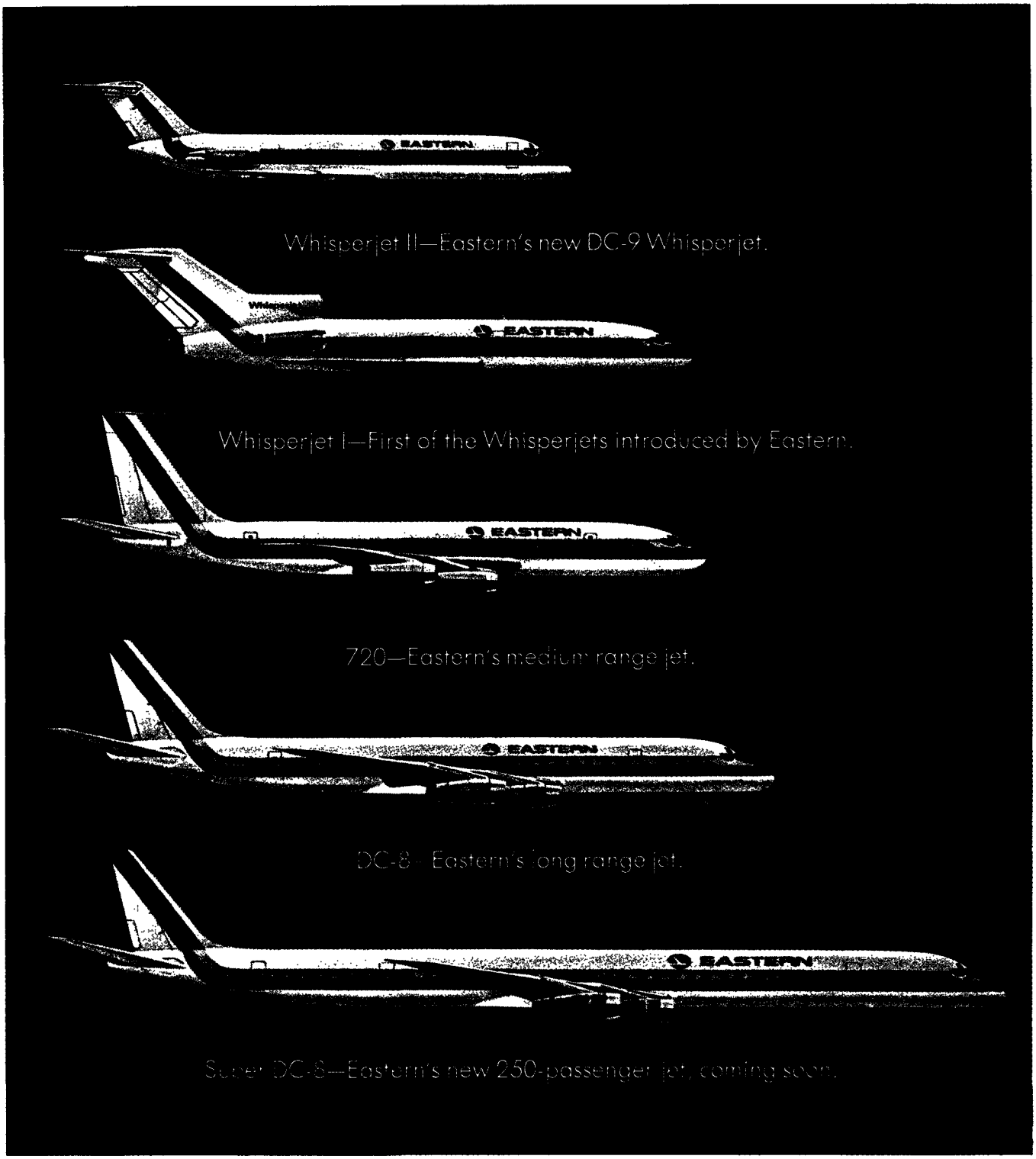

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THE INVISIBLE WORLD OF S. Y. AGNON

EDMUND WILSON

I CANNOT WRITE about the work of Agnon with any real authority because I have not read him in Hebrew and know only those of his writings which have been translated into English. I can only give my impressions for what they are worth and hope that I do not misrepresent him.

The subject of Agnon's fiction, then, in such of his works as I have read, is evidently the spiritual life of the Orthodox, and usually Hasidic, Jew in an alien, often hostile, environment. The pious student of the Torah, the Talmud, the Kabbalah, the Shulhan Arukh, and the other sacred or traditional writings exists in a world which is entirely invisible to the Christians or Arabs among whom he lives. It is a world that is transcendent and timeless, that is subject to binding obligations and which may always be illumined by a divine light. It has its heroisms which are won by a humility that must be strictly maintained under the eye of God; and its rewards which may be quite unexpected as they may be quite inexplicable except through God's intervention. The milieux in which Agnon's characters have to play out their earthly roles—small Jewish towns in Galicia or the Jewish community in Palestine either in the pre-war Zionist days or in the present State of Israel—are likely up to a point to be presented in historically accurate, in homely or middle-class detail; but the action does not develop as the ordinary reader expects. Very strange things begin to happen, and these happenings refer themselves to causes, or to a Cause, of a different kind of reality from the adventures of a resourceless Hasid trying to raise a dowry for his daughters or the career of a Viennese scholar teaching German and Latin in Palestine. There are supernatural elements at work, but not the ghosts and good fairies and demons that one finds in conventional fiction. They are the blockings and compulsive pressures, the ecstasies and inspirations that are evidence of the granting or withholding of the favor of Divine Grace.

Agnon has been compared to Kafka, and he is said to find this annoying. But there can hardly be any question of the latter's having influenced the former. The point is that Kafka, though born earlier than Agnon, actually represents a further stage than Agnon's of the disintegration of a culture. Like Agnon, Kafka had behind him a family tradition of Hebrew learning, but he himself set out to learn Hebrew only not long before his death; born in Prague, he was at one remove from the villages like Agnon's Buczacz in which Kafka's father had once pushed a handcart; and Kafka's differences from, as well as his similarities with, Agnon provide a valuable key to Kafka. The Reb Yudel of Agnon in *The Bridal Canopy* is in a constant state of anxiety as to how he may stand with God: no matter how assiduously he studies the Talmud, how scrupulously he keeps to the Mosaic observances, he cannot know God's intentions; but he never loubts for a moment that there *is* a supreme power who is responsible for human destinies. The invisible supreme authorities who lurk above the action of *The Trial* or *The Castle* inspire the same kind of anxiety, and one cannot know *their* intentions; but one is never to have faith in their goodness or to see any proof of their wisdom. And Kafka cannot finish his fables, he cannot determine their upshot, whereas Agnon can save the situation, in the case of a man or a woman who is deserving in the eyes of God, by contriving the occurrence of a miracle. In this way, Reb Yudel is rescued by discovering hidden treasure; the young Austrian scholar of "Betrothed" is got over the baffling obstacles to the union to which he is pledged by a semi-miraculous device which I must not explain here in order not to spoil the suspense which the author has cunningly created. (This story, with "Edo and Enam," has just been published in a volume by Schocken Books,* and they provide, for anyone who wants to read Agnon, an excellent introduction to his work.) But though Agnon has loved this culture and still lives in it—it is said that he has no serious interest in politics and nowadays reads little but the Talmud—he is, it seems to me, even in Israel, forced to recognize the beginnings of that disintegration which Kafka, perhaps hardly aware of it, in a large city of mixed population, has recorded in his bewildered and desperate

EDMUND WILSON is widely acknowledged as the dean of American literary critics. His most recent book, *The Bit Between My Teeth*, was published this year by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. An earlier assessment by Mr. Wilson of S. Y. Agnon's fiction appeared in *Red, Black, Blond, and Olive*, published by Oxford in 1956.

* *Two Tales*, Translated by Walter Lever, 236 pp., $4.95.

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visions. I have seen a recent series by Agnon in which he seems to be dealing with the difficulties of continuing with the traditional Judaism in an extremely active modern society which, though all Jewish, is not a locked-in enclave but an independent state which must deal as an equal with other states. I do not have these stories by me: I read them in manuscript, and only one or two, I think, have been published, but I remember the maddening frustration and the increasing disquiet they convey. One tells of the impossibility in which the teller of the story finds himself, due to a series of seeming accidents, to get to the synagogue in order to observe Yom Kippur.* These stories do become Kafkaesque, because the characters lack the assurance that they still have relations with God and that His worship can give their lives a structure. I noted, ten years ago, on a visit to Israel, a certain impatience with Agnon on the part of the younger generation: he was always looking back, they said, keeping alive an archaic language, when they themselves had to think about the problems of enabling their new nation to live.

THE STORIES of Agnon are full of what I take to be metaphors for the submerged, even secret, character of the culture of which he writes. The hero of "Betrothed" is a botanist who specializes in undersea plant-life. One can hardly see these plants from the surface, but when one gets them out of the water, one finds a whole unknown realm of astonishing beauty and variety; in the story called "Edo and Enam," a language invented by a father and daughter for the purpose of communicating between themselves without any possibility of being overheard and understood becomes the medium for hymns of a ravishing sweetness; in "Forevermore,"† an ancient manuscript preserved in a leper hospital and now rendered almost illegible by the suppurations of the lepers' sores turns out to be a firsthand account of the destruction by the Goths of a once proud great city and becomes, for a dedicated scholar who has already spent years on a book about this city—a book which he must now discard—the subject of passionate study for all the rest of his life. To the reader without Agnon's background, a good deal of his poetic symbolism must still remain hidden and esoteric. It helps perhaps to be able to recognize references to the elements and sections of the Talmud and to know who the Hasidim are—an Orthodox Jewish sect which had something in common with the evangelistic Protestant ones and, originating in Poland in the 18th century, eventually came to comprise nearly half of Orthodox Jewry. But what makes Agnon so remarkable and an appropriate recipient of the Nobel Prize is that he is able to embody in his talmudic world so much of our common humanity, and even of our common morality, so much of ironic humor and ironic but touching pathos, that he can be read, I should think, with appreciation by anyone who knows nothing at all of it.

Those who have read Agnon in Hebrew say that his literary style cannot be appreciated by anyone who is not able so to read him. But just as anyone who has read Turgenev in Constance Garnett's clear and workmanlike prose—much the same for all her Russian authors—can see that Turgenev must have written well, even though Turgenev's rich and rather recherché Russian is quite different from Constance Garnett's English, so anyone with a literary sense can see that Agnon must write beautifully. These recent translations by Walter Lever, themselves so precise and limpid, can only reflect fine writing.

It seems strange that just now, toward what one would think is likely to be the end of the closed-in talmudic world, two writers should have emerged from submergence to command the attention of an audience—which includes Jewish readers as well as non-Jewish—that does not share the beliefs of that world and which has not been conditioned by it. The other of these writers, Isaac Bashevis Singer, began by writing Hebrew as Agnon began by writing Yiddish but followed the inverse course of going on to the more popular language, and seems now not even to be sure that this more popular language will long survive. Yet he is now in translation very widely read. Though steeped in the rabbinical tradition, he requires less effort of adjustment on the part of the non-Jewish reader than the relentlessly rabbinical Agnon. I recommend him, by the way, to the Swedes if they want to give any more prizes to the highest representatives of a culture which stems straight from the sacred books upon which we have all been brought up.

* "The Orchestra," translated by Jules Harlow, COMMENTARY, October 1960.

† Translated by Joel Blocker, COMMENTARY, August 1961.

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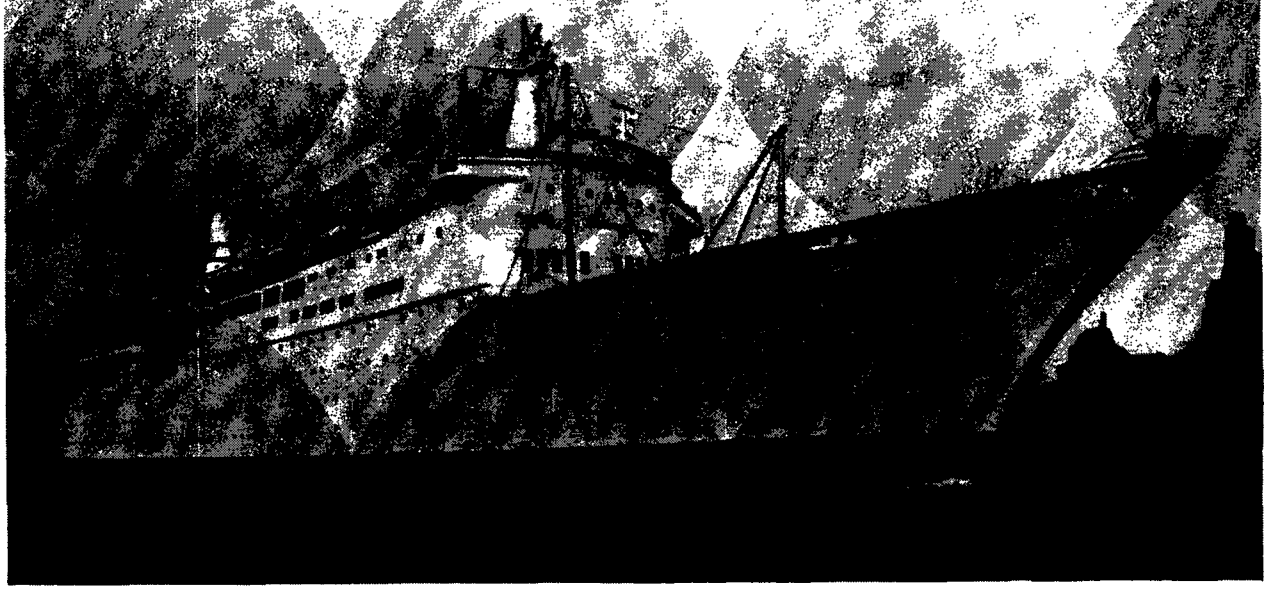

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S. Y. AGNON

THREE STORIES

S(hmuel) Y(osef) Agnon, co-winner—with the poet Nelly Sachs—of this year's Nobel Prize for Literature, was born in Buczacz, Galicia, in 1888. Except for a brief period in Europe at about the time of World War I, Agnon has spent his adult life in Israel, where he first settled in 1908. His collected works now comprise twelve volumes, three of them long novels: The Bridal Canopy *(which appeared in English in 1937 and is soon to be reissued by Schocken Books);* Yesteryear; *and* Wayfarer for a Night *(also soon to be published by Schocken in translation in this country). Other works which have appeared in English include the short novel* In the Heart of Seas *(1947);* Days of Awe *(1948), an anthology of selections from classical Hebrew literature relating to the High Holidays (sections of this book were published in* COMMENTARY, *September 1948); and, most recently,* Two Tales. *Several of Agnon's numerous short stories made their first appearance in English in these pages ("The Orchestra" and "Another Tallit," October 1960, and "Forevermore," August 1961); the interested reader is also referred to Robert Alter's article, "The Genius of S. Y. Agnon," in the August 1961* COMMENTARY. *The three stories below, all appearing for the first time in English, are copyright © 1966 by Schocken Books Inc., publishers of Agnon's writings in the United States.*

First Kiss

FRIDAY AFTERNOON; Sabbath eve. Father was out of town on business and had left me alone, like a kind of watchman, to take care of the store. Dusk. Time to lock up, I said to myself, time to go home and change my clothes. Time to go to synagogue.

I took down the keys from where we keep them hidden, but as I went outside to lock the door, three monks appeared. They were bareheaded and wore heavy dark robes and sandals on their feet. "We want to talk with you," they said.

I thought to myself, if they've come to do business, Friday afternoon close to sunset is no time to do business; and if they've come to have a talk I'm not the man for them. But they saw that I was hesitant to reply and they smiled.

"Don't be afraid," one of them said, "we're not about to delay you from your prayers."

"Look to the heavens and see," added the second. "The sun has yet to go down, we still have time."

The third one nodded his head, and in the same words, or in different words, repeated what the first two had already said. I locked the door and walked along with them. It so happened that we came out opposite my house. One of the monks raised his left hand.

"Isn't this your house?"

"This is his house," answered the second.

"Of course it's his house," added the third. "This is his house." And he pointed three fingers at Father's house.

"If you'd like, we can go in," I said.

They nodded their heads: "By your leave."

We made a circuit of the entire street and walked down a short incline that took us below street level. I forgot to say that there are two entrances to Father's house, one onto the street, where his shop is, and another onto an alleyway, opposite his study-house. Both entrances are kept open on weekdays, but at dusk on Friday afternoon we close the door that gives onto the street and unlock the one to the study-house.

I pushed open the door and we went in. I brought them into the parlor. They sat on chairs that in preparation for the Sabbath meal had been arranged around a table set for the Sabbath. Their robes dragged beneath their sandals over the special rug which Mother lays out in honor of the Sabbath. The eldest of the three, who sat at the head of the table, was fat and fleshy. The others sat on either side of him: one was long and thin, with pale hair and a small wound that glowed red on the back of his head where the

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monks leave a round spot without hair. The other had no distinguishing marks except for a large Adam's apple. Myself—I didn't sit down, but remained standing, as is only reasonable for a man who is in a hurry but has had to receive guests.

They began to talk; I kept quiet. When they saw the two candlesticks on the table they said, "There are three of you, aren't there? There's you, your father, and your mother. Why doesn't your mother light a third candle for her son?"

"Mother is simply continuing a custom she began on the first Sabbath after her marriage," I told them, "which is to light two candles only."

They started discussing the various regulations that pertain to the ritual of candle-lighting, and what each one of them means.

"No," I broke in, "it's not for any of the reasons you've mentioned, it's just that one candle is for the Written Law and one is for the Oral Law. And the two are actually one, which is why we refer to the Sabbath candles in the singular. But anyway I see you're all quite expert in Jewish custom."

They smiled, but the smile disappeared into the wrinkles in their faces.

"Well, and why shouldn't we be experts in Jewish custom," said the one that I've been calling the third. "After all, we belong to the order of . . . ."

I thought he said they were Dominicans; but outside the monastery Dominicans don't usually wear their habits, and these three had their habits on. So he must have named a different order, but his Adam's apple got in the way and I didn't catch what he said.

The conversation was preventing me from keeping track of time, and I forgot that a man has to make himself ready to greet the Sabbath. I asked the maid to serve refreshments. She brought in the special delicacies that we prepare in honor of the Sabbath. I put a flask of whiskey in front of them. They ate and drank and talked. Since I was agitated about the time, I didn't hear anything they said.

TWO OR THREE times it occurred to me that the hour had come to receive the Sabbath. But when I looked out the window, the sun was in the same place it had been when the monks first accosted me. Now you can't say there was some kind of black magic here, because I had mentioned the name of God any number of times during the conversation; and you can't say that I'd made a simple mistake in time, because the beadle had not yet called for prayers. The whole thing was quite astonishing: when the monks first came, the sun was close to setting, and all this time they'd been eating and drinking and talking, yet the sun was precisely where I'd last seen it before they ever appeared. And it's even harder, for that matter, to explain away the problem of our clock, because even if you claim that I was so preoccupied with my guests I didn't think to set it for the Sabbath, all the same I assure you it's a fine instrument, and would keep proper time even without a daily winding.

Mother came in to light the candles. The monks stood up, and in the selfsame movement walked out.

I got up to accompany them. In the street, one of them shoved me aside.

I was stunned. After all the honor I'd shown him, to be treated like that—while the other two, who saw him push me, didn't even bother to rebuke him.

I didn't want Mother to notice that something had happened to me, so I decided not to return home. And I didn't go to synagogue, because by the time I could have washed myself from the touch of the monk's hand, they would have already finished the prayers. I stood there like a man with nothing to do, neither here nor there.

TWO YOUNG novices came along.

"Where did the Fathers go," they said.

I was dumbfounded by what I heard. Men like that they call Father. Before I could rouse myself to answer, one of the novices disappeared. Vanished, right before my eyes. He left the other one behind.

I just stood there, shocked and speechless. For a while it was as if no one else existed. Then I glanced at him and saw that he was very young, about the height of a small youth, with black eyes. If it hadn't been for the commandment which tells us not to show them grace, which also means not to impute grace to them, I would even have said that his eyes were graceful, and sweet. His face was quite smooth, without the slightest trace of a beard. He had the kind of beauty you used to be able to see in every Jewish town, the beauty of young Jewish boys who have never tasted the taste of sin. And beyond that there was something else about him, that imparted all the more grace to his graceful features.

I began talking with him so that I could examine him more closely. As I talked, I laid my hand on his shoulder and I said to him, "Listen my brother, aren't you a Jew?"

I felt his shoulders tremble beneath my hand; I felt his eyes tremble; he lowered his head on his chest and I felt his heart tremble.

"Tell me," I repeated my question, "aren't you a Jew?"

He raised his head from his heart: "I am a Jew."

I said to him, "If you're a Jew, what are you doing with them?"

He bowed his head.

"Who are you," I said, "and where are you from?"

He stood in silence before me.

I brought my face close to his, as if to transfer my sense of hearing to my mouth.

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He lifted his head and I could see how his heart was shuddering, and my heart too began to shudder. I felt his black, sweet eyes upon me. He looked at me with such loving grace, with such tender faith, such glorious kindness, and above all with such grief—like a man trying to control himself before he finally reveals a long-kept secret.

I said to myself, what is all this?

As MUCH time went by as went by, and still he said nothing.

"Is it so hard for you to tell me where you're from?"

He whispered the name of a city.

I said, "If I heard you correctly you're from the town of Likovitz."

He nodded his head.

"If you're from Likovitz," I said, "then you must certainly know the Tzaddik of Likovitz. I was in his prayer-house once on New Year's day, and the Tzaddik himself led the prayers. Let me tell you, when he came to the verse, '*And all shall come to serve Thee,*' I imagined that I heard the approaching footsteps of all the nations of the world who fail to recognize the people of Israel or their Father in heaven. I say I heard them running to the prayer-house of the Tzaddik of Likovitz. And when he sang, '*And the wayward shall learn understanding,*' I imagined they were all bowing down as one to worship the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel. . . . My brother, are you in pain?"

He shook with sobs.

"What are you crying about?"

Tears flooded his eyes. He wiped them away. Still weeping, he said, "I am his daughter. His youngest daughter. The daughter of his old age."

My heart thundered and my mouth fastened to hers, and her mouth to mine. And the purest sweetness flowed from her mouth to mine and—it is possible—from my mouth to hers. We call this in Hebrew "the kiss of the mouth," and it must be the same in other languages too. I should say here that this was the first time I ever kissed a young girl, and it seems almost certain to me that it was her first kiss as well: a kiss of innocence that carries with it no pain, but goodness and blessing, life, grace, and kindness, whereby a man and a woman live together till calm old age.

—TRANSLATED BY NEAL KOZODOY

The Lady and the Peddler

A CERTAIN JEWISH peddler was traveling with his stock from town to town and village to village. One day he found himself in a wooded region far from any settlement. He saw a lone house. He approached it and, standing before the door, he cried out his wares. A lady came outside and spoke to him. "What do you want here, Jew?" Bowing, he wished her well and said, "Perhaps you can use something of these lovely things I have?" He took his pack off his back and offered her all sorts of goods. "I have no use for you or your wares," she said to him.

"But look and see, perhaps even so? Here are ribbons and rings and kerchiefs and sheets and soap and fine perfumes that the noblewomen use." She looked at his pack for a few moments, then averted her eyes from him. "There's nothing here. Get out!" Again he bowed before her and took things out of the pack to offer to her. "Just look, my lady, and don't say there's nothing here. Perhaps you might want this, or perhaps this lovely piece of goods pleases you. Please, my lady, look and see." The lady saw a hunting knife. She paid him for it and went back into her house. He put his pack on his shoulders and went on his way.

By that time, the sun had already set and he could no longer make out the road. He walked on, and on again further, weaving his way in among trees and out and in among them once more. Darkness covered the earth and no moon shone in the sky. He looked all around and began to be afraid. Then he saw a light shining. He walked toward the light until he arrived at a house. He knocked on the door. The mistress of the house peered out at him and shouted, "Are you here again? What do you want, Jew?"

"Since I left you, I've been wandering in the darkness and I can't find any town."

"And so, what do you want from me?"

"Please, my lady, give me permission to sit here until the moon comes out. Then I'll be able to see where I'm going and I'll be off." She looked at him with an angry eye and granted him permission to spend the night in an old barn in her courtyard. He lay down on the straw and dozed off.

That night it rained heavily. When the peddler rose in the morning, he saw that the entire land was one great swamp. He realized that the lady was a hard person. Let me abandon myself, he thought, to the mercy of heaven, and I'll ask no favors from ungenerous people. He put his pack on his shoulders and prepared to leave. The lady looked out at him. "It seems to me that the roof needs mending. Can you do anything about it?" The peddler set down his pack. "I'll be glad to jump right up and take care of it." She gave him a ladder and he climbed up to the top of the roof, where he found shingles torn loose by the wind.

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At once, he set them back in place, paying no heed to himself while all his clothes gushed water and his shoes were like two buckets. What difference does it make to me, he thought, whether I'm on the top of a roof or walking through the forest? There's as much rain in the one place as in the other. And perhaps because I'm helping her out, she'll show some kindness to me and let me stay in her house till the rains stop.

The peddler fixed the shingles, sealed the leaks in the roof, and climbed down. "I'm sure that from now on the rain won't get into your house," he told the lady. "You are a real craftsman," she answered. "Tell me what your fee is and I'll pay you." He put his hand over his heart and said, "God forbid that I should take a single penny from my lady. It is not my practice to accept payment for anything which is not part of my trade, certainly not from my lady, who has shown me the kindness of allowing me to spend the night in her house." She looked at him with suspicion, for she thought that he spoke in this manner in order to ingratiate himself with her and get more money out of her. Finally she said, "Sit down and I'll bring you some breakfast." He stood up to wring out his clothes, then he emptied the water from his shoes and looked all around. From the many antlers hanging on the walls, it was clear that this was a hunter's house. Or perhaps it wasn't a hunter's house at all, and those antlers were simply hung up for decoration, as is the custom of forest dwellers, who decorate their homes with the horns of wild animals.

While he was still standing and looking, the mistress of the house returned, bringing with her hot liquor and cakes. He drank and ate and drank. After he had eaten and drunk, he said to her, "Perhaps there is something else here that needs to be fixed? I'm ready to do whatever my lady wishes." She cast a glance around the house and told him, "Look and see." The peddler was happy that he had been granted permission to stay in the house until the rains passed. He began to busy himself, fixing one thing and then another, and he asked no payment. In the evening she prepared supper for him and made up a bed for him in a room where she kept old things no longer in use. The peddler thanked the mistress of the house for bestowing such bounties upon him, and he swore that never would he forget her kindness to him.

BY THE NEXT morning, new rains were falling. The peddler looked first outside and then at the face of the lady: who was prepared to have pity on him sooner? The mistress of the house sat huddled up in silence and a great feeling of desolation arose from the furniture all around. The animals' horns on the walls were enveloped in mist and they gave off an odor like the odor of living flesh. Perhaps she wanted to relieve that feeling of desolation which gripped the heart, or perhaps she was moved to pity for this fellow who would have to walk through rains and swamps. Whatever the reason, the lady began to speak to him. About what did she speak and about what didn't she speak! About rains that did not stop and winds that blew without letup, about roads that were becoming impassable and grain that would rot, and much of the same sort. The peddler thanked her in his heart for every word because every word extended his time in the house so that he did not have to drag himself along the ways in rain and cold and storm. And she also was pleased, that she had a living creature there. She took up her knitting needles and told him to sit down. He sat before her and began to tell of noblemen and noblewomen, of lords and ladies, of all that he knew and all that was pleasant for her to hear. In the meantime, they had drawn closer together. He said to her, "My lady lives all alone. Has she no husband or friend and companion? Surely there must be here many distinguished gentlemen to seek the company of such a fine lady."

"I had a husband," she said. The peddler sighed, "And he died." "No," she corrected, "he was killed." The peddler sighed over her husband who was killed and asked, "How was he killed?" She answered, "The police don't know, and now you want to know! What difference does it make to you how he was killed, whether an evil beast ate him or whether he was slaughtered with a knife? Don't you yourself sell knives with which it is possible to slaughter a man?"

The peddler saw that the lady was not inclined to discuss her husband, so he kept silent. And she too was silent. After a little while the peddler spoke again. "May the Lord grant that they find the murderers of your husband to exact vengeance from them."

"They won't find them," she said, "they won't find them. Not every murderer is meant to be caught." The peddler lowered his eyes. "I am sorry, my lady, that I have reminded you of your sorrow. If I only knew how I could cheer you up, I'd give half my life to do it." The lady looked at him and smiled a queer smile, perhaps in contempt or perhaps in gratification, or perhaps just an ordinary smile that one person smiles to another and the other interprets as he wishes: if he is naive, then he interprets it in his own favor. The peddler, who was a naive man, interpreted the laughter of that woman in his own favor and for his own benefit. And since he was sorry for this woman who, to judge by her age and beauty, should have had men courting her, he suddenly looked upon himself as just such a man. He began to speak to her the sort of things that the ear of a young woman loves to hear. God only knows where this simple peddler learned such a style of talking. He soon found courage and began to speak of love, and even though she was a lady and he was a poor peddler, she welcomed his words

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and showed him affection. And even when the rains had passed and the roads had dried, they did not part.

THE PEDDLER stayed with the lady. Not in the old barn and not in the room for old things that were no longer used. No, he stayed in the lady's room and slept in her husband's bed, while she waited upon him as though he were her lord. Every day she prepared him a feast from all that she had, in house and field, every good fowl and every fat fowl. And if she broiled the meat in butter, he did not hold back from it. At first, when he would see her twisting the neck of a bird, he would be shocked. Afterward, he ate and even sucked the bones dry, as is the way of worthless folk: at first they are unwilling to commit a sin and afterward they commit all the sins in the world with a hearty appetite. He had neither wife nor children, he had no one to miss, and so he lived with the lady. He took off his peddler's clothes and put on the garments of aristocracy, and he fell in with the people of the place until he was like one of them. The lady did not allow him to labor, neither in the house nor in the field. On the contrary, she took all the work upon herself while she treated him royally with food and drink, and if she was short-tempered with him in the daytime she was loving to him at night, as it is a woman's nature to be sometimes one way and sometimes the other. And so passed one month and then two months, until he began to forget that he was a poor peddler and she a lady. She on her part forgot that he was a Jew or anything of the sort.

And so they lived together in one house under one roof, and he ate and drank and enjoyed himself and slept in a properly made bed—in short, it would seem that he wanted for nothing. But about one thing he was amazed: all that time he had never seen her eat or drink. At first he thought it was degrading for her to eat with him. After he became used to her and had forgotten that she was a lady and he a Jew, he wondered more and more.

Once he said to her, "How is it, Hilni, that I've been living with you several months and I've never seen you eat or drink? You haven't put a feeding trough in your belly, have you?" She said to him, "What difference does it make to you whether I eat or drink? It's enough that you don't want for anything with me and you have plenty to eat always." "It's true," he answered, "that I eat and drink and I lead a more comfortable life now than ever before, but even so I would like to know how you sustain yourself and how you nourish yourself. You don't eat at the same table with me, and I've never seen you eat away from the table either. Is it possible to exist without eating and drinking?" Hilni smiled and said, "You want to know what I eat and what I drink? I drink men's blood and I eat human flesh." As she spoke she embraced him with all her might and placed her lips against his and sucked. "I never imagined," she said to him, "that a Jew's flesh would be so sweet. Kiss me, my raven. Kiss me, my eagle. Your kisses are sweeter to me than all the kisses in the world." He kissed her, thinking, this is the kind of poetic language that noblewomen must use when they address their husbands with affection. And she on her part kissed him and said, "Joseph, in the beginning, when you showed yourself here I wanted to set the bitch on you, and now I myself am biting you like a mad bitch, so much that I'm afraid you won't get out of my hands alive. O, my own sweet corpse!" And so they would while away their days in love and affection, and there was nothing in the world to upset their affairs.

BUT THAT ONE thing kept gnawing away in the heart of the peddler. They lived together in one house in one room, and her bed was next to his, and everything she had she put in his hands, except for the bread which she did not eat at the same table with him. And she observed this to such a degree that she would not even taste from the dishes which she prepared for him. Since this thing was gnawing away in his heart, he would ask about it again. And she would tell him, "He who delves too deeply digs his own grave. Be happy, my sweet corpse, with everything that is given to you, and don't ask questions that have no answer." The Jew reflected on this. Perhaps she's really right. What difference does it make to me whether she eats and drinks with me or somewhere else? After all, she is healthy and her face looks fine and I want for nothing. He decided to keep quiet. He went on enjoying her board and all the rest of it. He neither pressed her with questions nor bothered her with excessive talk. Rather, he loved her even more than before, whether because he really loved her, or perhaps because of that enigma which had no solution.

Anyone who has to do with women knows that a love which depends upon the physical relationship alone will come to an end before long. And even if a man loves a woman as Samson loved Delilah, in the end she will mock him, in the end she will oppress him, until he wishes he were dead. That is the way it was with this peddler. After a while she began to mock him, after a while she began to oppress him, after a while he began to wish he were dead. Nevertheless, he did not leave her. And she on her part did not tell him to get out. He stayed with her month after month: they would quarrel and make up, quarrel and make up, and he not knowing why they were quarreling and why they were making up. But he would reason thus to himself: here the two of us are intimate with each other, living side by side, never apart from one another, and yet I know no more about her today than I knew yesterday, and yesterday I knew no more than I knew about her the day I came here for the first time when she

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bought the knife from me. As long as they continued to live together in peace, he didn't ask many questions, and if he asked, she would stop up his mouth with kisses. When the peace between them disappeared, he began to think more and more about it until he said to himself, I won't let her be until she tells me.

ONE NIGHT he said to her, "Many times now I've asked you about your husband and you've never said a thing to me."

"About which one did you ask?"

"You mean you had two husbands?"

"What difference does it make to you if there were two or three?"

"So then I'm your fourth husband?"

"My fourth husband?"

"Well, from what you say, that is what it comes to. Doesn't it, Hilni?"

"Wait a minute and I'll count them all," she said to him. She held up her right hand and began counting on her fingers, one, two, three, four, five. When she had counted all the fingers on her right hand, she held up her left hand and went on counting. "And where are they?" he said to her.

"Now, didn't I tell you that he who delves too deeply digs his own grave?"

"Tell me anyway." She patted her belly and said, "Some of them perhaps are here."

"What do you mean, 'here'?" he asked. She narrowed her eyes and smiled. She looked at him for a few moments. "And if I told you," she said, "do you think you would understand? Mother of God! Look, see what a face this corpse has."

But from the moment she had begun to count on her fingers, he no longer had his wits about him. Now he lost the power of speech as well. He sat in silence. She said to him, "Darling, do you believe in God?" He sighed and answered, "And is it possible not to believe in God?"

"You're a Jew, aren't you?" He sighed. "Yes, I'm a Jew."

"Well, the Jews don't believe in God, for if they believed in Him they wouldn't have murdered Him. But if you do believe in God, pray to Him that you won't end up the way they did."

"The way who did?"

"The way those you asked about ended up."

"You mean your husbands?"

"Yes, my husbands."

"And how did they end up?"

"If you don't understand," Hilni answered, "it doesn't pay to talk to you." As she said this she looked at his throat and her blue eyes glittered like the blade of a new knife. He took a look at her and shuddered. She also looked at him and said, "Why did you turn so pale?" He touched his face and asked, "Did I turn pale?"

"And the hair on your head," she continued, "is standing up like pig bristles." He felt his hair. "My hair is standing up?"

"And the strands of your beard," she said, "are clotted together in patches like goose feathers. Pfui, how ugly the face of a coward is!" She spat in his face and left him. As she was walking away, she turned her head back toward him and called out, "Take good care of your Adam's apple. Mother of God! it's trembling as though it saw the knife. Don't worry, my little sweetheart, I haven't bitten you yet."

The peddler was left sitting by himself. One moment he would feel his face with his hand and the next moment his beard. The hair on his head had already settled and was lying in place as before, half on one side and half on the other, with a part going down the middle that was as cold as though ice had been laid on it. From the next room he could hear Hilni's footsteps. At that moment he neither loved her nor hated her. His limbs began to grow numb, as though he had lost control over them. His thoughts, on the other hand, became more and more active. I'll get up and take my pack and be on my way, he said to himself. But when he tried to leave, his limbs became even weaker. Again he heard Hilni's footsteps. Then her feet were still and he heard the clattering of utensils and the smell of cooking. The peddler began to consider again. I have to get out of here. If not now, then tomorrow morning. How glad he was when he had been permitted to spend the night in the old barn. Now even the bed made up for him shrieked, "Pick up your feet and run!" By that time it had already grown dark. Despite himself, he decided to spend the night in that house. Not, however, in his wife's room, in the bed of her murdered husbands, but in the old barn or in some other room. When day broke, he would be on his way.

Hilni came in and said, "You look as if I had already swallowed you." She took him by the arm and brought him into the dining room, sat him down at the table and told him, "Eat." He lifted up his eyes and looked at her. Again she said, "Eat." He broke off a piece of bread and swallowed it whole. "I see you need to have your bread chewed for you," Hilni said. He wiped the remnants of bread from his hands and got up to leave. "Wait, and I'll go with you," Hilni said. She put on a sheepskin coat and went outside with him.

Walking along, they spoke nothing either good or bad, but they just talked, like people who have quarreled and want to take their minds off themselves. As they were walking, they came upon a stone image. Hilni stopped, crossed herself, stood and recited a brief prayer. Afterward she took Joseph by the arm and returned with him to their house.

During the night Joseph awoke from his sleep in terror and screamed with all his might. It seemed to him that a knife had been thrust into his heart, and not into his heart but into that

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stone image, and not into the stone image, but into another image made of ice, the kind the Christians make during their holidays on the river. And though the knife had not struck him, even so he felt pain in his heart. He turned over and sighed. Sleep fell upon him and he dozed off. He heard a clinking sound and saw that the bitch was pulling off the chain around her neck. He closed his eyes and did not look at her. She leaped up on him and sank her teeth into his throat. His throat began to spurt and she licked up his blood. He screamed with all his might and thrashed about in the bed. Hilni awoke and shouted, "What are you doing, raising the house with your noise and not letting me sleep!" He shrank under his covers and pillows and lay motionless until daybreak.

In the morning Joseph said to Hilni, "I disturbed your sleep."

"I don't know what you are talking about."

"Why, you shouted at me that I wasn't letting you sleep."

"I shouted?"

"Then you must have been talking in your sleep." Hilni's face paled and she asked, "What are you saying?"

That night he moved his bedding to the room where old things were kept which were no longer in use. Hilni saw and said nothing. When it was time to go to sleep, he said to her, "I haven't been sleeping well and I keep turning and tossing in bed, so I'm afraid that I'll disturb your sleep. That's why I've moved my bed into another room." Hilni nodded in agreement. "Do whatever you think is best for you."

"That's what I've done."

"Then good."

FROM THEN ON they spoke no more of the matter. Joseph forgot that he was only a guest and continued according to his practice. Every day he thought of leaving her house, of abandoning all her favors. A day passed, a week passed, and he did not leave her house. And she on her part did not tell him to get out.

One night he was sitting at the dinner table and Hilni brought in a dish. Her mouth gave off an odor like the smell of a hungry man. He grimaced. She noticed and said to him, "Why are you twisting your mouth?"

"I didn't twist my mouth." She smiled a queer smile. "Maybe you're bothered by the way my mouth smells?"

"Take a piece of bread and eat," he entreated her. "Don't worry about me, I won't go hungry," Hilni answered. And again a queer smile played over her face, worse than the first one.

After eating and drinking, he went off to his room and made his bed ready. It occurred to him suddenly to recite the bedtime *Shema*. Since there was a crucifix hanging on the wall, he got up and went outside to recite the *Shema*.

That night was a winter night. The earth was covered with snow and the sky was congealed and turbid. He looked up to the sky and saw no spark of light, he looked to the ground and he could not make out his own feet. Suddenly he saw himself as though imprisoned in a forest in the midst of the snow around him that was being covered over by new snow. And he himself was also being covered over. He uprooted his feet and began to run. He bumped into a stone image that stood in the snow. "Father in Heaven," Joseph shouted, "how far away I have gone! If I don't return at once, I am lost." He looked one way and then another until he got his bearings. He directed himself toward the house and went back to it.

A tranquil stillness prevailed. No sound could be heard except for a muffled sound like snow falling on piles of snow. And from that arose another sound of his feet sinking in the snow and struggling to get out. His shoulders grew very heavy, as though he were carrying his heavy pack. After a while he reached the house.

The house was shrouded in darkness. There was no light in any of the rooms. "She's sleeping," Joseph whispered and stood still, his teeth clenched in hatred. He closed his eyes and entered his room.

When he came in he sensed that Hilni was in the room. He put aside his hatred for her. Hurriedly, he took off his clothes and began to grope among the covers and pillows. He called out in a whisper, "Hilni," but received no answer. Again he called and received no answer. He got up and lit a candle. He saw his bedding filled with holes. What's this? What's this? When he had left his room, his bedding had been undamaged, and now it was filled with holes. There could be no doubt that these holes were made by human hands, but for what reason were they made? He looked and saw a blood spot. He stared at the blood in wonder.

Meanwhile, he heard the sound of a sigh. He looked and saw Hilni sprawled on the floor with a knife in her hand. It was the hunting knife that she had bought from him the day he came there. He took the knife out of her hand, lifted her from the floor and stretched her out on his bed. Hilni opened her eyes and looked at him. As she looked at him, she opened wide her mouth until her teeth glittered.

Joseph asked Hilni, "Do you want to say something?" And she said not a word. He bent down toward her. She pulled herself up all at once, sunk her teeth into his throat, and began to bite and suck. Then she pushed him away and shouted, "Pfui, how cold you are! Your blood isn't blood. It's icewater."

The peddler took care of the lady a day, and two days, and another day. He bound her wounds, for on the night that she came in to slaughter him, she wounded herself. He also prepared food for her. But whatever food she tried to eat she

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would throw up, for she had already forgotten the science of eating ordinary human food, as it was her practice to eat the flesh of her husbands whom she slaughtered and to drink their blood, just as she wanted to do with the peddler.

On the fifth day she gave up the ghost and died. Joseph went to look for a priest but found none. He made her a coffin and a shroud and dug in the snow to bury her. Since all the land was frozen over, he could not manage to dig her a grave. He took her carcass, placed it in the coffin and climbed up to the roof where he buried the coffin in the snow. The birds smelled her carcass. They came and pecked away at the coffin till they broke into it, and then they divided among them the carcass of the lady. And that peddler took up his pack and traveled on from place to place traveling and crying out his wares.

—TRANSLATED BY ROBERT ALTER

Fable of the Goat

THE TALE IS told of an old man who groaned from his heart. The doctors were sent for, and they advised him to drink goat's milk. He went out and bought a she-goat and brought her into his home. Not many days passed before the goat disappeared. They went out to search for her but did not find her. She was not in the yard and not in the garden, not on the roof of the study-house and not by the spring, not in the hills and not in the fields. She tarried several days and then returned by herself; and when she returned, her udder was full of a great deal of milk whose taste was as the taste of Eden. Not just once, but many times she disappeared from the house. They would go out in search for her and would not find her until she returned by herself with her udder full of milk that was sweeter than honey and whose taste was the taste of Eden.

One time the old man said to his son, "My son, I desire to know where she goes and whence she brings this milk which is sweet to my palate and a balm to all my bones."

His son said to him, "Father, I have a plan."

He said to him, "What is it?"

The son got up and brought a length of cord. He tied it to the goat's tail.

His father said to him, "What are you doing, my son?"

He said to him, "I am tying a cord to the goat's tail, so that when I feel a pull on it I will know that she has decided to leave, and I can catch the end of the cord and follow her on her way."

The old man nodded his head and said to him, "My son, if your heart is wise, my heart too will rejoice."

THE YOUTH tied the cord to the goat's tail and minded it carefully. When the goat set off, he held the cord in his hand and did not let it slacken until the goat was well on her way and he was following her. He was dragged along behind her until he came to a cave. The goat went into the cave, and the youth followed her, holding the cord. They walked thus for an hour or two, or maybe even a day or two. The goat wagged her tail and bleated, and the cave came to an end.

When they emerged from the cave, the youth saw lofty mountains, and hills full of the choicest fruit, and a fountain of living waters that flowed down from the mountains; and the wind wafted all manner of perfumes. The goat climbed up a tree by clutching at the ribbed leaves. Carob fruits full of honey dropped from the tree, and she ate of the carobs and drank of the garden's fountain.

The youth stood and called to the wayfarers: "I adjure you, good people, tell me where I am, and what is the name of this place?"

They answered him, "You are in the Land of Israel, and you are close by Safed."

The youth lifted up his eyes to the heavens and said, "Blessed be the Omnipresent, blessed be He who has brought me to the Land of Israel." He kissed the soil and sat down under the tree.

He said, "Until the day breathe and the shadows flee away, I shall sit on the hill under this tree. Then I shall go home and bring my father and mother to the Land of Israel." As he was sitting thus and feasting his eyes on the holiness of the Land of Israel, he heard a voice proclaiming:

"Come, let us go out to greet the Sabbath Queen!"

And he saw men like angels, wrapped in white shawls, with boughs of myrtle in their hands, and all the houses were lit with a great many candles. He perceived that the eve of Sabbath would arrive with the darkening, and that he would not be able to return. He uprooted a reed and dipped it in gallnuts, from which the ink for the writing of Torah scrolls is made. He took a piece of paper and wrote a letter to his father:

"From the ends of the earth I lift up my voice in song to tell you that I have come in peace to the Land of Israel. Here I sit, close by Safed, the holy city, and I imbibe its sanctity. Do not inquire how I arrived here but hold onto this cord which is tied to the goat's tail and follow the footsteps of the goat; then your journey will be secure, and you will enter the Land of Israel."

The youth rolled up the note and placed it in the goat's ear. He said to himself, when she ar-

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rives at Father's house, Father will pat her on the head, and she will flick her ears. The note will fall out, Father will pick it up and read what is written on it. Then he will take up the cord and follow the goat to the Land of Israel.

THE GOAT returned to the old man, but she did not flick her ears, and the note did not fall. When the old man saw that the goat had returned without his son, he clapped his hands to his head and began to cry and weep and wail, "My son, my son, where are you? My son, would that I might die in your stead, my son, my son!"

So he went, weeping and mourning over his son, for he said, "An evil beast has devoured him, my son is assuredly rent in pieces!"

And he refused to be comforted, saying, "I will go down to my grave in mourning for my son."

And whenever he saw the goat, he would say, "Woe to the father who banished his son, and woe to her who drove him from the world!"

The old man's mind would not be at peace until he sent for the butcher to slaughter the goat. The butcher came and slaughtered the goat. As they were skinning her, the note fell out of her ear. The old man picked up the note and said, "My son's handwriting!"

When he had read all that his son had written, he clapped his hands to his head and cried, "*Vay! Vay!* Woe to the man who robs himself of his own good fortune, and woe to the man who requites good with evil!"

He mourned over the goat many days and refused to be comforted, saying, "Woe to me, for I could have gone up to the Land of Israel in one bound, and now I must suffer out my days in this exile!"

Since that time the mouth of the cave has been hidden from the eye, and there is no longer a short way. And that youth, if he has not died, shall bear fruit in his old age, full of sap and richness, calm and peaceful in the country of life.

—TRANSLATED BY BARNEY RUBIN

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BARUCH HOCHMAN

AGNON'S QUEST

S. Y. Agnon's most informed readers think of him as an epic writer, as the novelist *par excellence* in his tradition. His fiction spans five to six generations of Jewish life in East-Central Europe and Palestine, from the Hasidic revival at the end of the 18th century through the Zionist revival at the end of the 19th, and beyond that into the present worlds of European and Israeli Jewry. Yet, these readers maintain, Agnon's fiction—for all its farflung diversity of scene and action, and all its startling range of tone and texture—is as coherent as the Faulknerian epic of Southern life, and as rigorously ordered as the many-tiered novels of Balzac and Proust. And, they insist, the overall movement of spirit in Agnon's fictive world drives toward dilemmas that transcend the parochial issues of that world; his work, indeed, is said to project a vision of the human condition which is universally valid for our times.

These are large claims, and, within limits, they would seem to be borne out by the scope of Agnon's interests. At the same time, however, they are at odds with the unique qualities of his achievement, and against the grain of his essential gift. Agnon's powers are not primarily the powers of a novelist; he has no gusto, no thirst for experience, no substantial gift of empathy. He has never been concerned with the plastic creation of character, and he has, on the whole, shunned the task of fleshing out human responses within the finely meshed web of social relationships. His gift is essentially a lyric one, and his lyricism is coupled with a nearly misanthropic thrust of satiric imagination. The grand felicities of his prose, like those of Mann and Proust, of Kafka and Joyce, become a vehicle for reflective incantation upon the life of the soul, reflection that appropriates the actualities of the outer world in order to evoke the sense of an elusive subjectivity.

Agnon's characteristic qualities are to be seen in two long stories which have recently become available in translation.* Written at intervals of more than twenty years ("Betrothed" in the mid-20's, "Edo and Enam" in the late 40's), they are linked by strong thematic and narrative affinities. Both "Betrothed" and "Edo and Enam" reflect an obsession with the past, the one personal, the other communal, and both treat that obsession with a clinical detachment which heightens the sense of yearning at their center. Both inhabit a night-world dominated by moonstruck women. Both deal with the experience of scholars completely engrossed in esoteric disciplines: the one a gifted marine biologist, the other a brilliant ethnologist who has unearthed the missing-link language and discovered a series of ancient hymns of uncanny beauty. In both, the action hinges on a rejection of Eros by the men in question, and both are ultimately concerned with the folly of commitment to rational disciplines in the face of deep irrational desires which hark back to an archaic experience in the history of the individual or the history of the race.

Susan, the heroine of "Betrothed," appears in Jaffa to remind Jacob Rechnitz of the vows of eternal fidelity they had taken in their childhood. Terribly passive, Jacob cannot act on his vow; he drifts in an ambience of dead factuality. At the end, when six maidens of his acquaintance race along a strip of pounding surf for a crown of seaweed from his collection—we never know whether this is actually happening or whether he is dreaming it all—Susan appears from nowhere, in her nightdress, and wins the race, the crown, and, presumably, Jacob's hand. At the climax of the tale, Jacob, like one entranced, sees Susan as his mother, kneeling at his side and fixing his tie; she is identified for him with the moon, the sea, the tides—with the great, agitated mother of all being, all desire. To all this he has been able to relate in his practical life as a biologist only by an act of intellectual distancing that cuts him off from the feminine lure of life itself, grown deathly through its identification with the maternal presence.

There is in "Betrothed" a peculiar mingling of real and dreamlike states, of Jacob's drab everyday existence in sleepy Jaffa before World War I and the fairy-tale romance of his inner life. Susan is a real girl from Vienna, but she is also a figment of Jacob's inner being. There is terror in her charmed night apparition, but there is wonder also and the exhilaration of release. As the sev-

BARUCH HOCHMAN's literary criticism has appeared in *Midstream* and *Judaism*. He reviewed *The Modern Hebrew Poem Itself* in our October 1965 issue.

* *Two Tales*, Translated by Walter Lever, Schocken Books, 236 pp., $4.95.

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enth maiden in Jacob's constellation, she is the Sabbath Queen and she is—or rather becomes—"*Shoshanat Yaakov,*" the Rose of Jacob in the Purim hymn, suggesting the gaiety of the Purim feast. In the final fulfillment, she bursts the spirit's sleep; death becomes life, the principle of terror the principle of love and reconciliation. At the end, without psychologization, we have a sense of the resolution of some significant spiritual process, obscure but luminous, and touched with awe.

A SIMILAR sense of spiritual process dominates "Edo and Enam," which is also concerned with the resurrection of a lost past—this time from a more highly universalized point of view. Gemulah, the Susan of this tale, is the last repository of the traditions of a warrior tribe that has preserved the heroic ways of ancient Israel in the timeless mountains of central Asia. Gamzu, a one-eyed dealer in rare books and manuscripts, has found her and carried her off as his wife to modern Jerusalem. But it is Ginat she loves, a handsome ethnologist who has recorded from her lips the marvelous hymns of ancient Enam, and the grammar of the lost tongue of Edo.

Removed from her native place, she has taken to her bed, a chronic invalid who torments her husband, rising only to sleepwalk at the full of the moon. Only magical charms that look, says the narrator (referring back to "Betrothed"), "like the seaweed fished from the sea by Rechnitz at Jaffa," can prevent her nightwalking. But Gamzu lost the charms when he sold the book in which they were placed. The book has been bought by Ginat, whom Gemulah seeks out, in her nocturnal wanderings, to sing him the song of Grofit, which is sung once in a lifetime, and which consumes both the singer and him to whom she sings. Ginat will not listen to her song, but one night as she walks on a roof in her trance, uttering the song, she carries him to his death as he tries to save her from a fall. She and Ginat having passed on, the realm of haunting beauty that she embodies and he has transcribed can now be glimpsed only in the books Ginat has published, in which it "shines, like a light, glimmering."

Susan, linked to the sea and the tides, suggests a lost world of infinite desire, rooted in the personal past of a single individual. Gemulah, linked to the moon and the stars, suggests a generic past, rooted in the history of the race. The archaic world from which she comes leads back beyond recorded history; it is a sort of golden age in which all things hang together, in which the center cannot but hold—an idyllic world where natural, tribal, and political harmony prevail, and where the religious and the erotic are one. Her name itself is suggestive, meaning "the weaned one," "the reciprocal one," or "reward"; a derivative of the same name, Gumlidata, meaning something like "reciprocult," is used in another Agnon parable, "Forevermore."

Gamzu, whose name means "this too," but also suggests an Aramaic term for grafting in fig culture, is the man who tries to patch things up—to make sense, in other words, of the forms of Orthodoxy in which he cannot altogether believe. Thus he attempts to domesticate the recalcitrant girl, dooming himself thereby to suffering, sterility, and bereavement. For Gemulah, the reciprocal one, cannot reciprocate his kind of desire, while Ginat —even though his name suggests a truncated form of the phrase describing the garden of love in the *Song of Songs*—cannot reciprocate hers. He can, however, with the monstrous detachment of his "scientific" pursuit, penetrate the mysteries of the being she embodies, and yet this exposes him, willy-nilly, to her fatal song.

The very scene of the action in "Edo and Enam" fixes the frame of reference. Agnon in his fiction plays continually with the redemptive, messianic associations of Jerusalem, the Holy City, which is meant to suggest security and integrity as opposed to the Diaspora (Exile), where rootlessness and insecurity prevail. Yet the city of Jerusalem is also of this world, a modern environment of alienation, disruption, and fragmentation. Even his earliest, most lyric tale ("*Agunot*") projects a sense of the tragic contingency of the best of possible arrangements in the best of possible towns. As if to emphasize this sense of contingency, he begins the names of most of the characters in "Edo and Enam"—who are in fact homeless—with the letter "G," which could stand for the Hebrew words for either redemption or exile, or both (*geulah* and *golah*); the story thus succeeds in suggesting that what the seeker of redemption finds is only another form of spiritual and sexual exile. But Agnon, at the last, will not relinquish a vision of redemption. The light of the spirit that shines out of the works of Ginat asserts once again the possibility of realizing in the flesh, and in history, the values of beauty and truth.

"Edo and Enam" is a powerful and complex tale. I happen to have read it in Jerusalem when it first appeared, and for weeks the town lived so vividly in Agnon's evocation of its physical and spiritual existence that I despaired of ever regaining the ability to see it in any other terms than his. This cagily difficult parable, at once so abstract and so faithful to the immediacies of the here and now, seemed to arise from the deepest erotic and imaginative life of Jerusalem (Gemulah especially seemed a terrifying clue to the neurasthenic pallor and resentful hysteria one sensed to be endemic in the Orthodox women of the town); yet with all this, it managed also to enunciate a vision of universal malaise.

And there was something more in the tale. Though it stood by itself, it had behind it the massed force of Agnon's preoccupations with a set of issues and feelings central to his culture. Knowing Agnon's work, one perceived in "Edo and Enam" the distillation of lifelong attitudes and

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tensions. The anonymous narrator, as well as Gamzu and Ginat, all seemed projections of various aspects of Agnon himself. For Agnon's own quest, as a man and as a writer, has involved just such a pursuit of the wholeness of past experience, and just such a definition of a viable attitude to the quest as that which engages his narrator. With both of the *Two Tales* in mind, one is tempted to say that Agnon, like Rechnitz, has been subject to the tidal pull of the submerged past, personal and historical; like Ginat, he has sought to detach himself in order to record it; like Gamzu, he has at times sought to domesticate it; like the narrator, he has struggled with his experience, an experience which reflects and clarifies the experience of his times. The specific gravity of the tales can only be weighted against the background of that life and those times—a time in which men of Agnon's generation were striving to create a new world on the ruins of an old, and in which the past that was rapidly slipping into oblivion refused to surrender its hold over the spirit. Agnon's work records a sense of impotence in the face of time and change; it involves an effort also to record the quality of the obsolescent world toward which he yearns, and the dilemma of being subject to such yearning; finally, in parables like "Edo and Enam" and "Forevermore," Agnon's work represents an attempt to formulate an attitude toward the entire experience.

AGNON IS OF Ben Gurion's generation; he is also roughly contemporary with the great European writers—Lawrence, Kafka, Eliot—who came to the fore after World War I. He was born in Galicia in 1888, seven years after the inception of Zionist activism, five years before the publication of Bialik's nostalgic Zionist poem, "To a Bird," and less than a decade before the first Zionist Congress. His world was the "secure" world of Franz Josef's empire; his background, for all its Hebraic, Orthodox, and incipient Zionist bias, seems to have been permeated by that diffuse sense of longing which characterized the Central European middle class at the turn of the century, that hysteria of yearning which we know from Freud's case histories as well as from the Schnitzleresque, Molnaresque literature that shaded off within less than a generation into the anxious nightmares of Kafka and Musil. Quite early, Agnon seems to have made a Zionist commitment—one would gather on sentimental rather than on political grounds. He wrote, first in Yiddish, then in Hebrew, and was mildly active in the Zionist life of his town. During the second *aliyah*—the wave of immigration to Palestine that began in the aftermath of the 1905 Revolution—he made his way to Palestine, an anomaly and yet not altogether an anomaly among the brusque back-to-the-landers of the socialist camp and the fugitive burghers of the household-erly settlement.

Agnon found his place. He became the secretary of the journal published by the labor group in which Ben Gurion was also active, and his literary ambitions were fostered by Berl Katznelson, one of the saints of the Zionist labor movement. Even so, from the outset he stood apart. While his peers were busy excoriating the lassitude and corruption they saw in East European Jewry, Agnon was busy evoking the felicities and bereavements of the "community of the faithful," wherever it might be. Whereas Y. H. Brenner, the most distinguished of his peers, indulged in Dostoievskian orgies of self-laceration, harping on the social, moral, and metaphysical frailties of the Jews, Agnon sought to render the "whole loaf" of experience in the aspiring soul, creating delicate tales of love and fate within the framework of the traditional pieties (as these pieties continued to live in the rose-light of his imagination), or to portray his purely subjective experience on the margin of life in Tel Aviv-Jaffa. Unlike Brenner, who purged every shred of lyric loveliness from his prose, Agnon indulged himself in luxurious orchestrations of language and image, mating richly associative material from traditional sources with highly personal lyric themes. His dominant theme was *aginut*, or bereavement—the word from which the title of his first major story, *"Agunot"* (1909), was derived and from which he took the name that he has been known by ever since. His characters tended to be innocents of one sort or another, full of mute yearning and subject to the vicissitudes of a fate that stemmed from internal weakness or external accident; the pathos of his tales arose from the characters' will-less submission to failure and frustration.

But Agnon was not long for this mode. By the time of World War I, the tenuous, exquisite tales gave way to a firmer, more objective endeavor. During the war, Agnon made his way to Berlin, and there he became involved in the effort, led by Buber and others, to record the fugitive traditions of Hasidism before they passed altogether out of existence. Through this effort, Agnon developed a new sense of intellectual and spiritual fellowship. He also settled at that point into a way of life he has followed to this day. He was taken up by the Schocken publishing enterprise—first in Germany, then in Israel—drawing a regular stipend for publication rights to his work, and withdrawing into the steady contemplation and expression of the kinds of experience that were closest to his heart. From that time forward, Agnon has had the means to sustain the apartness that had characterized him from the outset. He has lived largely in Palestine, and his life has been devoted exclusively to writing. Though he has obviously followed events in the country rather closely, he has remained aloof from public life, adopting a fixed posture of irony toward politics, which he treats as part of the gray round of meaningless movement that is for him the modern age; and his sense of the absurdity of politics is expressed in a

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series of mordant satires gathered in *The Book of the State.*

But if he has withdrawn from the world of action, he has not withdrawn from the world of fact. His Berlin period produced a series of tales rooted in the actuality of the waning East European *shtetl,* a series that culminated in a long piece of prose fiction, *The Bridal Canopy,* which was immediately hailed as *the* epic representation of life in Eastern Europe in the pre-modern period. *The Bridal Canopy* is a frame story, on the model of *Don Quixote,* with strong affinities to Mendele's *Benjamin the Third* and Sholem Aleichem's *Tevye the Dairyman.* A long folk-tale about the adventures of its hero, Reb Yudel, *The Bridal Canopy* projects both the spirit and the historical detail of a period in which even miracles remained conceivable. Yet it cannot merely be said to be an exercise in nostalgia; conjuring a lost world, it never allows us to lose sight of the necessary and inevitable decline of that world.

The Bridal Canopy represents Agnon's emergence from the twilight of the early tales. I find it tedious, labored, and even, at times, coy. What is interesting about it, however, is the way it seems to have confronted Agnon with the crucial problem of history, of the relation between the past and the present which forms the central concern of the late parables. Even as he was summoning up a vision of the old world of the "fathers," he seems to have begun to come to grips with his own problematical relation to it. Agnon's later novels deal with the impact of that world's decline upon people like himself who bear the body of its death. His own historical situation becomes the focus of his work—a situation in which the individual remains sentimentally bound to a decaying social and cultural order which magnetizes his sensibility and prevents him from creating a viable life in a changing universe. As Susan is to Rechnitz, and Gemulah to Gamzu, so the *shtetl* and the entire tribal past is to the Agnon hero, caught between two worlds and belonging to neither. Though he has left Reb Yudel behind, the ancestral past continues to serve Agnon as a ground of consciousness and even of judgment, as a source of stability and a premise of alienation from modernity.

IN ORGANIZING his fiction in this way, Agnon began to crystallize a set of issues that had been implicit in Zionism from the outset. The history of Zionism is marked by a deep ambivalence toward the centers of Jewish life in the Diaspora and toward the concept of the Diaspora itself. On the one hand the Diaspora represented a negative value: exile, persecution, backwardness. Zionism, in this perspective, figured as the resurrection of a lost reality. Thus, the Diaspora, the Diaspora Jew, and the Diaspora way of life became hateful. Yet for the individual, the Diaspora was home; one's primal sympathies were invested there. "Man," the poet Saul Tchernichowsky was to write, "is no more than the soil of a little land." If, for the individual Zionist, the Diaspora was hateful because it afforded little contact with the soil, if it was thought to cut one off from the experience of nature and life and normalcy itself, one's *human* nature was nonetheless richly implicated in it.

Modern Hebrew literature, bound up with the Zionist cause, has been racked by this ambivalence. The very language of the new literature implied a negation of the mother tongue; to cultivate Hebrew meant, on the whole, to reject Yiddish, to forge a new instrument designed to create a new set or responses, a new frame for the brave old-new world in Zion. The very language, as literary instrument, implied a struggle to overthrow the old, "black Orthodox," reactionary order of *shtetl* life. Even when—at the time of the "Hebrew Renaissance" in the last third of the 19th century—the espousal of the language came to symbolize an identification with the ongoing life of the folk, and an effort to preserve such elements of the old communality as could be saved, the effort was in a sense contaminated by its origins. Historically, modern Hebrew literature stemmed from an attempt by members of the emergent Jewish middle class in Germany (and later, Austria and Galicia) to identify themselves with the forces of change—of "progress"—which threatened utterly to undermine the bases of the old order of life in the Jewish community. For the old order had been embedded in the quasi-feudal structure of East European society; its religious and communal systems were rooted in that structure, and were directly menaced by the modes of rationalist thought and action implicit in the social and economic changes that lay behind the European Enlightenment itself.

Agnon not only refused to join in with the habitual denigration of the old order, but also came to perceive with growing clarity the conflict between the traditional modes of experience and the rationalist, progressivist attitudes that pervaded the Zionist ideology. He came, moreover, to have a sense of the irrationality at work in the heart of the "progressive" processes of modernism, and tried to relate the larger patterns of that irrationality to the kind of irrationality at work in the individual Jew. He perceived in the soul of the individual Jew, in his struggle to be free of the limitations of the past, a tropism toward the very past he was trying to escape—a tropism that doomed him to fragmentation, and yet linked him to some transcendent realm that gave meaning to life and the world. The history of Agnon's own development is a history of increasing self-consciousness with regard to the personal and historical conflicts that are implicit in the changing communal experience.

His novels after *The Bridal Canopy* reflect the growth of this self-consciousness. *A Simple Tale* deals with a passive young man born into a bourgeois family in Galicia at the turn of the century,

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and with the crisis he undergoes as he proves unable and unwilling to assume the roles foisted upon him there. As Rechnitz yearns for Susan, Herschel of *A Simple Tale* dreams of Blumah Nacht, his childhood sweetheart, but cannot assert himself enough to take her; he goes mad when his bovine country wife, inflicted on him by his parents, bears him a son. For him the madhouse is a place of peace, a refuge from the nightmare "reality" of his life. The failure of Herschel's personal will is a perfect microcosm of the failure of will in his entire environment. He feels that his father is "more" than he is, and is dimly aware that his father's fathers were "more" than his father: the entire community seems to have lost touch with the sources of its vitality, to have become a stagnant backwater of vanity, passivity, evasion, and greed.

A SECOND NOVEL directly confronts the final deterioration of that milieu. *Wayfarer for a Night*—written in a narrative mode reminiscent of the expressionist fiction of the 20's—is about a man who has settled in Palestine and returns full of nostalgia some time after World War I to his home town in Galicia, only to find it in a state of utter disruption. In *Yesteryear,* the third novel after *The Bridal Canopy,* Agnon travels backward in time, exploring the inner dislocation of an individual who seeks to solve the problem of exile by emigrating to Palestine during the second *aliyah* and trying to recreate a tradition of heroism by joining in the effort to resuscitate the folk in its own land. Yitzhak Kummer (who is the grandson of Reb Yudel of *The Bridal Canopy*) takes the Zionist dream seriously; he imbibes the ideals of the Zionist pamphlets which he reads in his father's store, and rebels against the stagnation and corruption that surround him and that had engulfed Herschel, the hero of *A Simple Tale,* before him. By emigrating to Palestine, Kummer believes that he will be able to rehabilitate himself, but it turns out that, for all his activity, Yitzhak is essentially as passive as Herschel, and just as subject to regressive longings.

There is one important difference, however. The failure of Yitzhak's will is accompanied by a corrosive awareness of his ancestry, and specifically of his grandfather Reb Yudel, the Hasid who had emigrated to Palestine under very different circumstances, in a very different frame of mind. Reb Yudel had "gone up" to the Holy Land after the Good Lord had, by a miracle, provided his daughters with a dowry, and absolved him of the struggle for survival in an utterly resistant environment. Yitzhak thinks of himself as walking in his grandfather's footsteps, but is haunted by the sense that Providence no longer watches over him, that his life can no longer be what Reb Yudel's was. In this frame of mind, he lives out his gruesome fate, slowly, almost without conflict, reverting to the occupations, the habits, and the rituals of his forefathers. Having come to be a pioneer among pioneers, he ends up a member of the parasitic, old-guard community of *Meah Shearim* in Jerusalem, betrothed to the neurasthenic daughter of a rabid Hungarian religious fanatic, and dying of the rabies communicated to him one sweltering afternoon by a dog that lurches at him from under the gabardine of his ranting father-in-law.

Yitzhak is an Isaac meaninglessly sacrificed to his ancestral commitments. He has been conditioned to a set of roles and patterns that have passed out of existence, and so, like most of Agnon's heroes, he finds himself filled with inchoate aspirations for objects of desire concealed from his waking consciousness. These objects ultimately point beyond this world, but they are mediated through a firm sociological pattern in which he no longer can find a place. His destiny, much like that of Rechnitz, Gamzu, and Herschel, works itself out in terms of an erotic pattern. The dog who bites him at the end is of his own creation; it is Yitzhak who has dribbled paint on the dog's back and named him "Balak," and it is this name which has driven the dog mad. The long episode of the mad dog is an allegory of Israel's destiny among the nations, but the dog itself is a symbol of Yitzhak's own sexuality, and of the specifically sexual quality of his relation to his ancestry.

In *Yesteryear,* Agnon clinched his formulation of the central dilemma of his imaginative universe. *Wayfarer for a Night,* anticipating the Holocaust, had confronted with finality the shattering of the old frame of reference. One cannot return home because the old society no longer exists; all that remains to the narrator of the novel, as to the narrator of "Edo and Enam," is the key to a ruined sanctuary, and the possibility of vivifying the past in the creative imagination.

The present, then, is unbearable, and the past will not die: this is the dilemma in which the typical Agnon hero is caught. He tends to be disoriented, hung between the madness and meaninglessness of the world as it is, and his deep bondage to a past which neutralizes the present even as it alienates him from it.

MOST OF Agnon's short fiction since the late 30's has been concerned with representing either the radically equivocal states of being that arise when one is unwillingly possessed by the past, or when one willfully pursues its essence. These stories fall roughly into three groups. There is the usually brief, nightmarish tale, rather Kafkaesque in technique, that renders the experience of an individual whose life is disrupted by the onrush of incomprehensible events obscurely related to his wishes and fears. Then there is the expressionist tale, directly related to the sort of writing done by Hermann Broch in the last volume of *The Sleepwalkers,* but with affinities to the art of Wedekind and Musil and even of the early Brecht. These render an utterly fragmented, demented outer

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world, which often reflects a disrupted inner world, but which has independent validity as an image of chaos and upheaval. And finally there is the self-conscious parable of quest, like "Edo and Enam," in which characters consciously and unconsciously seek out ways of resuscitating the old, sanctified modes of existence, trying to order their experience and find goodness, beauty, and truth in a wayward, desperate present.

One notes the persistence, in all three types of story, of certain radical and recurrent motifs, involving what we might call an Agnon-figure, a writer or scholar (like Ginat, Gamzu, and Rechnitz) who is deliberately out to contact, record, or preserve a lost or elusive reality. All these characters share an alienation from ordinary experience; all of them pursue their interest in relative or complete isolation, often with a Magian intensity. Some, like Rechnitz, are driven by obscure cravings which stem from an aberrant or displaced sexuality and which make them simultaneously demonic in their work and passive within the circumstances of everyday life. Curiously, however, these specialized characters are not essentially different from the more commonplace figures who move through Agnon's stories and novels. The Agnon protagonist is always a little man who tends toward a bewildered incomprehension of the things that happen to him. He is—one might say—an archetype of bewilderment.

This figure represents the peculiar strength as well as the peculiar limitation of Agnon's achievement. He has been compared to Kafka's heroes, just as the tales about him have been compared in style and form to Kafka's work. If one seeks analogies in modern literature, however, one would do better to look to Faulkner, whose characters remain caught up in the traditions of the old South and continue to live within its mythos without being able to evolve viable relationships in the world which has supplanted it. The difference is that Faulkner's people respond to this situation with glorified self-dramatizations in postures of defeat, while Agnon's people respond with Chaplinesque incomprehension and a reflective shrug of the shoulders in which wit and imbecility coincide.

Indeed, as Agnon moves further and further away from the dead *shtetl* culture, as he contemplates the futility of the Zionist effort either to reincarnate the *shtetl* or to resurrect the religious Commonwealth of ancient Israel, as he evolves his sense of the ugliness, the fragmentation, and the systematic irrelevance to human desire of the given, modern world, his protagonists slouch ever more deeply, groan ever more pathetically, fall ever more habitually into the cliché of self-denigration. The voice in which he speaks is the voice of the *shlemiehl*: the crinkle of self-pity and the quaver of self-doubt define its range.

There are anomalies here. The idiom of Agnon's novels is pietistic, the logic seems rigorous, and the erudition—rabbinic—is vast; yet, in fact, the logic is shuffle-gaited and the erudition is irrelevant to the ongoing concerns of life. Agnon tries desperately to think things out, but his very idiom reflects a failure of thought. The marvelously nuanced prose, examined closely as to rhetoric and syntax, is revealed as dramatizing an inability to find cause or to measure time and space significantly. Its very flow and cadence take on the quality of a universal *krechtz*, or groan. In view of Agnon's own "Zionist" choice to write in Hebrew, and in view of his massive contribution to the development of modern Hebrew as a literary instrument, it is supremely ironic that his language should come to seem a transmogrified, quintessentialized rendering in Hebrew of something native to Yiddish at its most reflexive. His prose is a language never heard on land or sea, impeccably Hebraic and yet molded in the cadence of another mode, another language, another form of consciousness. Indeed, the nearly inexhaustible pleasures which Agnon's prose style affords the attentive reader are themselves a symptom of the underlying difficulty. So much is invested by Agnon in the language that, instead of serving as a pane of clear glass through which we might envision a world, it often seems to be one of those finely-wrought products of vitreous art in which figures are etched into the glass itself. His language, in short, points always back to itself, rather than outward into an objectified fictional universe.

Thus, though one marvels at Agnon's achievement, one comes away from a reading of his work with a sense of disquiet. The range is too narrow, and the historical scope fails to compensate for the limited span of experience encompassed in his tales. Agnon lacks gusto, and so do his characters. Their inherent passivity—their incapacity to engage in passionate struggle—oppresses the reader and, as a total vision, fails to convince. The common comparison to Kafka suggests one source of the weakness. Within the psychic smog of Kafka's world there is a tensed, even compulsive will to be, to achieve, to escape. Kafka's obsession with his father, with authority in general, is unpleasant in its clinical baldness, but out of it there seems to grow a tenacity of will, and a counter-fixity of guilt. Such tension is largely absent in Agnon. In psychological terms, his characters are obsessed not with the father, but with the mother, and the result is a propensity to undergo life in a labile, feminine mode.

More damaging, ultimately, is the underlying irresolution in Agnon's attitude toward his material. The late parables bespeak the hopelessness of embodying in consciousness the high aims and ravening dreams of the Rechnitzes, Ginats, and Gamzus. Yet they may also be said to constitute a kind of elegiac celebration of that fond, foolish effort—the only effort worth making in this shat-

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tered world. It is surely no accident that Agnon's first novel had *Don Quixote* in its background; *The Bridal Canopy* and all the work that follows is riddled with a Cervantesque ambivalence toward the figure of the hero—saint and fool, martyr and fall guy, be he Reb Yudel or Ginat-Gamzu-Agnon. It is the sort of ambivalence that mocks the objects of its desire, and it accounts in part for the quality of unpleasantness in Agnon's work. The price of the remarkable lyricism—of the pathetic comedy of his own and his people's journey through the anterooms of modernity into the center of its hell—is a faint nastiness, an uneasy afterstench of self-indulgence which precludes wisdom, passion, and even the larger energy of a truly hellish ordeal.

And yet, for all that, one is irresistibly drawn to Agnon's vision, and to the intricacies and bafflements which his own irresolution begets. For it is out of the effort to reconcile his conflicting attitudes of irony and celebration that the rich fabric of his work, a work is woven, finally, which seeks to embody in itself the elusive wholeness that is the object of man's desire. That wholeness may in fact be beyond us, but from Agnon's work—as from Ginat's published Enamite hymns—there shines, for those who can glimpse it, the light of the higher yearning.

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ERIC LARRABEE

SAVING THE HUMANITIES

IN THE AUTUMN of 1965 the Congress enacted, and President Johnson subsequently signed, Public Law 89-209, the National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities Act, which brought into being a new governmental agency with a mandate "to develop and promote a broadly conceived national policy in support for the humanities and the arts in the United States. . . ." The Foundation is made up of two branches, called Endowments, one for each of the two major areas (arts and humanities) subsumed under the Act. Each Endowment has a chairman, a staff, a council, and a budget—the latter, in the case of the Humanities Endowment, based on total appropriations for fiscal 1966-67 of $4.5 million, plus additional funds to match unrestricted private gifts up to a total of $3 million. By the prevailing standards of federal largesse, this is chickenfeed, but by the standards up to now obtaining in the humanities—however that clumsy term may be defined—it is affluence beyond the dreams of avarice.

There is an axiom in science, never fully exploited by the other disciplines, which holds that high prestige goes to the investigators with the most expensive equipment—e.g., formerly the astronomers, now the high-energy physicists. For many years, as governmental support for science has expanded apace, the dilemma of the humanities has been symbolized and compounded by their inability to invent sufficiently expensive needs. What after all does a scholar require beyond a library, a desk, paper, pencil, and a window to stare out of—with or without squirrel on the tree outside? Humanistic scholarship is mainly given over to the acts of reading, reflecting, writing, teaching, and talking with one's colleagues, none of which demands anything elaborate in the way of facilities and may indeed be stimulated by an antique or even monastic environment. If anything, as their fellow-academics were lining up so readily at the public trough, the humanists could have been proud of their relative poverty.

The result was neglect—the same sort of neglect, and for similar reasons, which has ravaged the downtown cores of American cities. Both the humanities and downtown were genteel and shabby, soaked in vital human juices, and richly encrusted with the past. Both were taken for granted; both had always been there to be drawn and counted on, used to the point of being almost used up before it occurred to anyone that neither the center of cities nor the center of knowledge is an automatically self-replenishing resource. The nation which depended on them both was in the process of transforming itself; much of its energy was going into the transformation and there was no way of measuring, even if anyone had thought to ask, how much imbalance was being introduced into an intricate web of interrelationships. The prospect before the humanistic educator often seemed to be one of a society increasingly suffering for lack of the very aid—training in value judgment, aesthetic discrimination, historical perspective—which he was at least modestly qualified to offer. The flow of funds into scientific research was having subtle and unintended consequences. "Students . . . ," as the Commission on the Humanities observed in its report in 1964, "are no different from other people in that they can quickly observe where money is being made available and draw the logical conclusion as to which activities their society considers important."* While methods of instruction were being improved in science, mathematics, and the languages, the Commission still found it depressingly true that "a student may often enter a college or university without adequate training in the humanities or, for that matter, a rudimentary acquaintance with them." Apparently the phenomenon is not specific to the United States; students, according to a recent Canadian report, "receive little preparation for university in academic subjects, and, what is of more importance, arrive at university with little or no understanding of the nature of an academic education."†

The Commission on the Humanities was itself an essential part of the process—the characteristic quasi-private, quasi-public process—which pro-

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* Report of the Commission on the Humanities. Copies may be obtained without charge from the American Council of Learned Societies, 345 East 46th Street, New York 17, N.Y.

† F. E. L. Priestley, *The Humanities in Canada*, University of Toronto Press, 246 pp., $6.00.

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duced Public Law 89-209. The Commission's chairman was Barnaby C. Keeney, then president of Brown University, now chairman of the Humanities Endowment, and at least one of its members (Professor Robert M. Lumiansky of the University of Pennsylvania) is now a member of the Humanities National Council. Obviously a law involving multi-million-dollar appropriations does not just happen, and this one was no exception in that it followed upon years of preparation by parties personally concerned with its purposes. The same names recur repeatedly. The Commission on the Humanities had been preceded by a Commission on the Humanities of the American Council of Learned Societies, and these two commissions had *two* members in common (Pendleton Herring of the Social Science Research Council and Professor Whitney J. Oates of Princeton). This earlier commission also produced a report, in the form of a book by Professor Howard Mumford Jones, then of Harvard, who had been instrumental in revitalizing the American Council of Learned Societies when he became chairman of its board of directors in 1955 (he was succeeded in 1959 by Professor Lumiansky).* ACLS, as it is commonly called, is a federation of thirty-two national scholarly organizations and the body hitherto responsible for representing the humanities at a national level. I mention all these interlocking memberships (Professor Oates is treasurer of the ACLS board and another member of it, Germaine Bree of the University of Wisconsin, is now a member of the National Humanities Council, which also includes a former Executive Secretary of ACLS, President Charles E. Odegaard of the University of Washington) not to demonstrate anything sinister but merely to show that ACLS has been doing its job. What good is an Establishment if it doesn't establish anything? The National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities stems from efforts ACLS has made, responds to needs which ACLS has worked to demonstrate, and reflects the belief in humane learning which ACLS has long expounded and attempted to put into practice.

THE TERM "humanities," within the language of the Act, "includes, but is not limited to, the study of the following: language, both modern and classical; linguistics; literature; history; jurisprudence; philosophy; archaeology; the history, criticism, theory, and practice of the arts; and those aspects of the social sciences which have humanistic content and employ humanistic methods." Fortunately this pared-down definition can be supplemented by referring to a series of books called the *Princeton Studies: Humanistic Scholarship in America*, under the general editorship of Provost Richard Schlatter of Rutgers University, which have recently been published (on a grant from the Ford Foundation) by the Princeton Council on the Humanities, chairman—who else?—Professor Whitney J. Oates.† These volumes, according to their editor, "give us an account of American humanistic scholarship enabling us to see just what that scholarship has contributed to the culture of America and the world," while at the same time "attempting to sift the imaginative, the original, and the admirable from the pedantic, the conventional, and the superficial"—a tall order, even for the mobilized talents of the several dozen scholars herein engaged.

Professor Jones's book is addressed to the intelligent layman, perhaps excessively so, since its format of didactic popularization allows for only a foreshortened statement of the intellectual alternatives. Professor Jones is defined before he begins as on the side of the angels; he is eloquent and enlightened on so many issues where eloquence and enlightenment are called for that eventually one cries out for a moment or two of indiscretion or incontinence. If one had to find fault, it could probably be found at those junctures where confidence in the superiority of culture, as defined by graduate-school standards, leads the author to repose too much confidence in received opinions. He speaks of the score of a Shostakovitch symphony as being "obviously" of more importance than a popular song, and if only he had said Shostakovitch piano sonata one could almost have pardoned him that "obviously." As it is, he invites the observation that some Shostakovitch symphonies are more banal, and some popular songs more important, than his confident brushoff would suggest. Jones says that the example of George Gershwin "shows, indeed, how a man of great talent can lift a popular form like jazz into a rather high form of symphonic music," which again would be only a minor misinterpretation if it did not involve Jones's major assumption that some forms of culture are inherently superior to others —and that humanist scholars are uniquely qualified to tell one from another.

The same disability is not so marked in the Princeton series, perhaps because it was intended

* Howard Mumford Jones, *One Great Society: Humane Learning in the United States*, Harcourt, Brace, and World, 241 pp., $4.50.

† Eric R. Wolf, *Anthropology*, 113 pp., $4.95. James S. Ackerman, Rhys Carpenter, *Art and Archeology*, 241 pp., $5.95. Wen Fong, Chinese Painting, (forthcoming). Eric A. Havelock, *Classics*, (forthcoming). John Higham, with Leonard Krieger and Felix Gilbert, *History*, 402 pp., $7.95. William Haas, Karl D. Utti, and Rulon Wells, *Linguistics*, (forthcoming). David Daiches, *English Literature*, 174 pp., $4.95. Walter Sutton, *Modern American Criticism*, 298 pp., $5.95. Henri Peyre, *Modern Literature*, Vol. I—*The Literature of France*, 242 pp., $7.95. Frank L. Harrison, Mantle Hood, and Claude V. Palisca, *Musicology*, 337 pp., $8.95. Robert H. Knapp, *The Origins of American Humanistic Scholars*, 172 pp., $7.95. Roderick M. Chisholm, Herbert Feigl, William K. Frankena, John Passmore, and Manley Thompson, *Philosophy*, 560 pp., $9.95. Paul Ramsey, ed. Philip H. Ashby, Robert M. Grant, James M. Gustafson, J. H. Nichols, Harry M. Orlinsky, John E. Smith, and Claude Welch, *Religion*, 468 pp., $8.95. Clyde A. Holbrook. *Religion, A Humanistic Field*, 299 pp., $7.95. All Prentice-Hall, Inc.

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for a different reader. He seems to be not the layman, but the academic from a neighboring field. There is somewhat more detail in any given volume, and somewhat less attempt to invite the reader's interest, than a layman would be likely to want. But if a philosopher, say, wanted to catch up on what had recently been going on in archaeology, the Princeton Series would be a logical place to turn. Some of the volumes rise well above this level; James Ackerman's section on art history, for example, is a *tour de force* of exposition which somehow manages, along the way, to convey what it *feels* like to be an art historian. And here and there throughout the series there are moments when the prose lights up—a paragraph in the history volume on empathy with the past, or David Daiches's sharp lashing-out at American academic literary critics for their cultivated triviality—and one gets a momentary sense of the human element in the venture of humane letters.

Inevitably, the non-academic reader turns to the volumes on subjects he is interested in, and here I find myself in trouble again. Perhaps it has something to do with the idea of academic competence and authority. One can almost see the board of editors sitting around until they settle on a distinguished man from each field, who then writes a distinguished paper, and—making allowance for some being better than others—that's the end of the matter. But when one turns to the section dealing with jazz music, one finds it is written by an Englishman who seems to have read nothing but French sources. Much of what he says is unexceptionable, but it hardly reinforces one's confidence in a book which is supposed to sum up the achievements of American musicology to find no mention in it of Winthrop Sargeant's *Jazz: Hot & Hybrid* (published in 1937, now available in paperback as *Jazz: A History*), the first and most notable attempt to analyze this native American music in musicological terms. Sargeant is not an academic and is therefore left out on, once more, the assumption that only certified scholars are "serious."

In any event there is on the record in Jones's book and in these, as there ought to be, an amply developed statement of the logic and propriety, as its proponents understand them, of governmental intervention on behalf of the humanities—or the liberal arts, as they used to be called. Under whatever name, these are fragile flowers. No one is entirely comfortable—least of all Chairman Keeney, to judge by his responses during an interview for *Life*—with the prospect of an avalanche of money descending on people whom it might merely distract from their initial commitment, or what should have been a commitment, to the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake. From the start, everyone involved has been solicitous about the dangers to academic freedom; a special clause in the law prohibits any "department, agency, officer, or employee of the United States" from exercising "any direction, supervision, or control over the policy determination, personnel, or curriculum, or the administration or operation of any school or other non-Federal agency, institution, organization, or association," which would seem to cover just about every eventuality, if only one could believe it possible to spend $4.5 million without having any effect whatever on "policy determination, personnel, or curriculum. . . ." Literally construed, the law would require of the Humanities Endowment a choice between ineffectiveness and hypocrisy which surely cannot have been the intent of the Congress. Everything interesting and important about the law lies in that area of ambiguity between tolerable and intolerable intervention into academic institutions where its administrators will have to decide which is which.

What the Endowment will have to intervene in, as though its own problems were not enough, is the tangled, expanding, riot- and anguish-ridden domain of American higher education. Humanistic scholarship is carried on mainly in university graduate schools, even though its subject matter was once the bedrock foundation of curricula in the colleges, particularly those that called themselves (now a term of nostalgia) liberal-arts colleges. One of the reasons the humanities used to be taken for granted is that everyone then knew what a liberal-arts college was, what sort of courses it taught, and why it taught them. All this has changed, and is changing even more. As Professor Daniel Bell of Columbia makes clear, in a reflective and troubling book written originally as a report to his faculty colleagues, the college is rapidly deteriorating into little more than a way station on the undergraduate's road to the graduate school.* Where typically the number of students going on to take graduate work was once only 20 per cent (as it was at the University of Chicago in 1929, when Robert Hutchins arrived), the proportion is now reversed; 80 per cent of the undergraduates are headed for the graduate school. Bell quotes from a speech delivered "with his characteristic ironic brilliance and merry bravura" by Columbia's own provost, Jacques Barzun, to the effect that "the liberal-arts tradition is dead or dying . . . sooner or later the college as we know it will find that it has no proper place in the scheme of things."

BELL WRITES IN defiance of Barzun's prognostication and, as far as that goes, on the assumption that Barzun himself had dramatized the possibility in the hope of forestalling it. No one who subscribes to the elevated propositions stated in the National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities Act—"a high civilization must not limit its efforts to science and technology alone. . . . Democ-

* Daniel Bell, *The Reforming of General Education: the Columbia College Experience in its National Setting*, Columbia University Press, 320 pp., $6.95.

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racy demands wisdom and vision in its citizens. . . . The world leadership which has come to the United States cannot rest solely upon material power . . . etc. etc."—could possibly hope otherwise. The irony of the humanities' at-long-last accession to a place in the political sun is that it comes at a time, or slightly too late after the time, when their place in the formal intellectual hierarchy, at the nexus of academic power, has been grievously or (depending on your degree of pessimism) fatally compromised. Bell's book says that the modern university is becoming an organized attempt to make the purposes of a liberal education incapable of achievement while Congress has said, allowing for legislative rhetoric, that the nation must become "a leader in the realm of ideas and of the spirit. . . ." Government, that is, is being asked to save academia from the consequences of its own vanity and self-indulgence, and the academics who have crossed the boundary into federal service—like Chairman Keeney and his multiple-hatted council members—are called upon to be double agents in a new and dangerous game.

The philosophy to which their presence in Washington testifies might be described as rooted in the activist intelligence. The underlying assumption is that, since thoughtful intervention in society is possible, it is therefore necessary—because if you don't act, somebody else will. Its motto could be Edmund Burke's well-worn aphorism about the triumph of evil coming to pass when good men do nothing. It is the Johnsonian style of egghead in office, as opposed to the Stevensonian or Kennedyesque. If the characteristic Kennedy intellectual was Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., a historian, then the characteristic Johnson intellectual is Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare John W. Gardner, a psychologist and a foundation executive. The fact that Secretary Gardner is on leave as president of the Carnegie Corporation is not irrelevant, since it is conspicuously a foundation state of mind which he symbolizes. Foundation people, for all their faults (a tendency to be irrelevantly polite, a disembodied charm), are forced by their professional necessities to become sophisticated about achieving large ends with small means, searching out the pressure-points in the body politic. They think in terms of strategic leverage, and their daily wear-and-tear, the nagging force of their occupational imperatives, is a function of the fact that they *have* to give away money. It is perfect training for service under a President who will apparently try anything and who has enjoyed, up till now, a like-minded Congress. I suspect, though it is undiluted guesswork, that many in the Johnsonian intelligentsia have been drawn toward government because they see it not only as a more powerful instrument, but paradoxically a more free and flexible one, than the university or the private foundation.

Obviously it is an exaggeration to describe this faith as new, but it is newly explicit in its manifestations—above all in the explicitness with which its side-effects on the universities are being recognized. "The university and the other institutions of society," writes President James A. Perkins of Cornell, "—including the corporation, the farm, the cultural center, and the government agency—have now been joined together by a new kind of bloodstream, made up of the ideas, the trained intelligence, and the manpower which provide the driving energy for our society. And the university is the great pumping heart that keeps this system fresh, invigorated, and in motion."* Perkins is another Carnegie alumnus (he was Gardner's vice president) and his book (a series of three lectures) is a considered but engagingly-phrased elaboration on his metaphor of the university as "pumping heart" for a bloodstream of future philosopher-kings. He has had the misfortune to follow on Clark Kerr's coinage of the term "multiversity" and the subsequent outbreak of the Berkeley riots, with the result that his words have risked being read as an apologia for subservience to the state rather than (according to his own declarations of intent) as a call upon the academic community for greater relevance, breadth, and attack. This is where President Perkins has drawn down fire upon his little book.

FOR WHAT will happen to the liberal-arts college when the university with its multitudinous graduate schools becomes the first-priority enterprise? What will happen to general education within an institution dedicated to so many other, potentially conflicting purposes? What will happen to the humanities when their function of nurturing the generalized, discriminating mind and sensibility of good citizens—as opposed to good specialists—is undercut? Perkins's critics, like the philosopher Henry David Aiken of Brandeis, are made uneasy by his desire "to maintain a greater internal coherence within the university so that none of the missions he ascribes to it will be overwhelmed by the rest. This means, in practice," Aiken goes on, "that the job of transmitting knowledge must be constantly geared to the demands of advancing research and service. . . . Plainly, the university is being unveiled by Perkins as America's great center for advanced studies, which admits into its precincts only clever young apprentices whose interest in learning is, from the beginning, entirely professional."

The preservation of a recognized role for the colleges, in face of the pressure toward specialization both from within and without, is the task to which Daniel Bell addresses himself in his extraordinary book. It is extraordinary on several counts, first in being eminently readable, despite the fact that curriculum reform is not in itself the

* James A. Perkins, *The University in Transition*, Princeton University Press, 90 pp., $2.95.

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most interesting of subjects. It is also extraordinary in the extent to which it makes the specific situation at Columbia, with so many aspects unique to that college, serve as an analogue for a national and, more broadly, philosophical dilemma. It is even more extraordinary—or will seem so to literary-minded readers—in having been written by a sociologist, for it makes a case for the humanities more closely reasoned, more eloquent, and more civilized than a good many humanists could produce on their own account. It announces the rescue of our beleaguered lady of beautiful letters by a masked knight errant who turns out, on unmasking, to be from the clan of the hated enemy: social science.

THE AIMS OF general education are numerous, but one of them, historically, was to substitute order for the anarchy of completely free electives, for example the chaos which prevailed at Harvard under Eliot, so vividly conveyed in the scene from Santayana's *The Last Puritan* where Mario, baffled by the abundance of choices in the Elective Pamphlet, goes home to sleep "and see if among these 286 fountains of wisdom I can find two more at which a gentleman may drink with decency." Bell begins with the advantage of writing about Columbia, an institution with a proud record of innovation in general education which goes back before 1919, when a required freshman course called "Contemporary Civilization" was introduced. He also draws upon the experience of the University of Chicago, which adopted a four-year program entirely devoted to general education in 1937 (and where Bell was a faculty member from 1945 to 1948), and of Harvard, which published its famous Redbook—*General Education in a Free Society*—in 1945, and then in actual performance characteristically accepted, redefined, adapted, and ignored that document's recommendations. Bell discovers a "common quest" behind the differing programs at these three schools, and describes it under four headings: ideology ("the unifying needs of American society . . . a sense of common tasks"); tradition ("making the student aware of the history of Western civilization"); contra-specialism (against "a new religion of research . . . the rallying cry . . . was *humanitas*"); and integration ("a desire for courses that emphasized the broad relationships of knowledge").

The forces working to subvert these noble ends (Bell's chapter containing them is called "The Original Assumptions") are so omnipresent and conspicuous that they need no more than shorthand summary: the transformation of a society which increasingly feeds on innovation and exalts research; the emergence of government as a committed sponsor of research and therefore the largest donor to university funds; the rising public expectation that research shall be productive and that its products shall be made rapidly available; the pressure on students to follow the flow of funds into well-defined specialties; the consequent pressure to choose careers early and get earliest onto the escalator of accumulating grades and degrees; the concomitant pressure on the secondary schools to become pseudo-collegiate and groom their graduates for "advanced standing" when they get to college; the vigorous and long-overdue overhauling of elementary- and secondary-school teaching methods which has enabled gifted students to progress faster than previously imaginable; the exponential increase in knowledge which makes graduate training essential in virtually every profession; the pressure on scholars to produce research and more researchers, hence to "escape the burden" of undergraduate teaching; the rigid control of rigidly circumscribed departments over their allotted personnel and subject matter; the proliferation of bureaucratic administrators to fill the resulting vacuum of generalized educational supervision; and so on—and on, and on.

Professor Bell solidly plants his feet against this oncoming tide of change and raises a standard to which the just and honest, especially if they agree with him as much as I do, can confidently repair. He asserts that the college years have a function in the formation of maturing minds which neither the secondary nor the graduate school can properly exercise: he asserts that this function is at bottom humanistic—"the creation of self-consciousness in relation to tradition." The college "can liberate young people by making them aware of the forces that impel them from within and constrict them from without." To the extent that the curriculum can serve this liberation, it demands of the student that he or she (1) "overcome intellectual provincialism," (2) "appreciate the centrality of method (i.e., the role of conceptual innovation)," (3) "gain an awareness of history," (4) discover "how ideas relate to social structures," (5) "understand the way values infuse all inquiry," and (6) apprehend "the civilizing role of the humanities"—another tall order, even for the relaxed but rigorous institution which Bell sometimes seems to have in mind, an ideal college in an ideal vacuum where the student's plasticity is exclusively shaped by the pedagogical strategies of his teachers (there are moments when one longs to be Mario, and choose one's own strategy). But Bell's prescription will stand, certainly in the absence of competition, as a reassertion of liberal education's traditional—I am tempted to add: perdurable, unequivocal, inescapable—aspirations. The college, as he puts it, is the last stronghold of the unity of knowledge.

He means it, too. What elevates Bell's sermon above the ordinary is his sense of its implications. He wants the curriculum changed administratively, but he also wants to change the minds of his fellow faculty members about the subjects with which he and they deal, which will not be easy. Among the many theorizers about education he is

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rara avis in his insistence on the importance, not so much of teachers or of ways of teaching, but of what gets taught. It may seem strange that Professor Aiken of Brandeis accuses Bell of being preoccupied with methodology when in fact Bell's book repeatedly returns to the issue of curricular content, of intellectual substance. But what Aiken really mistrusts is what Bell wants to do to the substance. If Bell objects to overspecialization, he objects not only on grounds of the damage it does to the student, but the damage it does to the truth. If there is something wrong with so many college courses in the liberal arts, then there is something wrong with the way the academic community perceives the body of knowledge which has been confided to its care. "For the problem," Bell writes, "is not just the lack of cultivation of the person but the increased narrowness of the intellectual tasks themselves."

This is the heart of the matter, and the point at which Bell seems to me to have something very much of his own, and of the modern moment, to say. What Karl Mannheim called the "sociology of knowledge" implies, if it does not require, a shift in the perspective by which every critic and scholar perceives the raw material of culture. The issue can conveniently be oversimplified as one of text versus context. Either the text (the object of art) has value in and of itself, or else it acquires value in the process of being perceived. Bell believes the latter, and notes additionally that perceptions vary in time and place, let alone in the person perceiving. This is a thoroughly respectable, not to say commonplace, view in biology; "We have to learn," as the biologist J. Z. Young phrases it, "to see the world as we do." Bell's phrasing goes only a step further: "What one sees is a function in great measure of convention and context," once again a view which has been amply explored elsewhere, as in the visual arts by E. H. Gombrich or in music by Leonard B. Meyer. The word "context" reappears frequently in Bell's book; it is a keystone in the arch of the educational process he envisions, and therefore of the intellectual structure he wants general education to underpin and celebrate. "If the purpose of a first-year course was solely to introduce a student to the problems of Humanities," he says, "one might want to organize the course about the nature of criticism, the kinds of genre, the qualities appropriate to different kinds of work, a theory of judgment, a history of aesthetics, and the like. But the purpose of these courses is essentially liberal education: to give the student a historical grasp of the background and traditions of Western civilization and the movements of ideas and imagination, of social forces and social conflicts within that great stream. And this is why the contexts are necessary."

The voice you hear is that of a social scientist trying to rescue the humanities from the consequences of their own overspecialization.

At Harvard in the 1940's (when I knew it) this point of view was expressed in a makeshift field of study called History & Literature, which attempted—by cross-referencing courses and supplementing them with individual tutorials—to make the two disciplines reinforce one another. Since the professors had to come from separate departments, and since the departments retained control over them, the operative word is "make"; no one ever won a reputation for soundness in any field of academic specialization by successfully contaminating it with any other. Moreover, the interdisciplinary attitude is unappealing to those critics of literature or art who emphasize the text rather than the context, who prefer to confront a given work in its own terms or in terms of what Professor Aiken calls "the durable intrinsic interests of literature and philosophy themselves." Clearly enough, text and context should be in productive tension with one another, and neither Aiken nor Bell would have them be mutually exclusive, but my own experience as a student inclines me toward Bell's side.

I remember once being asked to confront directly two lines of John Donne which use a similar image: "That subtile wreath of haire, which crowns my arme . . ." and again, "A bracelet of bright haire about the bone. . . ." I could make no sense of either, and defy anyone else to do so who is not aware (as I wasn't, until years later) that Giraldus Cambrensis, a writer known to Donne and to his readers, describes the purported discovery at Glastonbury Abbey in 1190 (most likely faked by the monks) of the bones of King Arthur and Queen Guinivere, which were unearthed with a bracelet woven of human hair still intact around one upper arm. The image in the minds of Donne's contemporaries is the necessary context of the poems, and without it the two lines convey both an absence of meaning and a misleading sense of willful obscurity. David Daiches, in his volume for the Princeton series, gives a half-dozen other instances where interpretation goes wildly wrong in the absence of special information.

In this sense there is no substitute for scholarship. If I am going to be instructed about Donne, I wish it to be by someone who knows about Giraldus Cambrensis, and who in addition can tell me what Donne meant by "outward Soule" in terms of 16th- and 17th-century psychology, or by "new Philosophy" in terms of Galileo and Copernicus. The point is that specialized knowledge has no relevance until it is made relevant to something else, until it is cross-referenced; the existence of the non-specialized student is what justifies the whole enterprise. The case can be made irrefutably that modern knowledge is the triumphant product of specialization, but its very triumph consists in the building, brick by specialized brick, of a grand edifice which someday, somewhere, somehow, somebody has got to stand off and contemplate in its entirety.

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Now it may well be objected that there is no point in training generalists any longer since society has no use for them; there would be no jobs for them once they were trained. Speaking as an unreconstructed generalist, I can only say that this is neither my personal nor observed experience. There are many professions, to the contrary, which actually require a generalizing capacity, from the traditional ones like journalism and book publishing to the newer ones like foundation administration or arts management. Furthermore, it is noticeable that the profession which dominates politics, that most general of the generalisms, is the law—the one profession which prides itself (even if mistakenly) on possessing a set of intellectual tools potentially universal in their application. The fact that nearly all academic administrative jobs require a specialist background is no indication that this background is of any use as such. Chairman Keeney was undoubtedly a better college president for having been a medievalist first, and is now a better chairman of the Humanities Endowment for having been both, but he could just as well have been a comparative numismatist for all the difference it makes for him as an administrator. The argument for learning to know a specialty in order to learn what specialized knowledge is like, and how it is acquired, is something else again, because it remains—where Bell would have it—within the context of a liberal education.

Aiken seems to feel (and he speaks from just as much, or more, direct contact with contemporary academia) that Bell's bent toward sociological context plays into the hands of those who would make the university "serve" something outside it, and that Bell misreads the nature and complexity of the present difficulties. Yet Aiken paraphrases the problem no less brutally—"The blunt question is: who wants to teach general education?"—and offers less in the way of an answer. Bell at least makes himself vulnerable by acknowledging that his concerns could best be resolved at the intellectual level, at the level of the subject matter. If there are not enough people who can teach Bell's way, then this may well be because there aren't enough people who think Bell's way; certainly no one would deny that the university is becoming a consciously organized mechanism for preventing the teachers Bell would need for his courses from ever coming into existence. The system is circular and self-confirming; no one wants to teach "Gen. Ed." courses because the subject matter is such low-voltage stuff, and as long as the subject matter remains confined to the undergraduate years, it will fail to attract the attention of high-voltage scholars, with the result that the ideas themselves —which is what the rest of us care about—are deprived of intellectual force.

Bell is perhaps unduly diffident in putting the case for his viewpoint in its own right, quite apart from its merits pedagogically. He leans for some apt quotations on his mentor, Lionel Trilling, and on Gombrich, but he could just as well have summoned a long line of witnesses to the same effect. The consideration of culture in its social context has an honorable tradition well back into the 19th century when—as Raymond Williams, shows in his *Culture and Society 1780-1950*—the "idea of culture" began to emerge (Pugin, Morris, Ruskin) from the disorders of nascent industrialism. In art history the bias toward context has existed almost as long as the specialty, as with Burckhardt, and more than one uncompromising aesthete (Berenson, for example) has drawn on it unhesitatingly. The sociology of art and literature may not officially exist, but if it did exist it could be taught out of texts ranging from Tawney and Sir Herbert Read and the Leavises to Erich Auerbach and, in this country today, Leo Lowenthal, Richard Altick, Roger Shattuck, Reuel Denney, Carl Bode, Daniel Boorstin, Rudolf Arnheim, John A. Kouwenhoven, Siegfried Kracauer, Suzanne Langer, Henry Nash Smith, Leo Marx, or any of a dozen others. It is scarcely possible, in the study of what gives our own culture its character, to think of a formative scholar-writer for this generation (Mumford, Parrington, Matthiessen, Perry Miller, Riesman) who is not saturated in the cross-disciplinary ethos, and in large measure dependent on it for permitting him his scope, originality, and bite.

ALL OF WHICH is another way of saying that an essential component of the modern mentality, where it is not actively discouraged in the universities, survives there mainly on sufferance. If scholars like those listed in the previous paragraph arrive at an interdisciplinary perspective, they arrive there on their own; there is nothing in the system to encourage them, and a great deal to head them off. One does not have to go so far in denouncing the state of graduate studies as a maverick scholar like William Arrowsmith of the University of Texas—who calls it "a vision of madness accomplished"—in order to agree that the fate of the humanities, as long as they rest in the hands of specialists alone, is far from secure. The spirit of humane learning is incompatible with a system of undergraduate training totally devoid of generalist students, and the more specialized the system becomes, the more impervious it becomes to the concerns of the unspecialized intelligence. Bell's originality consists in showing how the two patterns interlock, in matching a short-term strategy of educational reform with a long-term strategy of ideas.

Needless to say, there are more than a few people—many of whom teach the humanities in universities—who will reject any such formulation as Bell's of a necessary relationship between consciousness and society. Bell believes that we ignore this interplay at the price of rendering our own "modernity" unintelligible, yet this is no guaran-

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tee that it will be taken seriously by faculty curriculum committees. "It is still startling to realize," Bell writes, if not exactly in a tone of surprise, "that rarely in the university are the literary and the sociological imagination joined in a common enterprise in the effort to illumine both." In passing, Bell suggests, I think correctly, that the consequent dissociation from its context of the literary and artistic intelligence, originally set free in search of autonomy and detachment, may have served to exacerbate the rapid oscillation of ever newer and more fashionable nihilisms in an already unsteady artistic environment. "In such a state of affairs," as Bell puts it, "the creative tension between modernity and tradition goes slack, autonomy becomes a collective, and modernity itself becomes a convention. . . . And for those . . . who rail against this situation because of their need to go 'beyond' the modern and the new, the artistic effort is concentrated no longer in subverting the moral and social order but, beginning in underground fashion, becomes an assault against the final taboos of cultural and psychic life itself." Brave words; a trifle Appollonian, but brave nonetheless.

FOR WHAT Bell is saying is that the by-products for society of the scholarly dissociation may be detrimental indeed, and that a failure to educate for "self-consciousness in relation to tradition" may have more profound after-effects than at first appear. There is a real question as to how much confidence society can afford to place in undiluted scholarship. Professor Jones, in his *One Great Society,* comes perilously close to saying that we have to trust the scholar even when he is incompetent. "The man of learning," Jones writes, "and only he, is in potential communion with past greatness—with philosophers and artists and revolutionaries and conservatives, with genius of every order, with the saints and sages of history, with every mighty statement, whether in words, in music, or in the graphic arts, about human destiny that mankind has ever made. He is, however unworthy, an individual member of a great community, or a shadowy but essential priesthood of wisdom; and just as, in religion, the frailty of the server does not affect the efficacy of the sacrament, so it is with learning. The individual voice may be feeble, the particular scholar mediocre, but even the lowliest among learned men has been in some manner touched with fire from the altar."

Well, no.

The burden this puts on outsiders—such as the taxpayers who will support the National Humanities Endowment—is one of relying on the universities, as the Endowment seems all-too-likely to rely, on the assumption that they are exclusive custodians of culture, both of its remains and the elucidation thereof: history, ideas, recorded ecstasy and decay, all the moldy, marvelous past. This is asking too much. For the objectives of Public Law 89-209 are not going to be attained by a Humanities Endowment which becomes nothing more than a super-ACLS, handing out to the same recipients, duly selected by the same committees, a slightly larger dole. The purpose of the Act is revolutionary, and it ought to be put to revolutionary uses. What the Humanities Endowment and its Council ought to be engaged in, to borrow Bell's title, is the reforming of general education. They ought to be openly and passionately involved in turning back the tide of enforced specialization, subsidizing the training of effective generalists, shattering the sanctity of jealously-guarded department boundaries, strangling the Ph.D. octopus, punishing pointless research, abolishing tenure, lowering inflated salaries, and in general raising hell inside the halls of the higher learning. The trivial details of this program I cheerfully leave to Chairman Keeney, who was once awarded (as an American Army officer) a Silver Star and a Guggenheim Fellowship in the same month. The Guggenheim was for further research into the institution of trial by peers in medieval Europe, and the Silver Star was a compromise between a DSC and a court martial. This ought to be just his specialty.

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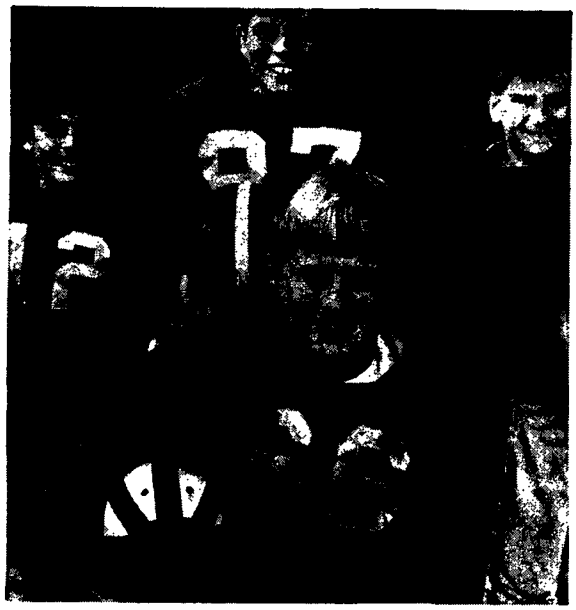

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ERIC BENTLEY

THE THEATER OF COMMITMENT*

A RECENT literary conference announced its topic as Commitment or Alienation. I take this to mean that the public-relations men believe, first, that these words are the great eye-catchers of the moment and, second, that they represent alternative ways of life for artists today. The Committed artist is one who is publicly protesting against American policy in Vietnam; the Alienated artist is one who is sitting the war out and waiting for Godot in sulky solitude. Artists who are following any other line of action or inaction simply aren't "with it."

I start with public relations because that and not the garden of Eden is where things nowadays do start. Also, public relations sheds its aura of unreality on the whole topic, and it is hard to get at the reality without first dispelling the aura. Further, public relations has its own dialectic. Beginning by flattering a subject, lending it importance by means of a glamorous terminology, it ends by throwing suspicion on it, and all persons connected with it. Take the observation I have just made that—once we have uttered the words Commitment and Alienation—artists following any other line of action or inaction would not be considered "with it." This means that once these words are published in large type, they impel artists to declare themselves Committed or Alienated lest they find themselves in outer darkness. To say this is to impugn the motives of all the committed and all the alienated: nothing is involved, it is suggested, but the desire to be in the swim.

Naturally, in any social movement, there is much mere fashion-following. "I will join if you will, and you will join if the neighbors are joining or if those you look up to think it chic to join." But this situation is not what I am calling attention to. I am calling attention to the way the situation is now exploited by the publicity racket. They need labels to attract attention. They intend a compliment by using them. But the final result is an insult to the thing labeled.

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It makes no difference, by the way, that the public-relations men are often employees of colleges and universities. And of course it is often the case that they don't regard themselves as public-relations men. Their official titles may be President, Dean, or plain Professor.

Take symposia on TV, especially so-called educational TV. It all begins with the commendable desire to get the best men, and the modish topic is assumed to be what will attract them, not to mention the public. Commitment. Alienation. Theater of the Absurd. Theater of Cruelty. Half-a-dozen celebrities are brought before the cameras. An academic public-relations man mediates between them and the attendant masses. Much smiling. Not much thinking. The millions have heard of theater of cruelty, and it is concluded that there is a Cultural Explosion. (What an apt expression the phrase Cultural Explosion is—suggesting as it does some cultural equivalent of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.) The trick is this: the public is to think the half-dozen celebrities were brought before the cameras for some lofty, cultural reason: if no such reason is apparent, that is because culture is a mysterious business. Actually, the purpose of the whole thing was merely to bring half-a-dozen celebrities before the cameras. In educational TV, that is a self-justifying act. And on commercial TV it is justified, if not by itself, then by the increased audience for the commercials.

I have accepted the word Commitment for my title because I am not willing to have it relegated to TV symposia and Sunday supplements, because, in short, I think more than a mere fashion is involved. Behind the current discussion of Commitment is the perennial discussion as to whether art should teach or give pleasure. Of that discussion I would only observe here that it is full of paradoxes, and inevitably so, since to be taught can itself be a pleasure, while, conversely, to be given a pleasure may also be to be taught something. Over the course of Western history, the didactic view of art has predominated. Aristotle took the view that the purpose of poetry is pleasure but, on the other hand, he divided pleasures into higher and lower; and one man's higher pleasure is another man's edification. Also,

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Aristotle said that the most pleasurable thing of all was the learning process.

Perhaps the relevant question for us is why this subject has become urgent again in the past hundred years. For this period has produced not only the doctrine of Commitment but the theory which stands at the opposite pole—the name was not Alienation originally, but Aestheticism, Art for Art's Sake. The idea was to keep art pure from the world's vulgarity, and that vulgarity was seen as covering a great deal of territory. The pure artist is not a philistine, nor a politician, he is not even a man of ideas. Instead, he "walks down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily/In his transcendental hand." The Pre-Raphaelite image of the artist became dated long ago, but just the other day a British poet protested against all the Commitment in modern England with the remark that he thought poets should be nightingales, and one of the great efforts at tragedy in 20th-century drama—Hofmannsthal's *The Tower*—has as its subject the losing fight which in our time the artist puts up to preserve his human purity. The poet, Wallace Stevens, said: "In the conflict between the poet and the politician the chief honor the poet can hope for is that of remaining himself." So strong was Mr. Stevens's commitment to non-Commitment.

His words could be taken another way. Everything depends on time and place. Suppose we heard that the two Soviet writers who recently went to jail had said: "In the conflict between the poet and the politician the chief honor the poet can hope for is that of remaining himself"? We would then find the pronouncement utterly political and conclude that the speakers were committed to liberalism. Similarly, what some consider the aestheticism of Pasternak was an active anti-Stalinism. We have grown used to conceding that silence is an act, and an act of cowardice, when speaking out in protest might do some good. We have to concede also that silence is an act, and an act of courage, when speaking out in conformity and flattery is expected of one. The "aesthetic" Pasternak withdrew into his "ivory tower"; was silent for a long time; then came out with highly "aesthetic" poetry and fiction. This sequence indicates a Commitment, a protest against politics that itself implies a politics.

It was not only with the generation of Stevens and Pasternak that aestheticism came to be a form of Commitment. We see something parallel in the life and creed of Oscar Wilde. Wilde said art was perfectly useless. He meant that he didn't want art reduced to the role of little moralistic mottoes on Auntie's mantelpiece. He was attacking the exploitation of art by a narrow and philistine utilitarianism. He actually considered art the most useful thing in existence, so far as the good life and the making of a good world are concerned. Only, since art itself provides an image of the good life, and the world an image of the bad life, he wanted the world to learn to be useful to art, not art to be useful to the world. He was the most committed of men. He not only preached anarchistic socialism; his parading of the aesthetic way of life was his form of direct action. As an anarchist he refused to leave the changing of the world to history and to movements and insisted on creating a small new world wherever he personally trod.

Am I arriving at the conclusion that all artists are committed? Well, all serious authors are; but that is not what is meant when we speak today of Commitment with a capital C. We mean a political Commitment. And we do not only mean that an artist has political views; we mean that his political views enter into his art.

Translators of Sartre have been explaining that the French word, *engagement*, which they render as Commitment, has two implications: first, that one is involved in politics willy-nilly; second, that one voluntarily accepts the consequences of a particular political stand. Uncommitted writers are those who don't concede the willy-nilly involvement or who don't concede that it makes any difference. They also are apt to reject a particular political stand on the grounds of its unpleasant attendant circumstances. By declaring allegiance —the Uncommitted are quick to complain—you make yourself an accomplice of the crimes and errors of your leaders and associates. Committed authors retort that the Uncommitted are accomplices of the crimes and errors, of whatever leaders, in which they have merely acquiesced. Inaction is also a moral posture. Being in the world at all entails complicity. The Uncommitted consider themselves innocent because they have not done certain things. That their abstention from these actions may have had terrible consequences is something they *won't* consider. That their nonabstention may have been indispensable if the good was to result is something else they won't consider. The Committed say with Sartre in his letter to Camus:

> . . . to deserve the right to influence men who struggle it is first of all necessary to take part in their struggle; it is first of all necessary to accept many things if one wishes to try to change several of them.

Sartre's play *Dirty Hands* is the classic presentation of this point. Its main message, surely, is that we have to be willing to get our hands dirty, i.e., bloody.

Is the literature of Commitment by definition on one political side rather than another?

This is a historical question, and speaking historically one would have to answer it in the positive. Relative to the general social situation, the literature of Commitment is radical. It is a literature of protest, not approval, of outrage, not tri-

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bute. This proposition is only reinforced by the fate of attempts to disprove it in practice. There was a Jesuit play written to defend Pius XII against Hochhuth's *The Deputy*. That is a doomed kind of project, whatever the talent of the author, because the roots of the Hochhuth play are in a sense of outrage pre-existing in the playwright and other people. Saying they shouldn't be outraged is beside the dramatic point. If the counter-playwright should succeed in presenting a Pius who is not outrageous, he will thereby be producing a play that is not dramatic.

You could have a viable play against J. Edgar Hoover, but not one in favor of him. The Commitment of literature could easily be to Robin Hood but never to the Sheriff of Nottingham.

Again, you can be for Goliath against David. In politics, today, that is called being pro-American. But Goliath cannot find a literature of Commitment to back him; David always could—only in fact from that literature do we know his story. Poor Goliath!

In the 1930's, the Commitment of many writers was to anti-Hitler literature. It is true that certain writers supported Hitler, and that some of them attempted to produce a literature of Commitment in support of the Fuehrer, but they got nowhere, for essentially what Hitler wanted was sycophancy. Failing that, he would settle for . . . Art for Art's Sake.

Take the theater. After 1933 the radical authors couldn't be performed any more. But this did not mean that the theaters were flooded with Nazi plays. There weren't enough Nazi plays to make a trickle, let alone a flood. The German theater chiefly stages classics, and continued to do so in the Nazi period. The classics had suddenly become all the more necessary. And so the Nazi regime cherished the classics, at any rate when the classics had no offense in them, that is, when they were pure, that is, when they were apolitical. So Art for Art's Sake had a second lease on life—with of course a second, somewhat revised significance.

It would seem that Art for Art's Sake is very often what the Attorney General's office calls a *front* for other activities. In Oscar Wilde's case, it was, if you insist, a front for anarchism. In the case of the Germans of a generation ago, it was a front for Nazism and made a special appeal to the German cultured philistine who likes his art noble, archaic, and reassuring. Such was the "reaction-formation" following upon a great era of uncomfortable modernism. It is remarkable but, in that era, going to a Mozart concert could be a gesture directed against the "Jewish conspiracy in world music" (i.e., Schoenberg or, if you prefer, Kurt Weill).

What about Alienation? It is not my subject, but if it can be journalistically touted as the opposite pole from Commitment it may have some place in a discussion of the latter that would like to be dialectical or at any rate not one-sided. The term was taken by Marx from Hegel, and applied to the divorce of the laborer from the fruits, and from the significance, of his labor. From there it has declined—in recent years rather sharply—into signifying merely the younger generation's feeling that it has been left out of things by its parents and teachers. That the term Alienation popularly has this rather unsubtle meaning only makes it the more surprising that Commitment should be popularly regarded as its opposite. When there is a relationship between the two it is surely not of opposition at all but directly temporal and causal: *after* being Alienated, and *because* one is Alienated, one the more readily Commits oneself. I am of course thinking now of the American youth who passes from merely negative revulsion against parents and teachers into espousal of a cause. But that is such a simple and old and well-known sequence that the big words, ponderously if lovingly translated from the revered German and French respectively, are not needed to describe it.

Do the terms Commitment and Alienation serve to describe the two current ways of writing drama? At any rate, if someone said they did, one would know what plays were being referred to. The Committed playwrights are Brecht, Sartre, the social playwrights of modern England, such as John Osborne, and the new generation of German playwrights, such as Rolf Hochhuth, Peter Weiss, and Martin Walser. The Alienated playwrights are those otherwise coming under the rubric, Theater of the Absurd: Beckett, Ionesco, Genet. Peter Weiss's *Marat/Sade* might even be seen as a battleground on which the armies of Commitment and Alienation fight it out. In which case, was Peter Weiss himself Committed or Alienated when he wrote that play? There has been fierce debate on the point, and this again makes me wonder if the terms must be used antithetically. No doubt not all persons seen as Alienated must also be seen as Committed. If a Commitment, as I have suggested, properly implies a radical protest, then it is not likely to be made except by those who have already made a radical break. And what we call making a radical break could also be seen as a process of recognizing that a break has already occurred: one was alienated, one was repulsed and rejected, and, knowing it, one rose up, a rebel against the alienators, against the alienating society. I am now trying to give the words back a little legitimate dignity so that they might again refer to something more than adolescent tantrums and sulks.

The alienation Marx spoke of is reflected in the literature of the epoch he spoke of and the epochs that have followed. That is well-known. Nonetheless, pure alienation would not produce art at all. The absolutely alienated worker is a desolate, a spiritually annihilated creature. He can only either languish and die or let rage give him back a portion of his humanity and rise in revolt. After the revolt, alienation will be ended in this world; and even before the revolt, it has been mitigated, ren-

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dered less complete, by revolt itself. Literature, for its part, may express and dramatize alienation in images unutterably blank and painful, yet it is exposed to the paradox that the act of doing this is not itself blank and painful. The writer takes pleasure in expressing alienation, and his audience takes pleasure in responding to the expression. Any "literature of alienation" is therefore a partial conquest of alienation, just like the fighting worker's efforts on the barricades.

In Samuel Beckett, the positive, or non-alienated, element is not limited to factors one could isolate as purely technical or purely aesthetic. His work also has features which show moral conviction and, secondly, revolt. Godot may not be coming, but that does not diminish our moral approval of the two tramps who kept their appointment. The philosophy is firmly stoical, and the humor of the whole proceeding suggests cool defiance.

Is THIS to say that Beckett is not Alienated but Committed? Not under the definition I am using, which insists on political Commitment. But could not *Waiting for Godot* be political theater all the same? When Jan Kott was asked: What is the place of Bertolt Brecht in the Polish theater? he answered: "We do Brecht when we want fantasy. When we want sheer realism, we do *Waiting for Godot*." The most apolitical of writers—as we have already seen—can become political in given political circumstances. To be apolitical may indeed be to take a political stand, just as—notably in Poland—to be religious may be to take a political stand. And so it has been the paradoxical destiny of *Godot* to express the "waiting" of the prisoners of Auschwitz; as also the prisoners behind the walls and barbed wire of Walter Ulbricht; as also the prisoners behind the spiritual walls and barbed wire of totalitarian society generally; as also the prisoners behind the spiritual walls and barbed wire of societies nearer home. And there is no doubt a lesson in the fact that these things had not really ever been expressed in works that tried to express them more directly. As A. Alvarez has written:

> The real destructive nihilism acted out in the extermination camps was expressed artistically only in works like Beckettt's *Endgame* or *Waiting for Godot*, in which the naked, unaccommodated man is reduced to the role of helpless, hopeless, impotent comic, who talks and talks and talks in order to postpone for a while the silence of his own desolation.

But this is to put it too negatively. Estragon and Vladimir do not only wait. *In* waiting—the original title is "En *attendant Godot*"—they show human dignity. They have kept their appointment even if Godot has not kept his. A lot of comment on Beckett has gone wrong in taking for granted that Godot will not come, but hope does spring eternal, and even Auschwitz prisoners hoped to get out. In this element of hope lies the politics of the play. Without it, *Godot* would be anti-political, inviting its audience to lose itself in complete despair or to seek redemption from despair outside the world depicted (presumably in the other world of religion).

Many a play acquires urgency through special circumstances, and one should think of political drama less in terms of the script alone, than in terms of when and where it is presented, not to mention how.

What I have said up to now is essentially about literature in general, or about the drama as literature, but there exists a drama of Commitment which is not just another instance of the literature of Commitment. It is *theater,* and puts its message across in a special way, a way that is perhaps specially suitable to the purposes of a Committed author. It also differs from other forms of drama, and especially from the traditional patterns of tragedy and comedy. Let me again—and this time at some length—cite *The Deputy*.

A PRIEST WAS quoted in the press as saying that it would all have mattered so little if only *The Deputy* had not been a play. This comment suggests, more than anything one is likely to read in dramatic criticism, that a play can somehow both focus and enlarge discontent. Books have been written on Catholicism and the Nazis, some of them with a viewpoint similar to Hochhuth's, and one more such book would make little difference. *The Deputy* made a big difference, so we are authoritatively informed, *because it is a play*. A play—this is the first meaning we derive from the statement—is by definition a "dramatization": it brings out what is memorable and striking in the material, possibly to the point of sensationalism. Dramaturgy implies a whole armory of devices for bringing order out of the chaos of facts and fictions. Greater intelligibility reinforces greater vividness. The unmanageable becomes manageable, even as the blurred becomes the clear. It is not hard to see what interested parties have to fear. If they have a bad conscience they have to fear the *dies irae* when the truth will suddenly out and the malefactors will be punished. They have to fear the hard outline which a play can draw around the truth; they have to fear the power of conviction a play can carry. If they have a good conscience they have to fear what they will see as the specious plausibility of the drama. Pirandello has it that life, because it is fact, need not be plausible, but that art, because it is fiction, has plausibility as its *sine qua non*. How terrible, then, the plausibility of a fiction which poses as fact! Pirandello used to notice how much more cogent were his mad wife's fantasies than his own recollection of the truth. How ruefully those who consider *The Deputy* a mad fantasy of Hochhuth's must think of their

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own unavailing efforts to counter the play with their recollection of the truth! They cannot but consider Hochhuth's recourse to the dramatic form as in itself a trick.

Luckily for their peace of mind, such persons all seem to have found *The Deputy* quite a bad play. Consequently, though they must resent the fact that Hochhuth resorted to the dramatic form at all, they cannot but rejoice that (as they see it) he failed to exploit that form for anything like what it is worth. Yet even this is cold comfort, since, in the first place, the dramatic form has a special impressiveness even when handled with only moderate skill and, secondly, more importantly, since it is not just a form of writing that is in question but a particularly potent form of presentation: enactment before an audience. Here again, one may have a low opinion of the particular manifestation: one may fault the actors, the directors, and even the audience. But here again there are forces which remain operative when actors, director, and audience leave much to be desired. Theater is sur-real. The little ritual of performance, given just a modicum of competence, can lend to the events represented another dimension, a more urgent reality. And, to the actual, present force of the enactment for the spectators who are there, one must add its symbolic force for those who hear about it. Putting Pius XII on stage at all is a highly charged act; and, so far from being illegitimate, a feeling of shock that he *was* put on stage is part of the game, and was in the cards from the beginning.

THE PURITANS were always right in their apprehensions, whatever one thinks of their ethics, and it was with their usual well-grounded fear that they always tried to stop this or that from being represented on a public stage. And the Puritans' anti-type, Queen Cleopatra, agrees with them that the worst way of being exhibited for disapproval would be to be exhibited on a public stage. Once again, the feeling arises that a swindle is involved. On stage, falsehood is not merely uttered, it seems to become truth. You see Pius XII in three dimensions *actually* doing those dreadful things which, *actually*—but this second *actually* is weaker than the first—he did not do.

To the fear of the theatrical occasion, add fear of the theater as an institution. Again, those who feel the fear do know what they are afraid of. A churchman readily understands the power of the theater because it is a power that resembles his own. Putting it brutally, both church and theater lend themselves to demagogy. Each one at its best tries to inspire and edify but, when not at its best, is content to seduce and degrade. Men on a stage, like men in a pulpit, have their histrionic opportunities maximized, while those in the plush seats or wooden pews are placed in a position of maximum vulnerability. A maximum of eloquence and magic from those in charge, with an audience or congregation that is not allowed to answer back! Neither church nor theater has evolved in an atmosphere of rationality, let alone of give-and-take.

What must be especially galling to the churchman today is that the stage sometimes has the edge over the pulpit. For one thing, the modern theater audience is not limited to a particular congregation but is general. It, and not the church, is truly catholic. There had been criticism of Pius XII among the faithful but the news had scarcely spread *beyond* the faithful. Hochhuth was more dangerous because of his general audience, as Cardinal Spellman acknowledged in his devious way when accusing the playwright of stirring up strife between Christian and Jew. No doubt there are advantages in the church's holiness, real or assumed, but, where criticism is concerned, the greater advantage lies with harsh secularity. That the theater may have its origin in religion, and has sometimes kept company with religion, should not prevent us from seeing how thoroughly secular an institution it still is and how inclined it is to take full advantage of its secularity. Thus the theater takes Pius XII out of the dim candlelight of the church and turns its spotlight on him. He may never recover. Naturally, those who revered him were offended: it was their reverence that had kept him in twilight. Of course there is fearful vulgarity in a Pope's becoming a topic of chitchat at Sardi's and the Algonquin, but from Hochhuth's standpoint that is the price to be paid for the right to discuss Pius with eyes no longer closed in prayer, in tones no longer hushed by awe. There is no need for a theater of cruelty, for theater is itself cruel....

If only *The Deputy* had not been a play! That is one of the two most pointed things that can be said about it. The other is: but is *The Deputy* really a play?

People putting this second question have generally had in mind that *The Deputy* is inordinately documentary. Hochhuth has unloaded bucketfuls of factual reports, and actual quotations, into his dialogue. That, we say, is not drama but history. However, our saying so turns out to be a criticism only of particular passages. The fault which people find in the play as a whole is that it is not historical enough. They find it, on the contrary, too melodramatic. They complain that this is a stage villain of a Pope, whereas the actual Pius XII had pleasingly human traits that are not shown in the play. Actually, then, their complaint is not that *The Deputy* is not a play, but that it is only a melodramatic play.

Since evidently what is being called for is an unmelodramatic *Deputy*, we are entitled to ask what such a work would be like. Presumably it would be a play in which Pius's bad traits were balanced by good traits. The laws of dramatic structure would then bring it about that Pius's

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antagonist, Father Fontana, would also have his good traits balanced by bad ones. At least one critic actually observed of *The Deputy* that Bernard Shaw would have given the Pope a case. Now a "case" implies a good deal more than some pleasant character traits. A man might be pleasant, or even good, and still not have a "case" in the historical situation described. So, to characters of mixed good and evil, we must add—in this prescription for a *Deputy* which is a "real play"—a *theme* of mixed good and evil, a *problem* in which there is a case for both sides.

In making these technical changes in the play we would change its philosophy and remove its *raison d'être*. No affront would have been offered to Pius XII. Faults, in a context of non-faults, only make a man the more human, and so the more amiable. If in his turn the good Father Fontana has some notable faults, the score is evened up, and Hochhuth's play has been made over into something completely innocuous, proving only what would be conceded in advance, and enunciating the world-shaking principle that none of us is perfect.

And yet the theory of drama behind the criticism of Hochhuth is a well-proven one. It is true that *Saint Joan* (for example) becomes a better play because of the weight Shaw gives to the other side. *Saint Joan* does show a conflict of right with right, and a fascinating kind of conflict it is, and one which the art of drama is well suited to present.

In a sense, the play Hochhuth's critics wanted him to write had already and triumphantly been written. It is Schiller's *Don Carlos*. On the face of it, Philip is the villainous tyrant, Posa, the virtuous rebel. But Schiller then does just what, as students of the drama, we may wish him to do: he gives Philip a kind of rightness and some endearing personal traits, while he offsets the more obvious rightness of Posa's arguments with a personal arrogance which can only horrify us. Indeed, the play is in the end more damaging to Posa than to Philip, and it could be that critics of Hochhuth who have limited their demands to more sympathy for Pius really wanted no sympathy at all for Father Fontana.

I have implied that if *The Deputy* humanized Pius, and stated a case for him, then the play would be affirming something as interesting and significant as ten minus ten equals zero. But why should this be so? The statement would not apply to *Don Carlos*. There, the humanizing of Philip, and the statement of a case for him, adds to the meaning and to the dramatic tension. What is the difference?

We can get at it, I think, by asking what would happen if *Don Carlos* were rewritten on the lines of *The Deputy*. Philip would then be pure tyrant, Posa, pure idealist. Thousands of German readers and spectators have actually taken them this way, and enjoyed the play very much. It disturbed no preconceptions; on the contrary, it made a very reassuring melodrama. Polemically speaking—and we *are* speaking of polemics—Hochhuth's project is very different. He is taking a respected figure, and removing every reason why we should respect him.

Is it fair to remove even objective evidence that there were things about Pius to respect? If this were a biography, it would simply be unfair. But drama is not only more selective than biography, it is selective according to different principles. It never lays claim to an interest in all of a man, but only in that part of him that is manifest in a chosen and partially fabricated action. A playwright may start with a historical figure, but that does not absolve him from the job of putting him through the mill (or sausage machine, if you insist) of the drama. By all means, if a Shavian drama on Pius XII were planned, then a case for Pius would emerge: Shaw would even invent positive and likable traits for him, as he did for Cauchon, but the net result in a Shavian drama with this subject-matter would be to excuse, at least in some measure, what Pius did. Let some Shavian playwright try it: speech is free. Meanwhile, is it not also legitimate to plan a play, not in extenuation of Pius's actions and non-actions, but in condemnation of them?

And is melodrama the best word to describe what happens if we do? I have just said that many Germans have taken *Don Carlos* as melodrama, and have enjoyed it as such. The last clause is essential. To convert material into melodrama is to rearrange it for our delectation: it must be fun. Is *The Deputy* fun, and should it be? Was Hochhuth's aim a stirring narrative, spiced with a facile appeal to conventional notions of right and wrong? Surely we are not approaching an understanding of his enterprise by this route. Let us try another.

LET US ASK: from what realities does Hochhuth start? Clearly, with the realities of the Nazi era and the Nazi regime. Now if he had put Hitler onstage, one can imagine how monstrous the characterization would have been. Consequently some people would have said: "This is very unfair. The Fuehrer actually loved dogs and children. He was nice to Eva Braun. Some of his social policies brought real welfare to thousands of people." A playwright could indeed bring in enough of such items to balance exactly the negative traits. In that way, certain demands could be met. I could argue that, even as truth, a portrait of that man conceived in hatred might be more valid than one written according to the dogma that all men are a blend of good and evil, but my point here is that the aim of a play is not portraiture, and that the choice of such material as this does not arise from the desire merely to state what went on.

It is not likely that a play would be written

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about Hitler in the first place except to express, not merely disapproval, but outrage. Bernard Shaw did try to represent him in the Shavian vein: the efforts (in *Geneva*) has very little value or significance. Charlie Chaplin's effort (in *The Great Dictator*) has more value and significance insofar as Chaplin was outraged, but has limited value and significance in that the outrages of Hitler cannot find adequate expression in the art of Charlie Chaplin....

Two things stand out in our time: first, that gigantic outrages against mankind are constantly being committed and, second, that mankind is not outraged by them. As the outrages themselves increase in scope, our ability to respond to them diminishes. Have we got used to them? Have we grown bored by them? Can we tell ourselves someone invented them, and they didn't really happen? Were they at least vastly exaggerated? These questions are all active in our little brains and nervous systems, mingling with each other in a fashion logically indefensible but psycho-logically irresistible.

The crassest rationalization of all is that outrage is a name for what others do to us, and never for what we do to them. A factor Americans have not understood about German anti-Semitism is that the Germans at the time felt too outraged *by* the Jews to feel outraged *for* them. You will retort that they had no right to feel that way, and I will retort that that is just my point, and applies to the lack of widespread outrage in America over the bombing of Hiroshima. Americans at the time were full of the horrors, real and imaginary, which the Japanese had perpetrated against Americans.

Each country, today, has a bad conscience, and particularly the great powers, but each is very concerned to disown it by the diversionary maneuver of incessant talk about the misdemeanors of others. The others may in each case have much more than a mote in their eye, yet that is no reason for denying the beam in one's own. The politicians are not concerned to cure this disease, they are concerned to exploit it, and so what would like to regard itself as a dialogue between East and West is only a recriminatory harangue. The other side is bad, and responsible for everything that is wrong. Our side (whichever our side is) is good, and even its most hideous actions are necessities imposed by the other fellow's iniquity. If you are looking for melodrama, my friends, don't look in Hochhuth's *The Deputy*, look in your morning newspaper.

Luckily for our sanity, there have been objections, and especially from men of religion and men of thought, from Pope John to Martin Buber, from Martin Luther King to Arnold Toynbee, from Bertrand Russell to Walter Lippmann. And the young people are in eruption. As for artists, Hochhuth can be taken as representative of those among them who see their task at this time to lie in what we may call declarations of conscience. *Of course*, the aim is not to show that Hitler had a human side. The reason for presenting Hitler would be to show that a human being can, to all intents and purposes, become unhuman and monstrous. That is Outrage Number One. And Outrage Number Two is that so many men were not outraged—*are* not outraged. Some worshipped Hitler. Some gave him sneaking respect. Many thought that, well, he wasn't as ineffective as a lot of other people. Some merely accepted him, whether from fear of the alternative, inertia, or completely openminded skepticism.

What Hochhuth believes to have been the attitude of the historical Pius XII entails a particular outrage. Pius was no Nazi: his conscience might have been clearer if he had been. Pius loved reactionary, old Germany, and dreaded more than anything else atheistic, new Russia. Things he would hear about what his Germans were doing would make him nervous, but he would not let himself become their enemy like the Russians. Was he not Christ's Deputy in the war against anti-Christian Communism? So Pius XII left the Jews to their fate. Auschwitz was liberated by his enemies, the Russian atheists.

For Hochhuth, Pius embodies a double offense. Politically, he falls into the trap, or remains in the rut, of imagining that all will be well provided only we are always and exclusively anti-Communist. Morally, this representative of Jesus turns out to be a Pontius Pilate, washing his hands of the moral issue that faced him. So finally he does not represent Christ but, instead, represents all those in our time who, while refusing open, enthusiastic support to the Monster, give him an acquiescence that is really *carte blanche*. Americans who give *carte blanche* to Presidents to wage unjust wars have no grounds for feeling superior to Pius.

I HAVE mentioned that a play was written in Pius's defense, and I have suggested that that kind of thing is doomed to failure, because all that can be brought to Pius's defense is an argument. Anyone who would write a counter-Hochhuth has already made the mistake of assuming that what *The Deputy* presents is an argument against Pius. But the real "offense" of Hochhuth is precisely that he takes for granted that Pius is indefensible and that no argument could make any difference. That is the kind of play *The Deputy* is. Of course, Hochhuth makes assumptions that not all can accept. Of course, his play is not addressed to everybody. Yet, in one sense, it *is* addressed to everybody, for it assumes that right and wrong are known to the human heart, and that if we choose to brush aside all ideology and opinion and current politics, we will recognize an outrage when we see it. To make the outrage visible, Hochhuth concentrates upon it, isolates it, shows his Pope Pius as wholly outrageous. And in an

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unexpected way. Hochhuth bypasses the argument most readily available to him: that Pius was afraid of Hitler. Cowardice would make Pius little but it would also make him human. This Pius is *un*human in that he is cold, callous, cut off from others, lacking in imagination about them. He cannot feel. He is a non-human human, and, in the circumstances, *of all human types the one least able to represent Jesus Christ.* To the extent that the Hochhuth portrait is thought of as the historical Pius XII, it is an even more terrible indictment than Catholic spokesmen have realized.

If *Don Carlos* and *Saint Joan* are precedents, the prototype is *Antigone*. But for my present purposes we need to imagine an *Antigone* more primitive than that of Sophocles, which is after all a late and highly sophisticated reading. Sophocles may not, as some moderns think, have made Creon as sympathetic as Antigone herself, but he did offer him a partial sympathy, and when we do that we are on the road toward Schiller and Shaw, at the end of which road stands Anouilh with an Antigone who is simply a neurotic and a Creon who is a rather sensible chap. With Brecht's Antigone, in which the heroine is wholly right, and Creon an inhuman tyrant, we are starting out again where we may presume the story to have originated in pre-Sophoclean days.

Those who tell us that this spells melodrama rather than tragedy should not take us aback. We should, on the contrary, let them spur us on to look at what happens when tragedy is not attempted. Take the question of how plays end. Tragedy, and for that matter comedy, farce, and melodrama end with a suggestion of either pessimism or optimism. A pessimistic ending tells us that nothing can be done. An optimistic ending tells us that nothing need be attempted: since everything is already all right, we should feel reconciled to the All. It is in fact hard to put an ending on a play that does not have some such conclusiveness, optimistic or pessimistic. Yet an attempt—often known as the bitter ending—has been made from time to time, and it is bitter because it is not a true ending at all, but is open at the end. We associate it with tragicomedy, and it has a special point in activist drama, polemical drama, drama of Commitment, because it says: what happens after this is up to you, the public.

A classical instance of such tragicomedy of Commitment would be Brecht's *Good Woman of Setzuan*. The fortunes of the protagonist go from bad to worse. There can be no comic denouement, but the author will not provide any final cataclysm either. As soon as the main character's position is clearly revealed as an impasse, Brecht refuses to stage a final catastrophe, and, as to denouement, asks the audience to devise one—offstage. Which is only making completely explicit what much bitter, activist tragicomedy had been doing for generations. (There is a similar explicitness to the end of *Threepenny Opera.* John Gay had already indicated at the close of his *Beggar's Opera* that what is happening is what happens in Opera, not life. Brecht's version of things is not complete till the audience understands that the relation of art and life, here, is that of illusion and reality, false propaganda and fact.)

And at this point, to clear up a possible misunderstanding about Brecht might well be to clear up a misunderstanding about the whole problem of drama and propaganda. The term, Propaganda, was often applied to Brecht with no other intention than to damage him. It was inevitable, then, that those of us who came to his defense should take either the line that his work was "not propaganda" or the line that it was "more than" propaganda. And I should add that I still think the second of these lines is correct. But polemics, while always needed, always distort problems, and one way they do so is by luring the polemicist into positions he would never take except in the heat of argument. In this way, those who took Brecht's part were often lured into implying that there is something deplorable about propaganda as such. Hence if Brecht was "more than" propaganda it could only be "in spite of" propaganda, and even "in contradiction to" the propaganda, not just "in addition" to it.

Brecht the person and Brecht the advocate were not always at one, and some of his plays become more, rather than less, dramatic because the advocate is outdone by the person. There is a tension between where Brecht wanted his sympathies to be and where they actually were. From this tension, his plays sometimes benefit. In stating this much we are on firm ground. But the ground is less firm when we imply that Brecht was well served only by his unconscious, and is only dramatic unbeknown to himself and in spite of himself. How much respect can one have for an intellectual playwright who is so much less aware of what he is doing than his critics are? And is it fair to offer Brecht the backhanded compliment implicit in this kind of criticism without first examining his work in the terms he himself proposes?

It would surely be fair to question the motives of the critics as rigorously as they have questioned the motives of Brecht. I discern a negative motive and a positive one. The negative one is to discredit the doctrinal content of Brecht's work, the positive one is to vindicate him on entirely traditional lines—and thus make of him essentially a traditional artist working in the principal accepted genres. Stage directors with this viewpoint present Brecht as a "classic," bearing witness to the unchanging human tragedy and comedy. His plays tend, however, not to get across when presented in this way, and that surely is a rather conclusive, if pragmatic, refutation of the viewpoint.

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Suppose that, on the other hand, one were to apply to Brecht the theory which Rolf Zimmermann has applied to Hochhuth? Herr Zimmermann maintains that there exists, beside the main traditions of literature, a tradition of polemic. Having its own aim, polemical theater has its own method. The aim being to recreate the author's sense of outrage, the method is not to use "rounded," "human," equally-right-and-wrong characters, but enactors of the outrageous on the one hand and, on the other, victims of outrage and rebels against outrage. The ending will be the open one of bitter tragicomedy.... A Brecht production infused with this idea does get across to its audience, as has many times been proved. I suggest, then, that it would be wise to take his plays (except for the very early ones) as in the first instance Theater of Commitment, whatever else they may be as well.

That Brecht's plays are Theater of Commitment but other things as well has won him approval of a sort from critics who did not share his commitment, but *The Deputy* is Theater of Commitment and nothing else, and so Hochhuth is open to attack both by those who don't share his convictions and by those who insist on the canons of conventional drama. His play has been little praised, and yet one cannot believe that it made the impression it did solely because of its subject. The history of literature is strewn with works on big subjects that make no impression at all. It could even be said that the subject of the Nazis had become boring until Hochhuth came along with a play *on* that subject. But if we wish to know if Hochhuth's play is a success we have only to remind ourselves that the purpose of this kind of play is to communicate a sense of outrage. And it *has* communicated a sense of outrage. Is it not Hochhuth's sense of outrage that his opponents are upset by? Surely they didn't get as angry as they did just because they disagreed? The problem, to recapitulate, is that this is, successfully, a play. If only it were a play of ideas, one could handle it by argument. And if it were a play of ideas by Shaw, one could observe what a strong case he had put for Pius. But the author of *The Deputy* is outraged by Pius, and communicates his sense of outrage in a manner that would not seem to brook No for an answer. You have to enter into it, let your heart respond to it—or move out of its path and be outraged *by* it.

To whom does the Theater of Commitment address itself? Not to everyone. It has human enemies; and human beings who admire the enemies, or enjoy some kind of solidarity with them, cannot but detach themselves and walk out. An enemy does not make a good audience. What about allies? It could be said that they don't need preaching to. Yet propaganda can serve the purposes of ritual, one of which is to confirm people in their convictions and prepare them for renewed struggle. But the ideal audience for the Theater of Commitment is, I think, neither one set of militants nor the other, but rather a mass of people in the middle, who may be vaguely sympathetic to the cause preached but are a little sluggish and sleepy about it. They may assent but they are not really committed, and the purpose of the Drama of Commitment is not to be *for* Commitment but to get people to commit themselves. Could not most of us say we belong to this audience, and does not the Theater of Commitment have, by that token, a large enough clientele?

Yet another reason why *The Deputy* is a crucial instance of Commitment is that Hochhuth writes not only for this audience but about it. This is the play about the Nazis that is not about the Nazis but about those who were "a little sluggish and sleepy" in opposing them. The common view is that the leading Nazis bore most of the guilt, a little of which rubbed off on those who went along. Hochhuth would put far more of the guilt on the fellow travelers, and his presentation forces us to realize how much could have been done against the Nazis which was not done. Now a dramatist cannot but present individual cases and in picking his chief individual target Hochhuth made a choice that was perhaps malicious and certainly audacious: the titular head of our *soi-disant* Christian civilization. But in Germany, certainly, this Holy Father can easily stand for a lot of other fathers, the fathers of very many of Hochhuth's own generation. This character "is" many middle-aged and elderly Germans of today who claim a spotless record but who can be shown to have been no better than neutral and maybe quite a bit worse. That, though, is only to say that they are "a little sluggish and sleepy," that they are you and I, and that they and we are Hochhuth's audience.

As long as such an audience exists, and urgent reasons exist why it should be roused from its semi-slumber, there is a place for a literature of Commitment, and as long as certain people live in special dread of plays ("Please, God, let it not be a play!"), there is a place for a Theater of Commitment. Any dent that any theater can make in the world is no doubt small, but theater people who on that account give up the effort as hopeless are generally agreeing to make no dent at all. Writing some years ago about T. S. Eliot's wish that *Murder in the Cathedral* might have made inroads on Nazism, I said that this play or any other would have been no use against the SS and the Wehrmacht. There are times when the poet may be called upon to drop the pen and take up, if not the sword, then whatever is the most effective implement of direct action. The years 1942-5 were such times, if such times ever were. And if one were Vietnamese one might well feel that the 1960's were also such a time. In the United States, the situation is

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different indeed. Here the point, surely, is not more violence but less. Here the point is to subjugate the machine and tame the beast. Here every action and word in the direction of gentleness and restraint is so much to the good. One could say the need was for *civilization*, just that. One could say: *education*. But there is an urgency which neither word suggests, and therefore one must out with it and say: there is a need for *propaganda*.

PEOPLE TELL ME that America is so far gone in television, radio, and movies, that the poor old stage is as obsolete as the horse and buggy. Obviously that is not true, or our priest could not have been so dismayed to find that *The Deputy* was a play. The idea that the theater is obsolete reflects the wish of vested interests that it may become obsolete. The theater is a threat but would cease to be so were it swamped by the media. It represents what the powers behind the media wish to have swamped. It is the last refuge, or one of the last refuges, of personal association, of the simple assembly of persons with common interests in something less huge and overpowering than a stadium. A theatrical event is nothing more than itself: it is not simultaneously seen or heard by the nation. There is nothing to it but what each person present can see and hear; it is a self-contained human transaction.

Which is not only part of its charm but part of its value, and is beginning to be felt as such. The young people who are in eruption in America today are not stuck in front of TV sets. It is more often their parents who are to be found in that pitiful posture. The rebellious young have walked out on their parents. They are on the streets outside playing their guitars. These are years that have even produced a theater called Theater in the Street.

There is, of course, nothing wrong with television. When run by human beings for human beings, that invention will be seen to have possibilities. It still won't duplicate the function of theater. *Theater is people present*: actors present on stage, spectators present out front, a living contact between the two groups. Everything we call theater is in that electrico-human circuit, which neither TV nor movies will ever be able to set up. Even when improved, TV will be of the new, mechanized, bigscale world, like Clark Kerr's multiversity. Certainly, theater is old-fashioned in belonging to the old, intimate, small-scale world. More old-fashioned and also more new-fashioned, because the new generation is defecting in droves from what the middle-aged say is modern and up-to-date. There is no substitute for live human contact. Theater has the same appeal as coffeehouses have proved to have, and in fact, in New York today, there is a more lively theater in the coffeehouses than in the Broadway show shops. As William James made clear, there is something bad about all bigness in human organizations, and the anarchists are certainly on to something when they insist on holding on to the small groups, the personal meetings-together, at all costs. The theater, accordingly, is an institution for Jamesians and anarchists, and for the Jamesian and anarchist in each of us, to hold on to.

I see that my subject is shifting, here at the close, from Theater of Commitment to a possible commitment which we might make to theater. What is the connection between the two themes? A theater on the street would not necessarily stage *The Deputy*. A coffeehouse theater would not necessarily concern itself with Brecht. But there is a degree of "subversion" in the act of theater itself. Wherever "two or three are gathered," a blow is struck against the abstract, non-gatherings of the TV audience as well as against the gatherings of expense-account mobs on Broadway. A blow is struck for the old and obsolete which—if we are lucky (or just persistent?)—shall be the new and modern. Subversiveness, rebellion, revolution in the theater are not just a matter of program, much less are they to be defined in terms of a particular kind of play.

And as for the particular kind of play I have chiefly been talking about, if it does not have much effect on the world, it may yet have quite a salutary effect on the theater, always provided that the world consents to go on existing. I make no prophecies. I simply remark that, in the drama of the 1960's, the Theater of Commitment is the principal new presence. There are reasons both political and theatrical to welcome it.

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AUSCHWITZ ON STAGE

Jack Richardson

THE AUSCHWITZ TRIALS began in Frankfurt in 1963 and lasted one year and eight months.* The twenty-two defendants were the detritus of the war-criminal concept created seventeen years earlier at Nuremberg. Except perhaps for the camp adjutant, Mulka, the only defendant listed by name in the general indictment, those proceeded against were the celebrated "little men" who would claim that their wills exercised no power over areas where life and death were decided. They were the ciphers executing the military orders created by the racial theories and doctrines of the Third Reich. The dreams of genocide begun in Berlin and passed on through the Eichmann bureaucracy, ended finally with these manual laborers of death who lived voluntarily within the nightmare of the concentration camp and obediently dispatched the millions their superiors sent them. Thus, their trial opened for examination the last and most intimate infernal circle. Having put their names to no sweeping orders for murder and possessing no hierarchical significance from which responsibility might be deduced, these twenty-two were to be judged by witness testimony. From all over the world, human evidence arrived. Men and women who twenty years earlier had been wholly subject to the caprice and whim of those on the defendants' benches, now appeared and offered up their memories of the camp world so that a legal judgment could be passed on it. More than any other war trial, the one in Frankfurt produced specifics of human horror and then made the most unremitting legal demand that conscience must obtain in the meanest subject of the state when faced with those specifics.

The Investigation, by Peter Weiss, is an edited transcript of this trial. The speeches, and even the emotional displays accompanying them, were authored by the real witnesses and defendants at Frankfurt. There is already, of course, a new term for this sort of thing: Documentary Theater. However, the term is misleading. If there was any documentary drama here, it took place in the Frankfurt courtroom. What appears in the theater is something very odd indeed—a staged version of documentary theater. In *The Investigation*, five actors, representing all those who testified for the prosecution, stand and repeat that testimony for us. The defendants, on the other hand, are each represented by individual actors who repeat the denials of responsibility that those whom they portray uttered during the months of their trial. Thus, art as it generally appears is completely absent in *The Investigation*. We are given a work appearing to abstain from a personal vision, image, or interpretation of that time in history when one state chose to abandon the ethical accumulations of its civilization and go alone into as deep a darkness as the mind can conceive. On the face of it, it would seem that Weiss simply decided to export the proceedings at Frankfurt.

Now what happened at Auschwitz, Buchenwald, Dachau, and the other death camps may indeed be of such magnitude and proximity that, at this time, artistic imagination is not great enough, without profanation, to encompass and transform it. However, the solution that the semi-documentary method of *The Investigation* offers is successful neither as a substitute for art nor as a moral alternative to silence. In fact, it, seems infected with the worst excesses of both. Sitting in the theater, watching a group of actors speak the words and mime the feelings of those at the trial, one feels a small swell of anger. There is a moral presumption in this, an exploitation of horror that only the most profound revelation could justify. Placed in the theater, these transcripts, partly from being enmeshed in faulty theatrics, but more importantly from never having been intended as cohesive dramatic moments, drift by without ever achieving more than the status of minor evidence of what everyone who has had to shape an estimate of life which included the madness of an Auschwitz knew already. The words, originally used to articulate a description of brutality that was to be legally judged, become, on the stage, a type of naive shock propaganda—a demeaning metamorphosis. No longer isolated, personal memories, these statements are now part of a phenomenon shaped by Peter Weiss, and where once meant to convict an individual, they are here forced into more general prosecution. For if Weiss kept his own prose out of *The Investigation*, he allowed ample room through deletion, selection, and arrangement for his idea that everyone, including even the victims, was responsible for Auschwitz.

THE DEFENDANTS—the detached doctors, murderously obedient soldiers, and sadistic security police—were in life, as they appear on stage, uncomplicated stereotypes of their time. The only exception, a Doctor Lucas, whom many witnesses considered to be a haven of humanity in the camp, is, in the play, dealt with cursorily. This is unfortunate, for it was the instances of good in the camp world that are the most perplexing. They remind us that it is not inevitable for hu-

* For a definitive report of the Frankfurt trials, including a good deal of the testimony and relevant documents, see Bernd Naumann, *Auschwitz*, Introduction by Hannah Arendt, Praeger, Inc., 433 pp., $7.95.

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man nature to turn monstrous whenever encouraged. There may be a certain facile comfort in the belief that Auschwitz and its like are created because our species is fatally flawed, but it is much more terrifying to realize that individual choices are made and that we cannot blame some dark endemicity in man when we resign ourselves to murder.

BUT IN *The Investigation*, Weiss is not concerned with the particular. Besides divesting the witnesses' testimony of dramatic particularization, he is at pains to delete from his presentation of the transcript any concrete reference to those for whom the camps were primarily designed. Thus the word "Jew" is never used and in its place we have abstract phrases like "the persecuted." Neither do we hear any actual references to Germany or the Third Reich. Indeed, the distinct impression is given through several strangely pat-sounding speeches that if the German nation had anything peculiarly to do with Auschwitz, it was mainly through being a capitalist economy. At the actual trial, of course, there was no such generalizing bent or vaguely political thrust. The witnesses and defendants were neither interested in making propaganda nor aware of that shaky artistic premise that being too specific might impair the universal significance of what they were saying. Thus, when the defendant Stark, who was still a schoolboy when assigned to duty at Auschwitz, complains at the actual trial that he performed executions because in those days, "They would not let us think. Every other word was: 'Everything is the fault of the Jews.' "—this is changed by Weiss, in the German text to: "*Jedes dritte Wort schon in unserer Schulzeit handelte doch von denen die an allem schuld waren. . . .*" Here something like "those who were guilty of everything" is substituted for "Jews." Now this is strange practice for one purporting a documentary method. If Weiss wants to free *The Investigation* from the specifics of the history that produced it, he should have to earn that right as a dramatist by taking the risks of one. If he wants to hint that Auschwitz is more than a German creation, that the soil of any country would be hospitable to its like, then a great deal more is demanded of him than the excision of proper nouns. As it is, this use of the trial to support conclusions of its editor is what is most objectionable about *The Investigation*.

THE PLAY'S New York production, which Ulu Grossbard directed, was, perhaps consciously, in accord with Weiss's delocalization message. With the exception of Peter Brandon, the entire company was as remote from the manner of *Mitteleuropa* as it is possible to be in a melting-pot country. One had only to hear Tom Pedi transform an Auschwitz guard into a Brooklyn thug to realize how self-defeating shortcuts to universality are. One did not expect World War II movie accents, but it is a fact that Germans have certain characteristics of behavior which, when the question of nationality is important, actors should utilize. Yet most of the defendants looked and behaved like a group of Rotarians. If this was intentional, then Mr. Grossbard has a very shallow mind; if an oversight, then he might begin again with a new replacement every week until it is corrected.

The actors whose lot it is to depict the witnesses do fairly well, for the most part holding to a straight cataloging of the events they experienced. However, one woman among them, whom I will not name, produced perhaps the worst, the most tasteless, the most egregiously self-adoring performance I have ever witnessed in the theater. Every time she rose to testify, her eyes moistened, her jaw squared to indicate battle for emotional control, her head tilted back into visionary position and slowly —oh, ever so slowly—she would begin her testimony. Sometimes she sounded as though she were reporting a daughter pregnant on a soap opera; at other moments, however, I fancied she considered herself the spirit of Auschwitz and was using her pageant tones. It was all unforgivable, but, perhaps, not unsuitable.

In the end, however, I suppose it is necessary to ask whether or not *The Investigation* serves a good purpose by calling to mind these dark moments which many are trying to forget. Though I believe that those who remember do so in a way that does not need evangelical proddings from Herr Weiss, and that those who do not are beyond reclamation through an evening in the theater, I may be wrong. Ultimately *The Investigation* does no harm except to the sensibility, and it may do some good. History gives up her moments slowly to art, and a century can pass before she is ready to do so with all that created an Auschwitz in our time. Until then, let the documentors like Weiss harrow the souls of those disposed to listen. And let us hope that the royalties are shared with those who, in Frankfurt, spoke *The Investigation* into existence.

JACK RICHARDSON's *theater criticism appears regularly in these pages. He is the author of a number of plays, including* The Prodigal, Gallows Humor, Lorenzo, *and* Xmas in Las Vegas, *which opened on Broadway last year.*

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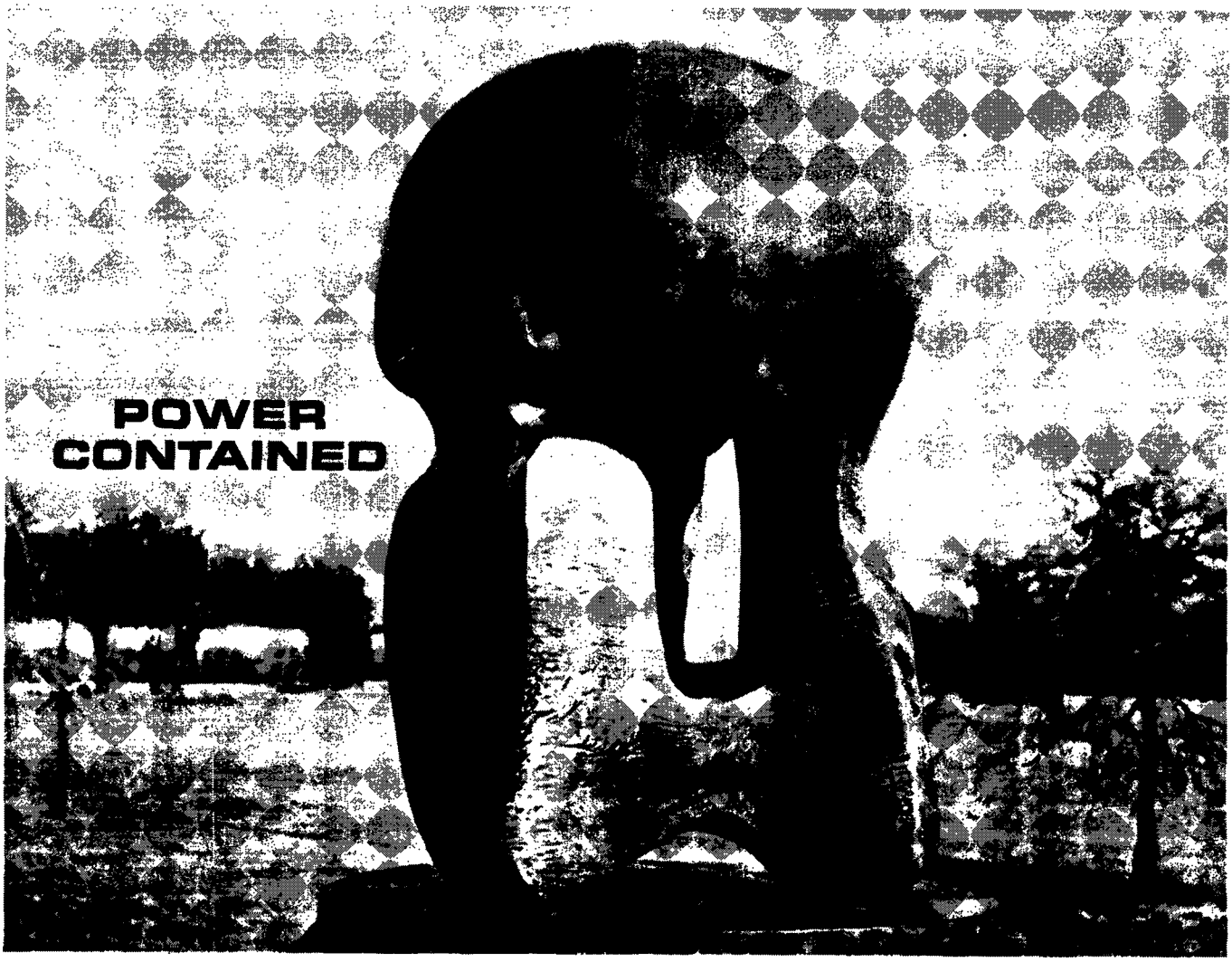

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Church & State

Ivan Shapiro

Milton Himmelfarb

The following discussion was occasioned by MILTON HIMMELFARB*'s article, "Church and State—How High a Wall?" which appeared in our July issue.* IVAN SHAPIRO *is a practicing attorney and a member of the board of directors of the New York Civil Liberties Union.* MILTON HIMMELFARB *is a contributing editor to* COMMENTARY.

Ivan Shapiro: In his article in the July COMMENTARY, Milton Himmelfarb took up arms against the principle of complete separation of church and state, and in particular against the prohibition of public aid to parochial schools. He charged his Jewish readers with being "radical separationists." Surely, he urged, they should at least favor state-church cooperation in the fields of education and social welfare. Mr. Himmelfarb advanced most of the arguments by which the Catholic Church and some rabbis (particularly, although not exclusively, Orthodox) have recently succeeded in procuring tens of millions of public dollars for parochial schools—a success which has been achieved in the face of considerable public opposition and constitutional proscription. Mr. Himmelfarb's arguments, therefore, warrant our close attention. I will attempt to examine here both the doctrine of separation of church and state and some of its applications, and I hope to show that continued adherence to strict separation is essential to the freedom of us all.

Let me make it clear that by the term "strict separation" I mean that no level of authority, from federal government to village hall, may either:

(1) Interfere with or coerce any church, or all churches, or any group declaring itself a religious body, in the fulfillment of its religious functions; or

(2) Support, through the use of public money, property, or influence, any church, or all churches, or any denominationally controlled institution; or hold or favor any viewpoint concerning theological matters, however generalized or popular that viewpoint may be.

The first aspect of separation—insuring freedom from governmental interference—is now protected from federal, state, and local violation through the "free exercise of religion" clause of the First Amendment of the U.S. Constitution,* as well as through similar provisions in almost every state constitution.

The second aspect—barring governmental support of religion—is the one which is presently being debated. It is, of course, affirmed by the "establishment" clause of the First Amendment, and by the constitutions or judicial opinions of almost every state; but since the relevant provisions in the state constitutions are not identical to the First Amendment, it is sometimes the case that a given form of public assistance which has been declared lawful under the First Amendment may still be unlawful under a particular state constitution.

Many people (including Mr. Himmelfarb) proclaim themselves in favor of the abstract idea of separation, but abandon this position when the problem of specific applications arises. For some, the "necessary" exception to the principle is taken to be the issue of allowing prayers to be read in schools, or dismissing some pupils early so that they may receive separate religious instruction. Others would permit the wall of separation to be breached in order to provide children attending parochial schools with textbooks, TV sets, and publicly paid teachers. Still others, who would normally insist that the wall remain absolutely solid, nevertheless go about arranging special public favors for their churches, such as legislation authorizing them to conduct gambling games on church premises. One could go on listing such alleged "necessary exceptions" to the principle and still not list them all. Needless to say, if all the exceptions were openly countenanced by the courts (most have never been adjudicated), religion and government would no longer be separated; they would be living in lawful cohabitation.

HERE we are at the source of the confusion about the meaning of "separation": it consists in lumping libertarian separationism with the traditional basis of Protestant support for separation. Historically, the Protestant idea has been that while government has no right to control either the churches or individual freedom of conscience, the government should nevertheless enforce the moral and spiritual values of Protestantism, suppressing "immorality" and inculcating Christian principles. This position derives mainly from the evangelical, anti-rationalist theological views held by left-wing Protestants in the 17th and 18th centuries. By contrast, the libertarian viewpoint, which derives from 18th-century rationalism, does not regard government as an instrument for the enforcement of religious values. The difference between the two positions is the difference between non-sectarian and secular government. To most separationist Protestants, the ideal state is non-sectarian, and remains

* "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . ."

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neutral *vis-à-vis* competing Protestant sects, but is also actively committed to furthering the Protestant way of life. To libertarians, such theocratic views are hardly "separationist." Indeed, they are possible only in a country in which the power of the state is in the hands of Protestants.

If my own position is still unclear, let me openly state that I am a libertarian and one of those whom Mr. Himmelfarb chastises for being "radical separationists." My views are not part of my inheritance, but have been formed by many factors: my strong belief in freedom for every individual, as guaranteed by our Bill of Rights; the conclusions I have drawn, from my reading of history, about the woeful fate of individual freedom under conditions of active cooperation between religion and government; and my thinking about the means by which both individual liberty and the Great Society can be achieved in a democratic order.

I am a separationist because individual freedom—by which I mean the freedom to express unpopular thoughts and to act reasonably upon them without being punished and without losing the rights and opportunities available to those holding more popular views—cannot exist in any society in which particular theological attitudes are supported by public officials. I take it as a truism that governmental support of religion indicates a decision by the majority to endorse and foster publicly whatever common theological denominator links the beneficiaries of such support. The theology may entail as little as a belief in a Supreme Being, but so long as the will of the majority officially supports persons and organizations holding such a belief—while withholding identical support from non-believing or "other-believing" persons and organizations—the freedom of the society as a whole has been diminished. The non-believer is punished by receiving unequal treatment. Moreover, the believers themselves must know that the moment they cease being part of the majority, or lose its favor, they too will suffer a loss of freedom and equality.

THERE IS no issue on which mankind has had longer or worse experience than the effects of cooperation between religion and government: one recalls the persecutions, disabilities, and absence of religious freedom in ancient Egypt, Orthodox Russia, and the Puritan Massachusetts Bay Colony. In our own time we observe that even in America, where we do not have a formal bond between church and state, a person may have to lie or perform a criminal act in order to buy a contraceptive, procure an abortion, or obtain a divorce, for the sole reason that the state government is enforcing theological doctrines. I find it abhorrent that I may be prevented by a state movie censor from seeing a film solely because some clergyman has deemed it hostile to his group. From endless examples, I have concluded that wherever government supports religion, by lending either its power or its wealth, individual freedom is impaired or destroyed.

"But," say the cooperationists, "you have pointed mainly to situations in which a single religion won the favor of the government. We too are opposed to that. What we want is for government to extend aid to *all* religions. In that way no single religion will have too much power." This is not true. My liberty would be equally impaired if the rabbis joined with the bishops to induce the state to ban *The Miracle* in exchange for the bishops' using their influence to have *The Merchant of Venice* or *Oliver Twist* removed from high-school reading lists. It did not lessen the harassment of Jehovah's Witnesses that they were equally offensive to Catholics, Protestants, and Jews.

Moreover, when cooperationists declare that the government should help all religions, I doubt whether they really want the government to extend its secular embrace to Black Muslims, Zen Buddhists, and each of the thousands of store-front evangelical churches. I rather suspect that cooperationists want the government to help only the few major religions which have been around long enough or have enough followers to have assumed "respectable" positions. But once we start selecting beneficiaries and determining the status of a particular religion, we have launched ourselves on the course of repression, for unless we allow every group of two or more to decide for itself whether it is a religion, we must set qualifications. If our standard is a belief in God or a Supreme Being, we will exclude Buddhists, Humanists, Ethical Culturists, and others right from the start. If our standard is narrower, we will exclude still others. Later, as one or another of the "qualified" religions becomes more powerful (with the help of the public aid it receives), the way may be opened for it to exert greater control over the government, since it will no longer have to "play ball" with the other churches.

The history of the English Puritans provides a good illustration of this pattern. In 1630, they were a despised minority. Then they were able to make common cause with other sects. By 1650, they had control of the government, and became the persecutors of their former cohorts. It is too often the case that members of a religion who adhere strongly to their faith regard all others as schismatics, God-deniers, or otherwise unenlightened enemies. When the favor of government is bestowed upon a powerful and devout church, we have the stuff of which inquisitions, crusades, and pogroms are made.

THE LIBERTARIAN view of the relationship between religion and government is now, with some exceptions, the law throughout the country. This has partly been the result of a series of cases, starting in 1940, in which the Supreme Court of the United States has reinterpreted in a separationist light the twin commands of the First Amendment that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . ." The Court has ruled, for instance, on the basis of its reading of the "free exercise" clause, that children whose religious scruples dictate otherwise cannot be compelled to salute a flag during a school program, and that no child can be

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compelled to recite or even listen to a prayer in school. It has also held that local governments cannot forbid the distribution of religious tracts in the streets, or require public officials to believe in God. Similarly, the Court has found that the "establishment" clause prohibits the states and the federal government from aiding religious practices and institutions. Thus, a state cannot allow clergymen to give instruction in public schools to pupils seeking such instruction, nor may public officials compose non-denominational prayers—however vapid—for public use. There have, of course, been exceptions in the actual decisions: Sunday Laws, release-time programs, and the spending of public money to provide transportation for children attending parochial schools, have been sustained as not violating the "establishment" clause. But even in cases such as these, the principles expressed by the Court have been largely separationist ones.

However, the current legal status of separation is only partly the result of Supreme Court decisions, although the Supreme Court today receives most of the blame (or credit) for this state of affairs. We frequently overlook the fact that for over a century almost all the states have been enforcing separationist policies, especially in matters of education, in response to the widespread popular demand for a democratic and secular government. The constitutions of most states have for a long time now explicitly forbidden any public assistance to schools and other institutions under sectarian control, and almost invariably the supreme courts of the few states which did not have such a constitutional proscription have read one into the existing law. Indeed, the Supreme Court seems to have entered the field at a relatively late date, and, by the standards of the laws of many states, has tolerated sectarian incursions beyond the permissible point.

When we turn to consider the "necessary exceptions" to the doctrine of separation urged by Mr. Himmelfarb, we realize that since 1964 the significance of the dispute has been magnified by the availability of enormous amounts of federal funds to parochial schools. The Economic Opportunity Act, which launched the war against poverty, provided that its programs were to be developed and administered by private, non-profit organizations (including churches), acting with public agencies. In 1965 came the Federal Elementary and Secondary Education Act, which expressly required that certain programs and facilities be made available equally to parochial and public-school pupils. Both statutes embody programs of the utmost importance to the nation, programs which have been urged by liberals for years. It is now apparent that the federal government alone has sufficient resources to attack successfully the nationwide problem of poverty and the lack of adequate educational opportunities. In prior years, resistance to the enactment of such legislation had been successfully led by segregationists, economic and social conservatives, and representatives of certain churches. The first two groups were finally outvoted and outmaneuvered. Unfortunately, the churches proved a more formidable barrier: the price exacted for the passage of the legislation was church participation in the new government programs.

Nevertheless, both the Economic Opportunity Act and the Federal Elementary and Secondary Education Act should provide benefits to all disadvantaged persons, regardless of their faith or color. The intention of both statutes was that the funds would be administered in a non-sectarian manner at publicly-owned facilities open to all—so that, for instance, children enrolled at parochial schools could participate with public-school children in after-school programs, or use the expanded libraries of the public schools. Similarly, it was expected that disadvantaged preschool children, regardless of their faith, would participate in neighborhood "Operation Headstart" programs. Tragically, programs such as these have been boycotted by certain churches, which in some instances have even succeeded in inducing local officials to set up programs on church-controlled premises, for the exclusive benefit of the members of that church. Because these statutes are so new,

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there have as yet been no judicial interpretations.

MR. HIMMELFARB, like other proponents of public aid to church-controlled schools and institutions, invokes both negative and positive arguments to support his view. The negative attack begins with the claim that separationism goes hand in hand with irreligion, godlessness, and Soviet tyranny. It then laments that separationists are today isolating themselves from liberal social policies, such as those embodied in the 1964 and 1965 federal acts mentioned above. Next, it charges that refusing public aid to church institutions is a form of discrimination, and among other things, results in double taxation of a portion of the public. Finally, separationists are charged with isolating from the national consensus that portion of the citizenry which does not believe in separation, namely the Catholic community.

On the positive side, the critics argue that providing a "proper" education for pupils attending parochial schools is a more important social objective than keeping government and religion apart. Similarly, it is good public policy to broaden the consensus by bringing into our national life those groups which have placed themselves outside it. Finally, a constitutional argument is made: while aid to parochial schools and other sectarian agencies may be unlawful, these critics maintain, it is perfectly proper to give aid to the *children* who attend parochial schools. Let us consider first the negative arguments.

It is foolish to suggest that those fighting to maintain separation are principally interested in destroying religion. To be sure, many non-believers favor separation, but now, as in the past, the greatest advocates of separation of church and state have been religious leaders and the more devout among their followers. Principally, it has been the various Protestant churches—especially the Baptists and Unitarians—which have been opposed to mingling church and state and which have fought hardest to defend the wall of separation in the face of recent legislation. These Protestant groups have usually regarded public aid as a threat to the freedom of their churches; they feel that the government will inevitably obtain some measure of control over the recipient.

This is a point which has generally been ignored by the critics of separation, among whom it is common practice to ascribe American Protestant separationism solely to a prejudice against Catholics. But in fact, the separationist attitude was developed decades before the Catholic Church became a significant force in the United States. Protestant groups which are now endeavoring to find common theological ground with Catholics and others remain as committed to separation as ever.

Mr. Himmelfarb fears that by remaining separationists, Jews will find themselves opposing the progressive social attitudes embodied in some of the Great Society legislation. Yet even Mr. Himmelfarb acknowledges that this is a curious argument. It assumes that liberal social policies cannot be accomplished in a constitutional manner. It presents the triumph of "ultimatum" thinking: a person wants to achieve a liberal end, and is confronted by someone saying, "I may like what you are trying to do, but I won't let you do it unless you pay me"; the liberal is then castigated for objecting. I am not sure how Mr. Himmelfarb succeeded in turning the blackmailer into the virtuous party here, but that is indeed his position.

The truth is that it was the liberals who fought for years to win federal aid for education and a federal anti-poverty program; at every step of the way they were confronted and blocked by special-interest groups. On the local level this same struggle is reenacted annually in many Eastern suburbs when school-bond issues come to a vote. There is nothing in our democratic system to prevent churches or any other body from lobbying and voting for or against anything. But it does no credit to the cooperationists or their position to cast the rest of us in the villain's role when we refuse to go along with their unlawful requests. This suggests Orwellian "doublethink."

THE CONTENTION that parents who elect parochial education for their children pay a double tax is another example of ill-considered reasoning. Let us realize that a church does not (in this country) have a legally enforceable power to tax anyone. Whatever it receives from its members comes in the form of voluntary gifts. And while we have made education compulsory, we have constitutionally guaranteed the right of parents to send their children to qualified non-public schools of their own choosing. Attendance at a parochial school is a matter of private choice, no different legally from giving a child private music lessons or sending him to summer camp. No law requires churches to maintain separate schools, or children to attend them. Many taxpayers do not use the public facilities for which they pay taxes (some, like parents of parochial-school children, because they choose not to; others, such as corporations, because they are not capable of going to school or entering a hospital). Similarly, bachelors and childless couples pay school taxes without ever expecting to derive a direct benefit.

Professor George LaNoue of Teacher's College, Columbia University, has pointed out that a true "double-tax" argument can be made if public funds are used for the benefit of parochial schools: no taxpayer has a legal right to send his child to a particular parochial school, nor to vote for the persons who decide its educational policies. Public aid to parochial schools necessarily forces *every* taxpayer to support two school systems, one of which represents, and exists for the benefit of, only a portion of the community.

The fact that Mr. Himmelfarb sees the Catholic community as being outside the national consensus is also surprising, especially since the 1960 election, and more especially in view of the fact that most large Northern and Eastern cities are ruled by Catholics. Except on the issue of aid to parochial schools, I doubt whether Catholics themselves feel alienated or resentful. So far as the advocates of public aid are concerned, the parochial-school issue represents

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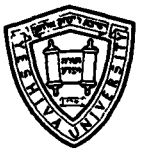
purely and simply a question of money. Their standing as Americans is not in question, and undoubtedly is not felt by them to be an issue.

Virtually everyone who supports the giving of public aid to parochial schools argues that it is good social policy to provide a "proper" education for these children. Such persons obviously assume that the education provided by the parochial schools is inadequate. This may or may not be the case. It is certainly true that many parochial-school administrators have confessed that parochial education, at least with respect to many of the non-theological courses, is inadequate. To the extent that this inadequacy is real, we must deplore the fact. A good education is vital to every individual, regardless of his faith or his economic status. But it is for this very reason that we are concerned with improving the public schools. After all, only the free public school is accessible to children of all colors, faiths, and economic levels. Here we come to the most critical "practical" consideration of the parochial-school issue: the fact that just when we have acknowledged the overwhelming need to improve our public schools, certain members of the community are seeking to divert a portion of the funds which have been provided for that purpose.

For example: under the 1965 federal act, $65 million is now available to New York State for books and certain facilities and services. Everyone acknowledges that this sum is not sufficient to meet the needs of the 3,200,000 children attending the public schools in this state, most of whom cannot afford private education. Nevertheless, New York has felt compelled under the federal law to allocate $15 million of this sum to the parochial schools, which now enroll 800,000 pupils, most of whose parents pay tuition or make substantial tax-deductible "contributions" to the church. In New York City, federal funds are being used to establish programs for parochial-school children which are not even available to public-school children. If this nation is to continue to honor its commitment to public education, it cannot afford to divert any of its funds to building up a rival sectarian system of schools. If churches desire to create private-school systems, they have no claim upon the public to support these schools. They must learn to give adequate support to their schools by themselves. A number of those churches which cry loudest for tax support have access to enormous amounts of money. Since the education and religious indoctrination of the young is of the greatest importance to the churches, it would seem that they could make greater efforts toward financing their schools adequately.

THE ARGUMENT in favor of public aid always stresses the fact that the particular forms of aid given will be directed only toward the secular aspects of the education. That is, if books are provided, they will be books on physical science, mathematics, languages, and the like. Similarly, public-school teachers assigned to parochial schools will teach art, music, or remedial reading.

Cooperationists do not like being reminded that every church dollar saved from buying books or equipment, or from paying a teacher's salary, can be used to further the school's purely religious aims. No one, moreover, has raised the question whether parochial schools are capable of imparting a truly secular education. Why, after all, have the various religions established their own full-time schools, rather than teaching the matters which are of special concern to them on a part-time basis as a private supplement to the public-school curriculum? The answer, of course, is that the religious bodies which maintain full-time parochial schools believe that every aspect of education is, and must be, sectarian. Every subject taught in a full-time parochial school should be permeated by the doctrines of the sponsoring church. Thus, the papal encyclical, "Christian Education of Youth," issued in 1930, states that for the Catholic



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parochial schools, "it is necessary that all the teaching and the whole organization of the school, and its teachers, syllabus, and textbooks, in every branch, be regulated by the Christian spirit." The Lutherans hold the same view, and Jewish *yeshivot* and Greek Orthodox schools are founded upon a similar philosophy. Indeed, almost all religions regard total parochial education as the foundation-stone of the entire religion. There is no question of their constitutional right to do so. It is, however, equally clear that they cannot at the same time claim to be giving secular instruction.

IN THEIR attempt to circumvent the constitutional prohibitions, parochial schools have developed the "child-benefit" theory. They point out, quite correctly, that while aid to the religious institution may be unlawful, public benefits afforded to children must include all children, and cannot exclude those who have elected to receive parochial education. Few libertarians would deny, for instance, that if all children are required to receive a smallpox vaccination from a public nurse during school hours, public nurses must also be stationed in parochial schools to administer the vaccine to the pupils there. Inoculation against disease is clearly no part of the educational responsibility of the school, nor does it further the school's educational function. The problem begins, however, when one tries to extend the child-benefit theory into such areas as publicly financed textbooks, teachers, library facilities, remedial reading programs, cultural enrichment courses, and the like. This is what Mr. Himmelfarb urges, and what certain recent state and federal programs seem to authorize.

Yet even a cursory examination of these benefits demonstrates that they function only to contribute to the educational program provided by the parochial school. Few children will voluntarily purchase or borrow textbooks for private pleasure. The textbook is thrust upon the child because the school administrator deems it a satisfactory instrument to further the total educational program and policy of the school. The same is true of all of the other categories of aid which I have enumerated: each one is solicited solely because the sectarian administrator of the school finds it suitable for achieving his primary purpose. The constitutional status of the child-benefit theory is only slightly higher than that of the Southern "interposition" theory, which would allow the state to place itself between the citizenry and the requirements of the federal Constitution. Interposition has been wholly discredited for over a century. It is likely that the child-benefit theory, with its backdoor applications, will earn the same fate. Indeed, in August 1966, a New York Supreme Court judge dismissed this theory as being without merit.

Finally, there is an aspect of the church-state relationship which, although previously insignificant, has lately begun to assume larger proportions. I refer to the manner in which churches disrupt national and local policies of racial integration. In the large cities in particular, the parochial school is rapidly becoming the last haven of the segregationist. Just when efforts are being made to integrate the public school, at considerable stress and expense, parochial schools are claiming a share of public funds to develop and further their own ends. Naturally, the parochial-school cause has been strongly supported by segregationists. The assistance offered by racists may in many cases be unwelcome to the parochial school, but the fact remains that a system of parochial schools supported by public funds would eventually spell the death of integrated public schools, and indeed of public-school education in general. This is not conjecture. It is already happening in several urban areas.

WE NOW FACE a most important decision in the matter of giving public aid to parochial schools and other church-controlled institutions. We must decide whether we will maintain our commitment to a secular government which will continue to provide the benefits of education and welfare to all citizens without regard to their color, their theological views, or their economic status, or whether we will support divisive, frequently undemocratic special-interest groups, and leave to them the task of performing major functions of our society and determining the course of our development. If we choose the latter course, either the state will ultimately destroy the existing freedom of the churches, or particular churches will ultimately control our government. No middle ground will be possible. No matter which one wins control, it is certain that individual freedom will be destroyed.

History has shown that the slightest breaks in the wall between church and state are likely to widen beyond repair. The deluge which follows can destroy the very values which our society is attempting to construct for itself. The only way this country can preserve its commitment to freedom, to racial equality, to non-sectarian public education, and to religious liberty, is to strengthen its commitment to the principle of absolute separation.

Milton Himmelfarb: Let us ignore what Mr. Shapiro says I said. What does he say for himself?

Separation, for him, forbids government to "support, through the use of public money . . . any church, or all churches. . . ." Indirect support is forbidden, too, because "every church dollar saved from buying [secular] books or equipment or paying a [secular] teacher's salary can be used to further the school's purely religious aims." Surely he knows that a church school saves many dollars by being allowed to use governmental police, fire, and sanitation services. He must believe, then, that the school should either be taxed or be made to use commercial services (though I have never heard of a commercial fire department). The same logic would apply to a church-related family service or recreation facility. Above all, it would apply to the deductibility provisions in the federal and state income-tax codes—Mr. Shapiro did not need me to remind him of that. There are few churches or synagogues or seminaries that do not

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depend on their contributors' being allowed to claim a tax deduction. He must also say, therefore, that our income-tax laws are unconstitutional. What does *he* think would happen if the Supreme Court upheld his logic? *I* think that in no time at all the Constitution would be amended explicitly enough to make his kind of separationism as dead as chattel slavery.

MR. SHAPIRO likes Professor LaNoue's argument against aid to non-public schools, that because "no taxpayer has a legal right to send his child to a particular parochial school nor to vote for the persons who decide [its] educational policies," therefore "public aid to parochial schools necessarily forces *every* taxpayer to support two school systems, one of which represents and exists for the benefit of only a portion of the community." To see how good this argument is, for "parochial school" let us substitute "M.I.T." Then, if we accept the Shapiro-LaNoue reasoning, we must conclude that municipal services and tax-deductible contributions for M.I.T. are unconstitutional.

No taxpayer has a legal right to send his child to M.I.T. or to elect its trustees, and it represents only a portion of the community—a small one, the intellectually gifted and scientifically inclined. Since the power to tax is the power to destroy, Shapiro and LaNoue would just about outlaw any educational institution not run by a government, from a kindergarten to an institute of advanced study. They might even be outlawing state universities: no taxpayer has a legal right to send his child to most state universities (or their more respected divisions) if the child is not bright.

Mr. Shapiro and Professor LaNoue deny that parochial schools are for the benefit of the whole community. (Some—the anti-technologists—might deny that M.I.T. is beneficial; others might deny that the Guggenheim Museum is; but let that pass.) There are several reasons for asserting that parochial schools do benefit the whole community. One is this: the researchers have found—often disapprovingly, because they would like the graduates of parochial schools to be a little different—that parochial schools educate students who become citizens with about the same civic attitudes and behavior as most other Americans.

HE IS, Mr. Shapiro tells us, a disciple of 18th-century rationalism, or the Enlightenment. That he is—but not, I fear, of the Enlightenment at its best. His is an archaic doctrine of individualism, which sees either discrete individuals or the society-state, with nothing mediating or intervening between the two. When it does see an association that encompasses less than society as a whole, it becomes indignant. After the Revolution had abolished the guilds and the estates, the French declared the early trade unions to be illegal conspiracies; and the same kind of individualist doctrine or ideology led to the same result, at about the same time, in the United States. I am not saying that Mr. Shapiro is against unions—that is not the normal flaw of 18th-century rationalists in the 20th century. I am saying he has still to learn that individuals can differ from each other in outlooks arising from distinctive traditions and identifications; and that these, so far from stifling individuality, may actually nourish much of what people consider most worthy and individual in themselves.

Why is Mr. Shapiro's libertarian separationism especially common among Jews of the same kind as he? He deals with that question by obtuse denial. His views, he says, were not part of his heredity. Which is to say, being a Jew is not much more than a biological datum. But if this obtuseness is uncharacteristic of Mr. Shapiro from one point of view, from another it is entirely characteristic of the group to which he belongs—without his wanting to recognize that he belongs to it.

By an individual pursuit of universal reason, Mr. Shapiro thinks, he has arrived at his beliefs and conclusions. So think other Jews like him. They are a regiment of individualists marching in step, each assuming that the rhythm is his own. Granted that it is universal reason which beats the drum, why is the beat heard with such disproportionate acuity by people

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of a certain kind? Especially must we ask this since they do not understand that to others they appear as only one group of marchers among many, every one with its distinctive manner and banner, and not a few with conflicting pretensions to universalism.

In the June 1961 COMMENTARY, Daniel P. Moynihan wrote about Reform and regular Democrats. The Reformers, he said, were liberals, mostly Jews. They were incapable of conceding legitimacy to others' habits of thought, or putting themselves in others' shoes, or realizing that in the others' eyes they were a cohesive self-interest bloc—for instance, the speaker at a conference on legislative issues in New York State who

> warned that a higher-education bond issue . . . would permit building loans to *parochial* colleges. The regulars react to this much as the liberals would react to a speech by a Bronx Italian protesting that an increase in competitive state scholarships for higher education would only give further advantage to the children of middle-class Jews—a view not unknown in Albany, but emphatically not expressed.

MR. SHAPIRO defends "the right to express unpopular thoughts . . . without being punished." He hardly means the right to express thoughts about electronic music. He means someone's right to say he is not a Christian, or a believer in any religion for that matter. Since everyone has that right, the crucial word must be "punished." If you are in a minority, you are apt to be unpopular—that is almost a tautology. Mr. Shapiro wants to be popular while being in the minority. Otherwise, he feels, he is being punished.

Let us talk about Jews again. Remove Christian religious influence from the public schools as completely as you wish, you are not going to change the fact that in the best circumstances a Jew is sometimes going to feel like an outsider—and therefore, in Mr. Shapiro's view, punished—in an English-language culture of Chaucer and Shakespeare and T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound, of Milton and Hawthorne. Or take culture in the anthropologist's sense. Having removed Christmas from the schools, if that were fully possible, you couldn't remove it from the street or the stores or television. The message of American culture to a Jewish child is, Yes, Ruthie, there is a Santa Claus; and No, he isn't Jewish.

If you think of our minority status as punishment, you will naturally want to escape it. What can help? The Revolution? No; witness Russia. The conversion of multitudes to Judaism? For that you may have to await the Messiah. Going to Israel? That would work. But here in America, the only thing that can help and is in your power to do, is to go over to the majority, to become or pretend to become a Christian; then at least your grandchildren will not feel punished. That is what is implied in equating minority status with punishment.

On the other hand, you would see unpopularity—which nowadays is less than it used to be, anyway—as a price, and minority status as the good for which you pay the price; and well worth it. Moderns don't like to be caught quoting the *Rubaiyat*, but most of us remember those verses: "I wonder often what the vintners buy/One-half so precious as the stuff they sell." What is a possible Jewish symbolism here? The vintners are some Jews; the wine they are eager to rid themselves of is Judaism, or the state or quality of being a Jew; what they buy is something they regard as more valuable, freedom from a minority condition experienced as punishment; but the poet knows they are getting the worse of the bargain.

Have I built too much on Mr. Shapiro's "punishment"? I hope that this isn't really what he meant.

MR. SHAPIRO declares himself against a state of affairs in which particular theological attitudes are supported by public officials—a bold declaration, which will earn him the hostility of one in a thousand. If he thinks he is talking about something in the last third of the 20th century and not in the 18th, that can only be because he has his own notions of theological attitudes. He can't reconcile himself to the tangle of religion and society. The prohibition of polygamy having been largely Christian in origin, Mr. Shapiro could say that the states and the federal government have no right to legislate that prohibition. (I would not be upset if polygamy were allowed to the schismatic Mormons still practicing it in the wilds of Arizona, and being jailed for it.) Or Mr. Shapiro could agree with Timothy Leary that it is a religious (Christian or Judeo-Christian) abuse of the power of the state which prevents him from propagating cultic marijuana and LSD. Or again, the next generation of high-school rebels, after the current Beatle-browed boys, may be nudists. Mr. Shapiro would then argue, I imagine, that a principal who forbade their coming naked to class was an official with a particular theological attitude, enforcing theological doctrines—residual Puritanism probably.

If Mr. Shapiro does not take all these positions, then let him stop talking so grandly and abstractly about non-believers being punished and the freedom of society being diminished. If he wants to talk about censorship, fine; but he should really not try to suggest that it typically arises because some clergyman may deem a film hostile to his group. The more likely situation, here and now, is that some civil-rights leader may deem something hostile to *his* group—like *Birth of a Nation*, or that mural in a Long Island bank with Banjo Billy in it. Mr. Shapiro's clergyman is pretty much a red herring, unless the reference is to Dr. King. But Dr. King is a race leader, too.

An exercise for separationists: separate church and state in Dr. King.

"THE parochial-school issue," says Mr. Shapiro, "is purely and simply a question of money, as far as the advocates of public aid are concerned." Well, questions of money are not all that ignoble: in my public school, I was taught that on account of taxes the English gloriously beheaded a king and the American colonies declared their independence. And what's in it for Walter Lippmann and the *New Republic*, both of whom support federal aid to parochial schools?

Mr. Shapiro goes on to say that

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the Catholics' "standing as Americans is not in question, and undoubtedly is not felt by them to be an issue." Undoubtedly. Mr. Johnson, a President, can feel hurt by the disdain of the intellectuals and academics, but Mr. Shapiro knows that Catholics don't feel hurt by the disdain of a related group, those who call themselves libertarian separationists. Does he think Catholics don't overhear what libertarian separationists say to each other "in many Eastern suburbs when school-bond issues are voted upon"? He ought to read that article by Moynihan.

I marvel at the Catholics' forbearance. Mr. Shapiro is not alone in being "practical" and complaining that Catholics are getting $15 million of New York State's $65 million of federal funds for books and the like. The Catholic schools are enriching themselves at the expense of the public schools, he says. I fail to understand why to such accusations the Church doesn't give this answer: "Very well. We will stop. We will discontinue our parochial schools immediately and send our students to the public schools. Take back the $15 million." How much more than $15 million it would cost New York State in schools and teachers for those additional students, I don't know, but it might come to a billion or two. Then we would hear an outcry over school taxes that would make the present outcry over Catholic fiscal aggression sound like a lullaby. Some who now complain of the parochial schools would then be heard pleading with the Catholics to reconsider, and offering them rather more than $15 million to open their schools again. That "purely and simply a question of money" cuts both ways. We won't acknowledge that the Catholic schools save us a great deal more money than we accuse them of filching from us.

Anyway, Mr. Shapiro says, the parochial school isn't nice: "In the large cities in particular, the parochial school is rapidly becoming the last haven of the segregationist." But the parochial-school system is a century old, the Supreme Court's ruling against segregation is only twelve years old, and the parochial-school system still educates the same fraction of Catholic children of school age—half. The statistics reveal no irruption of segregationists in search of a haven.

Are the parochial schools of New Orleans a haven for segregationists? They had real integration before the public schools had token integration; and Leander Perez was excommunicated. I do not say it of Mr. Shapiro, but I have the impression that there are some who almost welcome the integration crisis in the public schools, as an occasion for putting the parochial schools in the wrong. What will they do when integration recedes as an issue?

"ATTENDANCE AT a parochial school," Mr. Shapiro tells us, "is a matter of private choice, no different legally from giving a child private music lessons, or sending him to summer camp." And he is supposed to be replying to me. People who say that sort of thing hold parochial education to be private education, I wrote, and private education to be a luxury for the rich, like a Cadillac. Mr. Shapiro's Cadillac is summer camp and music lessons. So he couldn't have read what I wrote; or he couldn't have let it register.

Mr. Shapiro is engaging in selective perception, tuning out a message that makes him uncomfortable. His individualism blinds him to the reality of class—i.e., money, of all things: ". . . private choice . . . private music lessons. . . ." I wrote that the average Catholic has less money than the average Episcopalian, Congregationalist, or Jew, but that doesn't seem to have registered either. Apparently Mr. Shapiro thinks most parents of parochial-school children can afford private music lessons and summer camp. (The going rate in the camps his friends send their children to is about a thousand dollars per child per summer.) Like much 18th-century individualism when it survives into the 20th, Mr. Shapiro's is too formalist for substantive justice. If you can't afford your schools, he tells Catholic parents, that's not my problem; I have no obligation to indulge you in your taste for private luxuries.

For Mr. Shapiro, non-public education is something of a vice when

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too accessible for the common people. It can't quite be declared illegal, but sound public policy requires that we shall limit it to their betters by making it expensive. Equal justice, above all: non-public = non-public: parochial school = private school. We give no aid to the stockbroker with a child in a private school, we give no aid to the workman with children in a parochial school. Thus is justice not only done, but manifestly seen to be done.

The name of this philosophy is libertarian separationism.

MR. SHAPIRO adds nothing to our understanding of the easy victory of our passion for separation over our compassion for the poor and our rationalization—"Blackmail!"—of our growing estrangement from a social liberalism that is prepared to compromise on church-state problems or bypass them. He doesn't deny that our emotion goes to separationism rather than to the poor. For myself, I wouldn't mind so much if at least we were torn. It is the ease even more than the fact of our separationism's victory that I object to.

A man I have known and respected for a long time has written me:

> I was a member of the [appropriate] committee of [an important Jewish organization]. It was an interesting experience. One of the most extraordinary happenings was the debate on the poverty and education bills. The passion with which the Wall was upheld would have been unbelievable to me if I had not been present. [X] made an appeal as vehement as if he were admonishing us to fight Hitler or Stalin. Dean Keppel, then the U.S. Commissioner of Education, was received at the luncheon meeting at which he was the guest of honor with such cool, formal courtesy and was asked such hostile questions that I was ashamed of myself for being present.
>
> Passions spin the plot.

IN HIS peroration, Mr. Shapiro is angry with "divisive, frequently undemocratic special-interest groups." That is strange language for a liberal. It is intolerant, authoritarian; it is how the Know-Nothings and the American Protective Association spoke of those sinister Catholics in the 19th century, it is how some people speak of the Negroes now.

If we "leave to [those groups] the task of performing major functions of our society," Mr. Shapiro warns, "particular churches will ultimately control our government." My flesh is supposed to creep, but somehow it won't. What are the threats that serious people talk about? The threats of big government, big business, big labor, big communications, more recently big science, even big education. For the damage from all those bignesses, pluralism is, if not a preventive, at any rate a mitigative. Mr. Shapiro has earlier spoken of the widespread popular demand for a secularized society. How then can he tell us we are threatened by big religion, or big particular churches? (Of course he really means that big particular church.) I can understand why fearless spirits engaged in a critique of pure tolerance should be scornful of the tradition of liberal democracy, and therefore of its corollary, pluralism. What I can't understand is why a liberal democrat should be scornful of pluralism.

Last, and most solemnly: "History has shown that the slightest breaks in the wall between church and state are likely to widen beyond repair." (Or, as I quoted this dogma, in its more definitive formulation: "Religious freedom is most secure where church and state are separated, and least secure where church and state are united.") In one sentence Mr. Shapiro achieves two things. First he demonstrates again that he refuses to take in what he reads. I recalled some obvious facts disproving that statement—not proving its converse, just disproving it. Mr. Shapiro will not let so majestic an idea be undermined by paltry facts, so his eyes read but his mind remains closed.

Next he demonstrates that an asserted universalism can be quite provincial and particular. "History has shown. . . ." History? Not Scandinavian or British history. At most, American history; and then very approximately, when seen by eyes eager to see. One, tendentious concept of America is inflated and becomes universal humanity, always and everywhere. This is only ideology. We live in a room with a view, and think we behold the world under the aspect of eternity.

NOW BRIEFLY to the letters published in October, or to those parts of them not answered in my answer to Mr. Shapiro. Like him, most of the writers of those letters are fundamentalists, repeating their creed. Hard as it may be for them to understand, I do not reject that creed out of ignorance. I am familiar with it, and I find it wanting.

Marcus Cohn: Since the watchword seems to be contemporary need, let us change our interpretation of the First Amendment to accord with contemporary need. We wouldn't leave it to the public to judge whether a licensee programs enough education or discussion, because we know how little the public is to be relied on for that sort of thing. When we're in earnest about something in radio or TV, we don't leave it to the public, we call for the FCC.

Lawrence K. Karlton: Libertarian separationists have been proclaiming, as if it were one of those self-evident truths, that "religious freedom is most secure where church and state are separated," etc. All I did was to remind us that that truth is false. Now, by some sleight of hand, the burden is put on me and I am asked to defend a ludicrous proposition I explicitly ruled out—that an arrangement suitable to Scandinavia must also be suitable to America.

Alexander Firestone: I did not say or imply that "any education reduces anti-Semitism" anywhere, especially in Germany one and two generations ago. I said, carefully: "All the evidence in America points to education, more than anything else, influencing adherence to democracy and egalitarianism. All the evidence points to Catholic parochial education having the same influence."

Gerson Jacobs: There is nothing sacred about "locally elected school boards"; Francis Keppel's *Necessary Revolution in American Education* has no high opinion of them. Non-public schools must

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meet the standards of state boards of education.

Ernest Alexander: To make religion or religious education responsible for French Canadian nationalism is a joke. French-speaking atheists in Quebec (there are some) can resent the English ascendancy as much as any believer. As for Holland and its "columnization"—which came first, Protestants and Catholics studying in their separate schools or a we-they tradition so old and so deep that Protestants and Catholics also shop in their separate department stores? The Spanish marriage was not the only one that failed to rejoice the Dutch. There was a German marriage, too. And we ought to remember not only the Dutch history of a long struggle for independence from Spain—the Inquisition, the Duke of Alva, and all that—but also the present reality of Franco and his kind of government.

David F. Greenberg: The government in effect pays part of the money I give to my synagogue, UJA, the Association on American Indian Affairs, Spanish Refugee Aid, the American Academy for Jewish Research, and the alumni association of my college, but I don't see the government controlling any of them. In general, I prefer indirect to direct support.

If I had mentioned Israel at all, it would have been as a particularly instructive example of how hard it is to erect a wall when state, society, nationality, culture, and religion are so entangled with each other. My opinions about religion in Israel are on record, in back issues.

Finally, John M. Kaufman: To be called disturbing is historically such an honor, however the epithet may be intended here, that I must reply, *Qatonti*, I am unworthy. Ahab thought Elijah disturbing: "Is it you, you troubler of Israel?"

I did *not* "attempt to link those who opposed the aid-to-education bill because of church-state objections with reactionaries and racists." I said of "the radical separationists" that "theirs is a true and not a feigned indignation," distinguishing them in that respect from the reactionary and racist opposition to the bill. And I find it particularly unfair of Mr. Kaufman to find unfair of me my citation of Theodore Leskes. I said that Leskes "was rather more convinced than I of the need for a wall." Of Leskes on the military chaplaincy, I said that "he could not object in principle," not that he had no objections to actual practice.

We must thank Mr. Kaufman for a remarkable theorem, that religious freedom in Great Britain is insecure, as well as for a highly original proof: the "quite shocking" difficulty in which Jewish children find themselves if they want to get into " 'good' " schools. His own quotation marks tell us he isn't talking about good state schools, or even schools like Manchester Grammar, which technically qualifies as what the English call a public school; he is talking about schools like Eton and Harrow. He means there are Jews who are denied a good old-school tie, not a good education. That is to say, he is talking of social discrimination. The reason why there is social discrimination against English Jews, he says, is that England has no separation of church and state. He must be right, because the United States has separation of church and state and American Jews have therefore never been kept out of neighborhoods, clubs, hotels, prep schools, colleges, or fraternities.

"Perhaps," he says, I am "not as concerned about the preservation of Judaism as the rest of us." From Mr. Kaufman's heartbreaking stories about glee clubs and Christmas plays I infer that he is partial to a punishment theory much like Mr. Shapiro's. Anyone who believes the grotesque proposition that a glee club's songs (carols?) lead to conversion, or who takes at face value a convert's statement that these caused his conversion, or who immortalizes in writing the fantasy that "this pattern [of conversion] is country-wide"—such a person, besides being awesomely credulous, is so palpably without a clue to Judaism that I am not overwhelmed by his concern for it. A Jewish attachment that could be killed by a carol wouldn't be weak, it would be dead to begin with. If Sandy Koufax can ask to be excused from pitching on Yom Kippur, a Jewish student can refrain from Christian carols.

Mr. Kaufman, so ready to believe the unbelievable, is unready to believe my quotation from a dead colleague. Nevertheless, I shall try again. Another colleague now dead was the social scientist Samuel H. Flowerman. I have forgotten what the occasion was—a discussion either of the tape recording Mr. Kaufman mentions or of the related, standard argument against released/dismissed time. The argument goes that released or dismissed time, by making children aware of religious differences, is divisive and produces discomfort in Jewish children. Flowerman said—and this is probably written down somewhere in some learned journal—that the facts alleged are not facts at all: it is an illusion of the *Konfessionslos* that a child is unaware of religious differences if his teacher doesn't bring them out. The child is not initially uncomfortable, Flowerman said, but uncomfortable parents project their own discomfort onto him, and later still he may catch it from them. The pathology is less in the situation and the child than in the parents.

The defense Mr. Kaufman offers us is worse than no defense at all. He wants us to kid ourselves. He would have us believe that we are not inherently and necessarily a minority, or that removing Christmas carols from the public schools is the same as removing the Christian foundation stones and building blocks of Western culture. I think that not Christmas carols but whining exaggerations of how hard it is to be a Jew turn young people away, and I think most young Jews know that it is easier to be a Jew today than it used to be. Better still, they enact that knowledge by being the kind of people they are. They seem to me in many ways less flawed than their parents' generation.

LET ME ASK the *ad hominem* critics of my position an *ab homine* question. You think you are better friends than I to the public schools and integration. You think I have a greater personal interest than you in aid to the non-public schools. Would you be willing to put that to the test of how many children you and I have in integrated public schools?

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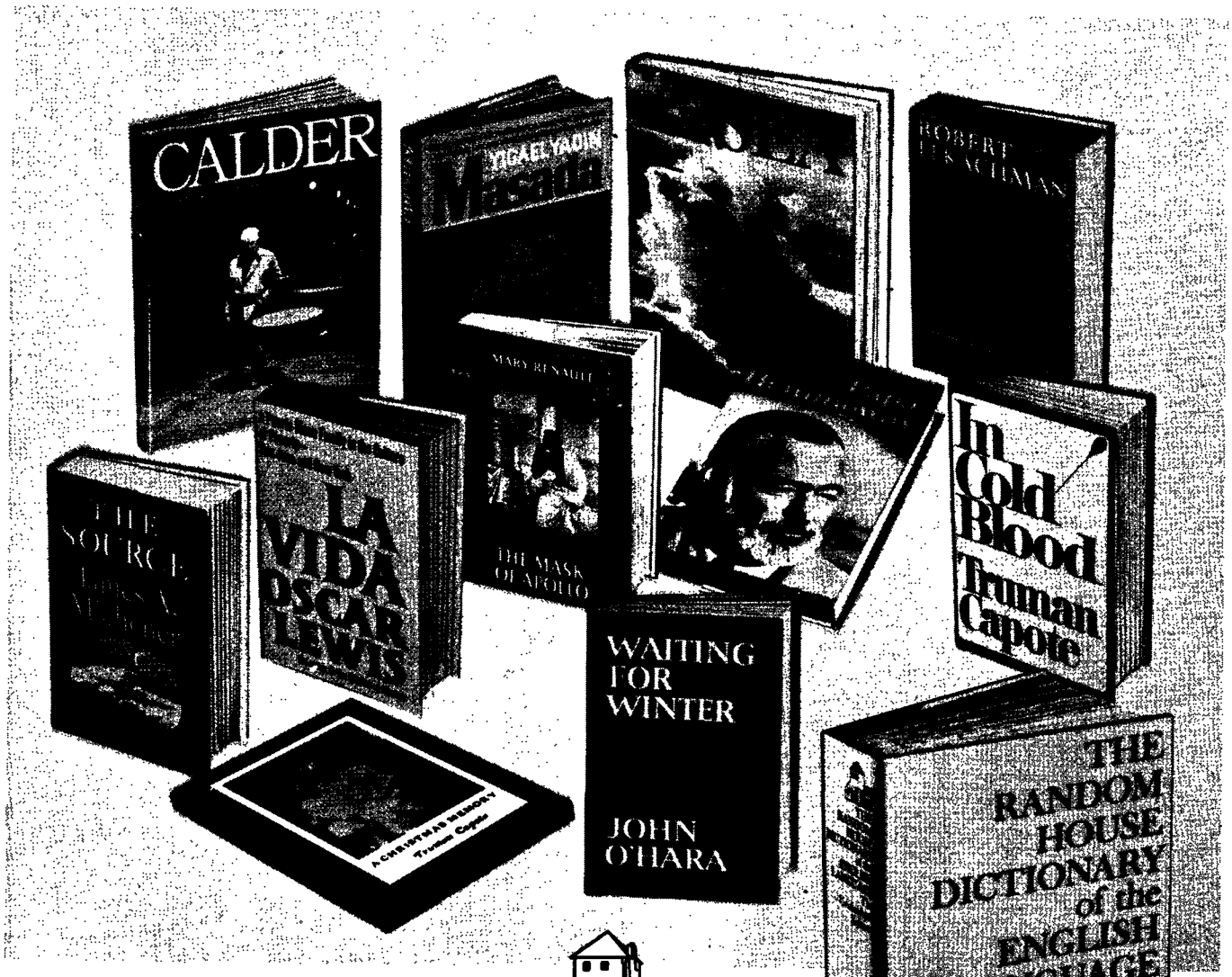

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EVADING THE ISSUES

EXPANDING LIBERTIES: FREEDOM'S GAINS IN POSTWAR AMERICA. By MILTON R. KONVITZ. *Viking. 429 pp. $8.95.*

Reviewed by MICHAEL HARRINGTON

AS A LIFETIME, appointive body, the Supreme Court is the least democratic of our federal institutions. This is why the "old men" of the 1930's were able to obstruct, temporarily, the economic and social aspirations of the overwhelming majority of the American people. And for the same reason, the Warren Court has been able to defy some of the nation's most popular prejudices concerning such issues as Communism, school prayers, and the rights of the accused criminal. Thus, from its privileged sanctuary, the Court can either lag behind American culture or lead it forward.

Milton Konvitz has written an excellent account of the vanguard activities of the Supreme Court in postwar America. During this period, a change in judicial atmosphere has made the law much more exciting and dramatic than it used to be. In the old days, reactionary judges rationalized their defense of the status quo by claiming that they were simply laying the facts alongside "the law" and impartially reporting the results. Even a man like Felix Frankfurter, whose personal convictions were of the liberal variety, could fight under the rather simple slogan of judicial restraint: let the people (that is to say, the legislative and executive branches of government) decide the country's fate. But during the past two decades, as the composition of the Court's majority has undergone a real transformation, a shift has become noticeable in the focus of judicial concern. The petitioner at the bar no longer represents the social and economic rights of the majority but has come to demand that the state itself be restrained, that minorities be granted their civil and political liberties. The issue is thus no longer one of "right *versus* wrong," but usually, some form of "right *versus* right": national security *versus* the individual, "property" *versus* the black man, and so on. The law has therefore had to become more subtle and Antigone-like in its posture.

It is a measure of Konvitz's achievement that he communicates the philosophical richness of these legal trends while also providing a valuable chronology and an analysis of specific issues. The overall conclusion of the book is optimistically stated in its title: freedom has been gaining in postwar America, and liberty is expanding. Here I must state my disagreement. For even as I can unambiguously recommend this study to the general reader, I nevertheless question seriously whether things are improving quite as much as Konvitz suggests.

SHORTLY AFTER the outbreak of the cold war, the Supreme Court of the United States struck a serious blow against freedom by upholding the government's outrageous attack upon the Communist party through the Smith Act. In the Dennis decision, the Communists were not convicted by the Court of overthrowing the government, or of conspiring to overthrow it, or even of conspiring to overthrow it at some future date. They were in effect found guilty of the "crime" of conspiring to *advocate* the overthrow of the government *at some future date*. The Court's majority somehow managed to justify this incredible retreat from American traditions on the basis of the test of "clear and present danger."

Konvitz is quite clearly of the opinion that this decision was a bad one. Moreover, he suggests that the Court should in general take judicial notice of social and political reality and attempt to discover whether, in point of empirical observation, speech alone can ever really "incite" to riot. "Among the things that inflame the passions of men sufficiently to convert them into raging, destructive mobs," Konvitz writes, "soap-box or platform speech probably ranks near the bottom of the list." If the current prosecutions of Stokely Carmichael and other advocates of "Black Power" come before the Court, they should provide an excellent opportunity for the defense to pose Konvitz's challenge.

By the mid-50's, the Court had changed. In theory, the Dennis decision was allowed to stand, but in practice it became subject to such fine distinctions that it was finally rendered all but inoperative: *de jure* affirmations actually became the means of a *de facto* repeal of the earlier decision. A similar style was at work in the fascinating series of "obscenity" cases. Instead of granting forthright protection under the First Amendment, the Court dealt with pornography by refining the criterion of "prurient interest" to the point where almost everything became publishable. Yet, however welcome and progressive the individual decisions may be, they have nevertheless injected a bit of Puritanism into the constitutional tradition. For, as Paul Goodman pointed out some time ago in these pages,* exciting the prurient interest of the average man is, under a great many circumstances, praiseworthy rather than criminal. More practically, the Court's intricate rationale for an essentially shamefaced protection of bawdry allowed for dangerous interpretations and exceptions. Thus, after Konvitz's book had gone to press, Ralph Ginzburg, the publisher of *Eros,* was convicted on the basis of a new distinction: that he had a lewdly *commercial* intent when he published the material in question.

Once again, Konvitz is on the side of the angels in his account of these cases and, indeed, he makes more sense out of them than can be found in some of the Supreme Court decisions themselves. In this area, too, he rightly argues for more empiricism. For no one really

*"Pornography, Art, and Censorship," March 1961.

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knows whether there is a causal relationship between pornography and socially dangerous sexual action, and yet it is the supposed link between the two which has always been the main argument for making dirty books and filthy postcards a matter of public concern and policy. And, Konvitz argues, this is an area in which both the English and the Americans, who share so much judicial doctrine with regard to obscenity, might finance some serious and scientific research.

In short, although we have made enormous progress through the obscenity cases, the Court has still to face up to the fundamental question of whether it will protect *all* forms of speech and writing under the Constitution. The Court has so far rejected this approach (a word of admiration for Justice Black, who is such an absolutist on the question that he refuses to read the books and magazines on appeal since he holds that they shouldn't be prosecuted in the first place). The gains which have been made are often the result of intricate and evasive formulae rather than of a direct confrontation of the issues. This is true even in the sphere of civil rights; the Civil Rights Act of 1964 was based upon the commerce clause, which meant that the fundamental dignity of the Negro could be recognized only when he assumed the guise of an interstate customer.

KONVITZ IS aware of the problems involved in this process of backing, or sidling, into legal progress. Yet —and this is the source of one of my differences with him—he tends to justify the equivocation by the results it has in fact produced: ". . . I think that the Court was justified in seeking a way out of saying that the Constitution protects obscenity; for that could easily have been twisted into the charge that the Court 'approves' immorality and sin." In taking up this argument, I have no intention of adopting a high tone of moral superiority. Indeed, it is precisely because the Court has been in advance of popular opinion on some of these issues that it has been forced to phrase its libertarianism in Aesopian language. But aside from the general exasperation of the non-lawyer in the presence of legalese, there is a more basic, and practical, reason for criticizing the Court for its persistent habit of admitting freedom through the back door. The sheer political fact of a decision, like the passage of a law, can educate and help to dispel the very prejudice which it cleverly defies. To rely on a procedure of equivocation—especially when an aristocratic forum like the Court becomes a source of democratic innovation—is an admission not of freedom's strength, but of its weakness. There has, of course, always been a problematic disparity between the progressive instincts of the majority on economic issues and its reactionary parochialism on questions like civil liberties, capital punishment, and the like. But now that society is undergoing its "information revolution," with five million students in college, there seem to me to be new possibilities for confronting these issues squarely, and for demonstrating to the people that, for example, constitutional protection of the civil liberty of obscenity is not tantamount to judicial "approval" of sin. This, I think, must be the strategy of the future.

I say this particularly because I am convinced that the issues are going to become even more subtle as time goes on. In the 30's, the labor movement and the New Deal set some limits on the possible extremes of exploitation; in the 50's and 60's, the Warren Court has pioneered in defending the rights of nonconformists and minorities against the state. Segregation has been made less overt, government security procedures less arbitrary; Grove Press flourishes in New York and the Olympia Press has been driven out of Paris. But the problems of the future may well come to center on the polite and rational outrages of public and private bureaucracies. A man will probably have to be able to defend himself against his "own" bureaucracies as well as against openly hostile institutions. (The Public Review Board of the United Automobile Workers is one of the few genuine responses to this problem.)

I might cite in this regard the

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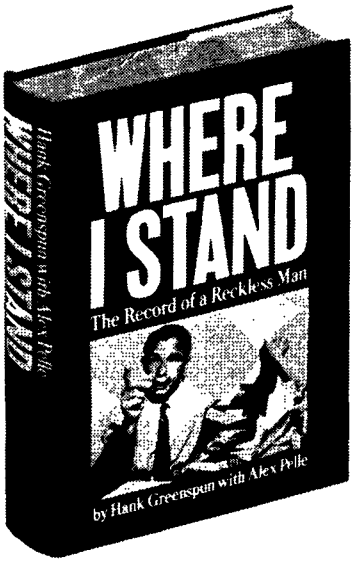

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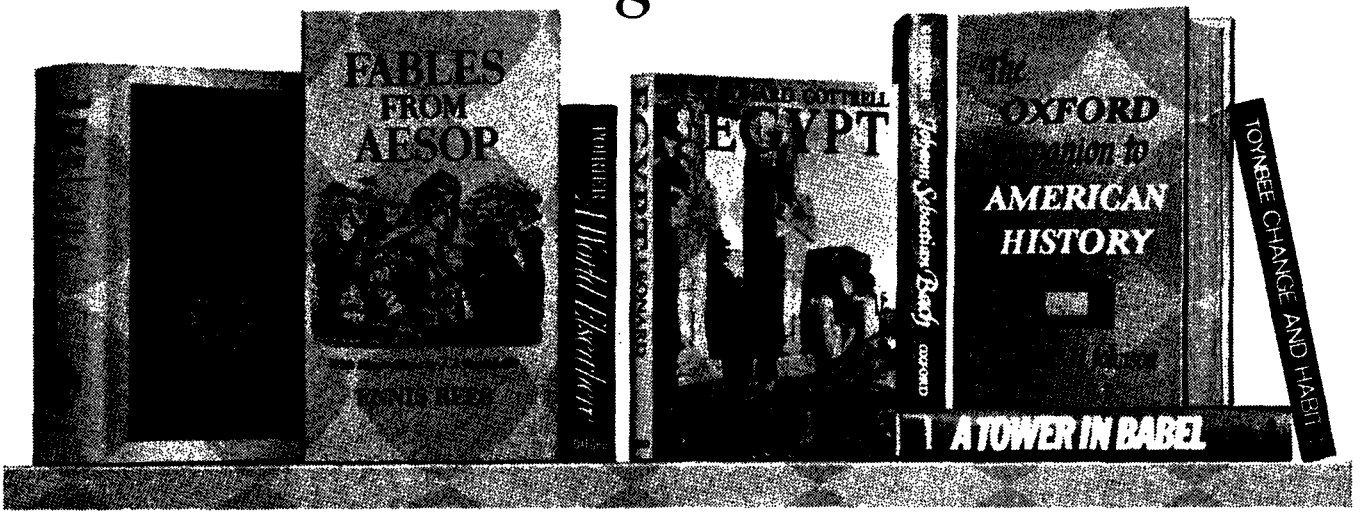

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case of the sit-in at the University of California last year, when 814 students occupied a building. "Such occupancy," according to Konvitz, "was unlawful. Because a place is public property, it does not follow that it may be occupied for purposes other than those for which it was dedicated." This statement unfortunately implies that the student's relationship to the state university is no more profound than his relationship to a post office or a public comfort station. If such an outmoded legal concept of "public property" prevails, it will be impossible to develop the new forms of community that our civilization will require tomorrow (which is to say, right now). If the Court is less than frank in protecting the rights of Communists, obscenity, and Negroes, will it be prepared to proclaim the new and audacious freedoms which are becoming a matter of practical necessity?

ENFANT TERRIBLE

THE MOST OF MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE. By MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE. *Simon and Schuster. 367 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by JOSEPH EPSTEIN

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE revels in undocumented revelation. A piquant example is to be found in the essay on Max Beerbohm in this volume. "Beerbohm, it seems to me to emerge," he writes, "was in panic flight through most of his life from two things—his Jewishness and his homosexuality." Nor is Muggeridge skimpy with hyperbole; in a piece about his lecturing experience in the United States, he reports that "Americans for the most part talk without listening, and do not expect, or particularly want, to be listened to." The sacred is not of itself necessarily profane for Muggeridge, but anyone or anything which attains sacrosanct status is—and duly receives profane treatment at his hands. He takes unmistakable delight in romping through the modern pantheon, throwing darts and penciling in mustaches. Among the portraits he has recently disfigured have been those of T. S. Eliot, Ernest Hemingway, Evelyn Waugh, Winston Churchill, Pablo Picasso, and—perhaps the most devastating defacement of all—John F. Kennedy. Here is how he disposes of E. M. Forster: "Does anyone *read* those dated novels of his in which the thin homosexual blood of dusty dons is stirred by a visitation of the Great God Pan while on long vacation in the Italian Alps?" Now, people do indeed read them as much as ever, if not more, and Muggeridge very well knows that the novels are about a great deal else. But he chooses to remain the *enfant terrible*, unseemly as that role may be for a man well into his sixties.

That said, it should also be said that Malcolm Muggeridge is probably the most skillful and entertaining English essayist now writing. Nor is he utterly uninstructive, having spent most of his life where, as they say, the action is. His career calls to mind a passage from Santayana's autobiography: "The intellectual world of my time alienated me intellectually. It was a babel of false principles and blind cravings, a zoological garden of the soul, and I had no desire to be one of the beasts. I wished to remain a visitor, looking in at the cages." While Muggeridge's sentiments about the intellectual world of his own time are strikingly similar, fate, alas, seems to have seen fit to place him in one of the more prominent cages. In his own apt analogy, Muggeridge likens his role as a journalist in the 20th century to that of a pianoplayer in a brothel.

One is tempted to go a step further and say that he has put in more than his share of overtime and has even become rather chummy with some of the personnel. More or less consecutively, he has been a schoolteacher in India, a nephew by marriage to the Webbs, the *Manchester Guardian*'s Moscow correspondent in the 30's a member of British intelligence during World War II, a veteran of Fleet Street, the editor of *Punch*, and off and on a regular performer for the BBC. There are few prominent people he has not known or interesting places he has not visited. Today his journalistic efforts, both in broadcasting and in maga-

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zines, seem even more ubiquitous than ever. He is likely to pop up anywhere at almost any time: on the streets of Chicago asking truck-drivers and shopgirls about the outcome of the British elections, or in the pages of *TV Guide* writing on the subject of American television. His popularity in America is probably at its height just now; and it is with especial delectation that he limns—generally in American magazines—what he finds to be the manifold grotesqueries of American life. One imagines the checks crossing the Atlantic almost faster than he can hurl back the insults.

BUT I do not wish to leave the impression that Muggeridge is merely anti-American, when in fact his contumely is transcultural. One of his recent little projects for the BBC, for example, has been to show how the United States and the Soviet Union are more alike than either would prefer to believe. Another has been to convince his countrymen that England is now truly a third-rate power; none of those Chicago truckdrivers or shopgirls, you see, even knew the British were holding elections. In Muggeridge's eyes, the promise that was Indian independence has failed dismally; the Russian Revolution, of course, disastrously. The direction of modern science he finds an abomination. About the English brain-drain—the exodus of scientists and engineers from England to the United States—he comments that every time he hears of another scientist leaving, he declares "a little holiday in my heart." His view of modern England is nicely caught in the last paragraph of an essay entitled "England, Whose England?":

> The new towns rise, as do the television aerials, dreaming spires; the streams flow, pellucid, through the comprehensive schools; the BBC lifts up our hearts in the morning, and bids us good night in the evening. We wait for Godot, we shall have strip tease wherever we go. Give us this day our *Daily Express*, each week our color supplement. God is mathematics crieth the preacher. In the name of Algebra, the Son, Trigonometry, the Father, and Thermodynamics, the Holy Ghost, *Amen*.

Read cumulatively, the essays in *The Most of Malcolm Muggeridge* describe their author's displeasure with the shape the world has taken and his unshakable belief in human imperfectibility. He sees man as greedy, pretentious, eminently seducible; rushing into chaos under the banner of Progress; and never more dangerous than in his idealism. One gathers that for Muggeridge, success, as it is styled in the modern world, is an empty affair; and it is of note that the only three contemporaries who receive favorable treatment at any length in this collection—the journalists Hugh Kingsmill and Claud Cockburn, and Randolph Churchill—have all, in conventional terms, been failures. "Human life," he tells us he has come to feel, "in all its public or collective manifestations, is only theater, and mostly cheap melodrama at that."

Such a view calls to mind H. L. Mencken's description of public and collective life as a "circus." What we have in both cases is the comic vision. It is bleak and for the most part destructive, and it seems most to flourish in times of relative tranquility. Thus, Mencken was at his height during the 20's, as Muggeridge is in the 60's, both periods without major wars or economic depressions—times in which men have the leisure and money to indulge in stupidity and to scramble their values on a really grand scale. "What's your attitude toward the world?" Mencken is reported to have asked George Jean Nathan before both had begun to work on the *Smart Set*. "I view it," he said, answering his own question, "as a mess in which the clowns are paid more than they are worth, so I respectfully suggest that, when we get going, we get our full share."

BUT THE comparison between Mencken and Muggeridge ought not to be pressed too hard. While both rely on the same tools—overstatement, an instinct for the jugular, wit, and forceful writing—Mencken's targets were much easier to flush out: the ethos of the "booboisie" with its business values, repressive religions, and crimped morality. Muggeridge's targets, though no less pervasive, are rather more amorphous: modern affluence, the welfare state, the Establishment, the Church, the Labour Party, the Conservative Party, the Liberal Party, the Communist Party, the Fabian Society, the Oxford Movement, the Bloomsbury Group, the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, the Royal Family, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Pope, Billy Graham, Bertrand Russell, Kingsley Amis, Lord Snow, Harold Wilson, Edward Heath, Enoch Powell, Lord Boothby, Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Reith, Lord Hailsham, Lord Shawcross, Lord Goodman, Lord Gardiner, Lord Longford, Lord Gladwyn, Lord Chalfont, Lord Brockway, Lord Stonham, Lord Stonham, Lord Stonham

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ence, eroticism, "an urban way of life more empty and aimless than any hitherto known," and—perhaps the arch villain—the modern media.

It is in their capacity to make legends that Muggeridge finds the media most repulsive. He reminds us that in inventing Newspeak in 1984, Orwell had in mind not so much *Izvestia* or *Pravda,* as the BBC. And in this volume, he devotes no less than three pieces to the most recent candidate for legendary status, the late President Kennedy. These include reviews of the Sorensen book, the Schlesinger book, and a batch of that necrophiliac literature on Kennedy that even now continues to be churned out. All three are attacks on John F. Kennedy, viewing him almost wholly as a creation of the mass media, and all three are about as unbalanced as one could imagine. Yet, it seems to me, they perform a useful kind of service, enabling one to see that truth lies somewhere between Sorensen/Schlesinger and Muggeridge.

After properly acknowledging the author's talents, a reviewer of *The Most of Malcolm Muggeridge* in the *New Statesman* suggested that he now go off into the hills and write a book telling us what he is *for.* I, for one, hope the advice goes unheeded. Few things are less fruitful than comedians or satirists in the act of espousal; who cares a whit today about Dean Swift's sermons? Besides, as Shaw once said, one needn't be a carpenter to know that the legs of a stool are out of balance. It is enough that such men produce convincing chronicles of the folly of their times, as Muggeridge more often than not does. Without him, things would be a good deal duller, and a great many people would walk the streets more confident in their ignorance.

"REASONABLE" BIGOTRY

CHRISTIAN BELIEFS AND ANTI-SEMITISM. By CHARLES Y. GLOCK and RODNEY STARK. *Harper & Row. 266 pp. $8.50.*

Reviewed by SIDNEY MONAS

THERE IS something terribly American about the solemnity, and the optimism, of this study. It begins with the discovery that despite everything we have learned from the Nazi experience, anti-Semitism remains a problem—not only in the world at large, but right here in America; and it concludes with the high-minded conviction that this evil can be eradicated at its source.

Anti-Semitism, according to Glock and Stark, is rooted in Christian belief and has been inspired, to some degree, by the preachings of the pulpit and the teachings of the Sunday-school. Christians tend to be anti-Semitic not just because Jews are "unbelievers," but because to a certain extent Jews and Christians share a common tradition, to which the Jews are not outsiders, but apostates, and in one context of which they are deicides. Ever since the early church fathers, Gospel-interpretation has consistently emphasized the peculiar role of the Jew in the Christian drama. Thus, there is not only a strong connection between Christian dogmatism and anti-Semitism, but a sequential, causal relationship, in which a high degree of orthodoxy and religious particularism tends to produce hostile beliefs, hostile feelings, and even a propensity toward hostile action. There may be other sources of contemporary anti-Semitism—social, economic, ethnic —yet the religious factor, Glock and Stark insist, displays a stubborn independence.

Sponsored by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, this book is the first in a series of studies on anti-Semitism in America undertaken by the Survey Research Center of the University of California. Almost all the hypotheses to be tested in this highly rigorous and scientific study were carefully rendered "operational" in terms of questions that could be asked on a questionnaire and that could be expected to elicit unequivocal, unambiguous, and classifiable answers, clear-cut patterns of response. Three-thousand church members of a variety of denominations in the metropolitan area of northern California received such questionnaires; results were then checked against a national sample. In collecting, collating, and analyzing this survey, the study shows

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a certain impressive solidity. Most Jews, I think, will not be much surprised by the results; many Christians may be. In any case, it is good to have the details.

YET THE limits of the study are rather appallingly narrow. As Glock and Stark themselves note at the outset, the phenomenon of anti-Semitism is beset by ambiguities. Then, in almost flagrant disregard of that truth, they proceed to give us a study which is designed to banish all conceptual ambivalences and which deliberately avoids whatever is contradictory, many-sided, or contrapuntal in the phenomenology of anti-Semitism. The result is inevitably a stunted and unsatisfactory performance. Even on the level of methodology, the authors' deliberate avoidance of intensive personal interviews prevents them from probing more deeply into the significance of results garnered in their impersonal, anonymous questionnaires. And toward psychology and history—subjects they cannot altogether avoid, although they obviously find them distasteful—their attitude is extremely brusque and impatient.

"... In the main," we read, "prejudice is a *rational* pattern of behavior" (authors' italics), from which it follows that a good deal of Freudian speculation on this subject suffers from "misplaced irrationality," that is, a misplaced concern for irrational motives. "Considering many of the beliefs that have a long tradition as anti-Semitic stereotypes, it would be an irrational man indeed who thought such things were true of Jews without disliking or even hating Jews for being this way." In other words, most people, even most anti-Semites, are basically rational. "They do not think of themselves as bigots, because a bigot is, of course, a person who unreasonably hates, and very few persons see their own feelings as unreasonable." Although this is surely a curious notion of bigotry, I suppose the suggestion that "reasonable" hate might well be the mask for some deeper, truer motive would be dismissed by Glock and Stark as "misplaced irrationality." Of course, as soon as one places one's faith in the "reasonableness" of bigotry, however anomalous that might sound, the next step is to believe that bigotry may be corrected by reason. Goodwill lends itself to instruction, where as the irrational, needless to say, is notoriously resistant to therapy.

Given the particular relationship between Christianity and Judaism, which the authors themselves acknowledge, it seems strange that they insist on dismissing the extremely suggestive insights into the psychology of anti-Semitism afforded by such Freudian conceptions as repression, displacement, projection, guilt, and the return of the repressed. Judaism, after all, was the *parent* religion. After Paul, Christians may have been relieved of some aspects of the old Jewish laws, but this was never true, for instance, of the Ten Commandments. Christian thought merely internalized the negative Commandments, so that a man who lusted after a woman in his heart was as "guilty" as one who actually committed adultery. And not only was the old law internalized, it was invested with awesome sanctions—with the power of eternal damnation in the vivid enormity of the Christian Hell. The Jews were "responsible" for starting all this, but what was even worse, they opted out at the crucial moment, disregarding what Christians believed to be their own prophecies. Throughout the Middle Ages, the overt moral code which imposed "Thou shalt not" upon the Christian child was ubiquitous, powerful, and protected by all the authority of this world and the next, while off in the corner, strange and sinister, sat the Jew, apparently free.

Nevertheless, the Christian attitude toward Jews was always ambiguous. Judas the betrayer, in Christian folklore the archetypical Jew, is not without some moments as a kind of second Christ. The Wandering Jew (of the ballad which Glock and Stark refer to as an instance of belief in God's punishment of the Jews, and therefore as a justification for anti-Semitism) also assumes in some versions of the ballad a Christlike role. His punishment is part of the redemp-

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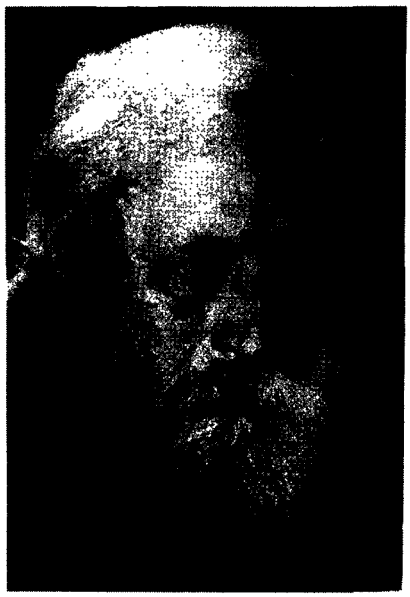

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tion of mankind; the Son of Man, too, had "no place to rest his head." For centuries, moreover, Christian expectations of the apocalypse depended upon the conversion of the Jews. Of such ambiguities as these, Glock and Stark take no account.

THE AUTHORS seem to associate religious tolerance (a "growing" tolerance, as though there had been steady progress) with the spread of scientific method, with the Enlightenment and the increasing respect for reason that they see originating in the secularizing trends of the Renaissance. Generations of historical research on the Middle Ages seem to have left them still believing in a "long night" of dark superstition and religious persecution. Now, it is unquestionable that there were indeed pogroms during the Middle Ages, especially during the times of the Crusades, but surely the plight of the Jews during the Reformation and Counter-Reformation was far worse. The secular state, which endowed scientific societies, sponsored academies, and absorbed the *haute bourgeoisie* into its concerns, was also known to have tortured Old Believers, burned witches, and murdered Jews with an abandon that exceeded the wildest dreams of the "long night." Nor were the "scientific intellectuals" of the Renaissance the first to introduce notions of religious toleration or William of Ockham, as the authors suppose, their only precursor. St. Augustine himself argued for secular tolerance (if not ideological coexistence) on the ground that "those who are today our enemies may yet tomorrow be our friends."

It is true, of course, that secular absolutism paved the way for the nation-state, which eventually emancipated the Jew from the ghetto. Surely this was an immense step forward and a great liberation; but just as surely it gave the Jews not greater security and tolerance than they had enjoyed before, but less; for it is at this point that modern anti-Semitism, which is political rather than strictly religious, really begins.

Given their emphasis on the preeminence of the religious factor in anti-Semitism, and given also their bias in favor of the modern secular state, it is not surprising to find that Glock and Stark believe that the more orthodox and particularistic a Christian is, the more anti-Semitic he will be. This tends to be true, the authors say, not only of individuals, but also of denominations as a whole. As they themselves point out, however, Catholics are a clear exception to this tendency, if only in part. As a group, Catholics may adhere more closely than a given Protestant denomination to religious orthodoxy and particularism and at the same time show fewer anti-Semitic propensities; among individual Catholics, however, the more orthodox and particularistic tend also to be the more anti-Semitic. Glock and Stark attribute this phenomenon to a tradition of religious libertarianism in American Catholicism, which can be explained by the fact that the Church spoke for a minority group which was for a long time under attack and suspicion. While there is obviously something to this, it is by no means demonstrated to be the crucial factor. No foreign church is used as a standard of comparison, although there are a few glib references to Guenter Lewy's COMMENTARY article* on the German Catholic Church and the Nazis—but the Church was in the minority in Germany, too—to Latin America, and to the Inquisition. Whatever the official position of the Church as a whole with regard to the Jews (and that has changed only recently, and not as drastically as some of us had hoped), Catholic attitudes must vary a great deal from country to country—they are surely not the same among the Uniates of the Ukraine as they are in Italy. The criterion here may be the degree to which Catholicism is associated with nationalism, or with resistance to nationalism (so that one might expect anti-Semitism to be relatively strong in the Polish Church, relatively weak in the French). In any case, I can see no inherent reason for treating the Catholic Church in America as a monolith, without any attempt

* "Pius XII, the Jews, and the German Catholic Church," February 1964.

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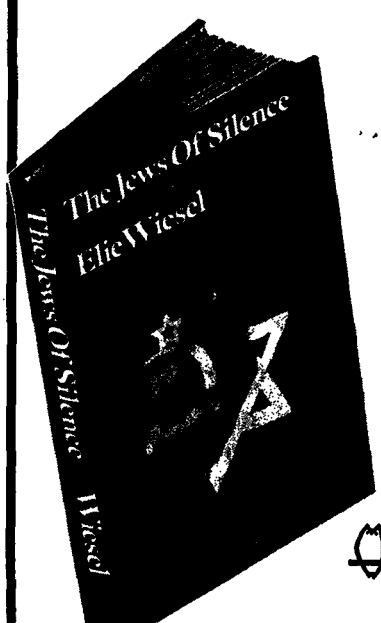

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to investigate the cultural, ethnic, or national background of its members. Nor should it be overlooked that at the heart of the Church's concern with history is the conception of its role as *mediatrix* between time and eternity and (need one add?) between the believer and his forbidden desires. It may also be that Catholics are more prone to fill out questionnaires the way they think their pastors want them to.

A NUMBER of different Protestant denominations are linked together for purposes of the study under a category called "sects." The propensity toward anti-Semitism within this category is very high, because, in the authors' view, it includes the most orthodox, the most particularist, and the most "fundamentalist" of American Christians. But the list also seems to include such "Judaizing" sects as the Seventh-Day Adventists (who follow the dietary laws and observe Jewish holidays) and militant pacifists like the Jehovah's Witnesses. Are they anti-Semitic too? And what about the Quakers and the Christian Scientists and the Mormons? There is no reason to assume that the closer a Christian "orthodoxy" is to Judaism, the less anti-Semitic its members tend to be —the history of the Reformation has refuted that assumption once and for all—but it is possible that the teachings of that orthodoxy might serve to modify the intensity with which anti-Jewish feelings are held.

Perhaps it is because the prospect of hellfire is no longer a real one, and strict obedience to the councils of the elect is no longer so sternly required, that the Congregationalists of northern California are so much more tolerant of the Jews than were their New England Puritan ancestors. The waning of hellfire may have also made feelings of tolerance psychologically possible for Calvinists, who have traditionally been ill-at-ease with the image of Christ and much more at home with the God of the Old Testament (but with the Christian Hell at His disposal), who gave their children Old Testament names, founded a "City on a Hill," emphasized the "Ark of the Covenant," the "Compact" (later called the Constitution), and the letter and logic of the Law. Whatever the precise significance of all this, it is something which the first volume of what purports to be a truly major study of anti-Semitism in America cannot afford to have overlooked.

"The past can only be remembered," we are told, "not changed. And it is hope for change that is the basic motive of our inquiries. . . ." Thus, according to Glock and Stark, the past may have been unhappy, but it is definitely over. Their "hope for change" is based on the conviction that anti-Semitism can be "educated out" of Christian beliefs by a determined process of rational instruction. One need not advocate bigotry in the churches or a revival of religious particularism to take cold comfort from the program of blandly tolerant, homogenized secularism, spreading from pulpit to Sunday-school, that the authors of this study seem to propose. Until we live in a society without repression, the past will always be with us.

BELOW THE BELT

DIRTY POLITICS. By BRUCE L. FELKNOR. *Norton. 295 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by ANDREW HACKER

WE PROFESSORS are sometimes accused of throwing our students' term papers down the stairs, basing the grades on where they land. With this book, Bruce L. Felknor, the former executive director of the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, exposes himself to a similar charge. He has had access to the largest collection of smear literature in the country, yet one cannot help but suspect that he put together *Dirty Politics* by emptying his filing cabinets onto the rug, culling enough scurrilous passages from one or another drawer for each chapter, and then having the lot bound up as a book.

Like good pornography, the first few chapters make stimulating reading. Politics, indeed, is even better than sex in that it offers many more ways to do your partner dirty, and Mr. Felknor relates each technique in loving detail. Accord-

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ing to some Federalist tracts quoted here, Jefferson's election "would bring on a national orgy of rape, incest, and adultery." Andrew Jackson's mother was accused of prostitution and his wife of adultery. The file on Lincoln is conveniently alphabetized: he was called an ape, a buffoon, a coward, a drunkard, and so on. But most of the book deals with slanders that are much more recent, and it describes the subjection to unfair treatment of almost every public figure of our time, including Goldwater, Kennedy, Humphrey, Javits, Keating, Stevenson, and Johnson.

After a while, however, all this becomes a bit of a bore, and one begins hoping for some discussion as to *why* American politics is so unclean. (There is little point in trying to demonstrate that our politics is more—or less—gentlemanly than it once was. First, a case can't really be proved one way or the other; second, and more important, the real question is the extent of the gulf between an age's expectations concerning campaign ethics and the actual performance.) But such an analysis is never forthcoming; the only idea of any weight propounded by Mr. Felknor is that dirt hurts. Thus, if X plays dirty and wins, we are told that his questionable tactics accounted for his victory: that is why Richard Nixon beat Helen Gahagan Douglas in California, and why Millard Tydings lost to John Marshall Butler in Maryland's 1950 senatorial contest, where Republicans distributed a cut-and-paste ("composite") photograph purportedly showing Tydings and Earl Browder congenially chatting together. If, on the other hand, Y plays dirty but Z nevertheless wins, Mr. Felknor informs us that mud-throwing resulted in a far narrower margin of victory than would otherwise have been the case.

Everyone, of course, is entitled to speculate on the relative weight of this or that factor in an election, but the unexamined assumption underlying *Dirty Politics* is more sweeping: the possibility of widespread "deception and manipulation of the electorate." Now, to speak in such terms is to presuppose a good deal about the character of the political public. But just how susceptible to "deception" and "manipulation" is the average voter? According to all indications, he casts his ballots on party and class lines; he tunes in on only those messages which concur with his personal preconceptions; and he even has some notion as to how he would like his country to be governed. Hidden persuasion may (or may not) sell more soap and shampoo, but it has yet to be shown that innuendo turns political tides.

It is not altogether clear, then, that the public is so frail and irrational as to need protection from campaign chicanery. But Mr. Felknor also says that the risk of being called nasty names keeps men of character and ability from entering party politics. On the whole, this is true. For every Adlai Stevenson or Nelson Rockefeller willing to have his private life explored and impugned on the hustings, there are a hundred other men of intelligence and integrity who steer clear of candidacies and wait for an appointment to an administrative or advisory post. Even so, it seems less than self-evident that we should reform the rough-and-tumble of our system merely because there are shrinking violets among us. The nastiness of feeling generated by campaigns may be one of the less charming sides of democracy, but it is democracy for all that. Only a placid and passionless electorate, willing to nod silently while superior types debated the issues, could ensure the insulation of campaigns from the seamier emotions.

MR. FELKNOR has more than a few chiding asides for the authors of dirty broadsides—for example, Phyllis Schafly (*A Choice Not An Echo*), John Stormer (*None Dare Call it Treason*), and J. Evetts Haley (*A Texan Looks at Lyndon*). Yet he fails to consider the point that these three Goldwaterites sincerely believe that it matters enormously who wins an election. *Dirty Politics* never comes to grips with the question of why such people—and there are many others who are not Goldwaterites—feel so strongly about politics. It won't do to write them off as paranoids or to say that

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they are projecting personal aggressions onto the political arena. For the relevant distinction here is not between neurosis and normality, but between those who are "civic" in outlook—who, that is, are drawn to the idea of non-partisan committees and bipartisan consensus—and those whose temper is "political" and who really care about the outcome of a campaign.

The traducers of political reputations may constitute no more than an isolated and out-of-touch minority, but I suspect that such true-believers will always be with us. I have just finished fighting (and losing) a fluoridation referendum campaign in my city, where the anti-fluoride forces used most of the unseemly tactics described by Mr. Felknor. It would have been a lot easier, and a lot less democratic, if the public-health officials had been allowed to dose the waterworks for our own good. But the question was put to a public vote, thus bringing out of the woodwork people with all sorts of actual and imagined grievances. The point is that these are real people, and their worries are not going to be dissolved by attempting to exclude emotionalism from political disputation. Until we learn how to provide ways for such Americans to let off the steam that is pent up in them, it is best to let them mix their First Amendment liberties with a measure of license.

One must note, finally, that at least a part of our politics has some genuine dirt ingrained in it. It is impossible to imagine, say, an open-housing campaign being conducted anywhere according to Marquis of Queensberry rules. So long as there are people who are fearful over the prospect of Negro neighbors, and so long as Negroes exert pressure to have their right to rent written into law, we will be caught in the midst of a very dirty conflict. To claim that the debate over open-housing can be based on its constitutional or administrative merits is downright silly. This is a clash of real interests, and no matter how loudly candidates who intone "A man's home is his castle" claim they are only citing the Constitution, they are saying—and everyone knows they are saying—that they don't want *"them"* buy-

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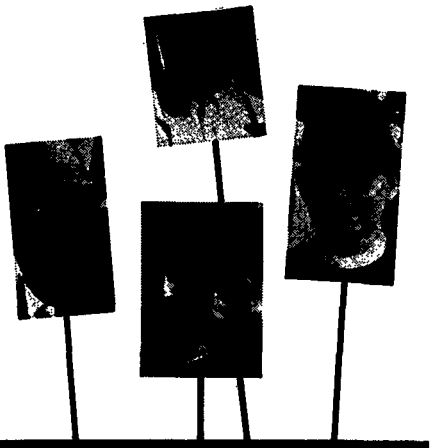

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DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

THE ILLUSIONLESS MAN: FANTASIES AND MEDITATIONS. By ALLEN WHEELIS. *Norton. 206 pp. $4.50.*

Reviewed by BURTON FELDMAN

DR. WHEELIS is a psychoanalyst who writes about disillusionment in the literary forms of fantasy and the meditative essay. Thus he may seem to be inviting us to forget for the moment what psychology does in its usual scientific—Freudian—dress. In fact, however, the opposite is true. The object of all his fun and commiseration remains the stock psychoanalytic believer, only now reduced to despair, delivered to the very depths he once confidently explored and returned from, attacked by what he once thought his most powerful weapon, his skepticism about man's rationality. It is there, at the end of his rope, that he is picked up by the author; and it is only another sign of this situation that Dr. Wheelis chooses to write literary fantasies rather than conventional case history—science and reason itself are now the problems, and literature may be a kind of solution. While moving closer to literature, Dr. Wheelis also moves closer to the existential side of psychology. But finally he leaves us not knowing exactly whether to measure him as writer or psychologist.

The four stories—or "fantasies"—in this volume, which also includes two personal essays, involve men who have become illusionless; that is to say, they have lost confidence in rationality, felt the collapse of tradition and value, and recognized in themselves a frightening emotional and intellectual impotence. In the opening story, the illusionless man springs almost from his crib to unmask all values, including his own, and immediately achieves a life of dust. In another, we get a witty spoof of the entire arc traversed by a psychological insight, from the first dazzling intuition (Death is the "way"), to the little clique formed to nourish it, to the powerful institution formed to guard and perpetuate it, to its final exhaustion in a split between orthodoxy and "true" heresy, both of them hopeless.

These stories are always clever, and at their best they are bitterly funny, but somehow they remain only mildly successful as literature. Despite Dr. Wheelis's gifts of wit and poetry, his "fantasies" have no power to move us beyond where we were when we first started reading them; they reproduce only the surface of our moment and place. (Notwithstanding the passionate flavor of his style, Dr. Wheelis sounds much more like a Feiffer cartoon than like Kafka.) With perhaps one exception, "The League of Death," none of his pieces sustains the initial ironic distance or impact; the tension they build up and catch us with either collapses or gets resolved not quite fairly. Thus, for no good reason, the illusionless man at the end gives himself over to redemptive love, family, and common sense; another pessimist and cynic finally affirms life and the human community through the comic but mystic intervention of a hummingbird.

In short, Dr. Wheelis tampers with his own work. Sooner or later, the writer in him capitulates to the therapist, and the satirist in him surrenders to the existential moralist, who in turn yields to the plain moralist urging us to be moderate and to muddle through. This constant retreat from an initial bravado and toughmindedness into mild caution does damage to Dr. Wheelis's literary powers, but it is also one of his most attractive traits, suggesting as it does a stead-

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iness gained only through much courage and inner trial. Disillusioned he may be, but—as befits a psychotherapist—not cynically or dogmatically or recklessly so. He is bedeviled by his tenacious and old-fashioned prudence, for he cannot explain why he should be that way in an indifferent universe. However much he may seem to resemble the existential "regulars," then, he is not simply one of them. Indeed, in the above-mentioned fantasy about what happens to the revolutionary insight into the fruitful contemplation of death, it is existential psychology and existentialism itself that Dr. Wheelis is satirizing.

Yet what haunts him is what also haunts existentialism: not merely the shallow chatter and empty pursuit of distraction, but also the deeper malady, beyond all cure, of reason. In this book, moreover, he does only what existentialists do in a larger way: in the name of more precise knowledge about man, they turn away from science toward art and mystery—in Dr. Wheelis's case, to the "magic" of writing literature.

The same problem of reason confronted that earlier physician, Faust, just as the move to mystery and power was part of Faust's solution. Most moderns, to be sure, have not chosen to go as far as Faust went in his radical quest, and then agreed to settle for the clearance of swamps as the best thing to do. That, if anything, would be too moderate and too constructive. Yet Dr. Wheelis's solutions sound much like Faust's, with benevolent action going on amidst our confusion and to the sound of far-off choruses of love. In "The Signal," he opposes the two warring prophets of psychoanalysis—Nietzsche and Christ, the fox and the lamb, creative destruction and creative love—and has them work out the passion of Christ in the unlikely setting of a fortune cookie factory. The lamb of God and love win out at the end, though not without a struggle. Or again, the illusionless man—a carpenter, naturally—though unconvinced by a lifetime of marriage to the visionary maid, goes on with his building to the very end, and dies saying, "There isn't anything else." Speaking directly in the essays, and also not without a struggle, Dr. Wheelis himself finally decides weakly for affirmation and strongly for action. However baffled by not knowing what to know, he chooses to go on clearing the swamps of mental illness.

The crucial turn, then, in all of Dr. Wheelis's fantasies, as well as in his personal essays, comes when, despite everything, the illusionless man moves hesitantly but instinctively back to common sense and the banal world of common experience—and Wheelis contrives to make it seem a triumph. At the start of one of his bright, acerbic stories, one could scarcely guess that at the end he would sound more like one of the doctors of the plain than of the fancy—more like Chekhov than Binswanger, more like William Carlos Williams than Norman O. Brown. Dr. Wheelis may set out like Molière but he winds up as the physician in spite of himself.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

MICHAEL HARRINGTON *is the author of* The Other America *and* The Accidental Century.

JOSEPH EPSTEIN *reviewed Dan Wakefield's* Between the Lines *in our November issue.*

SIDNEY MONAS, *a historian, is currently Fulbright Visiting Professor at the Hebrew University.*

ANDREW HACKER *is professor of government at Cornell University.*

BURTON FELDMAN, *a new contributor, teaches English at the University of Denver.*

Two new descriptions of David's slingshot

Israel's life-and-death struggle for statehood

It is eighteen years since the State of Israel was born. Now, two recent books relive the struggle of the emerging nation with such intensity and vigor that it seems to be as topical as tomorrow's newspaper. *The Secret Battle for Israel* by Benjamin Kagan ($6.00) reveals the vital role played by the Israeli Air Force in the battle for statehood. Equipped with a few obsolete observation planes and facing almost certain annihilation, the air force obtained planes and support from volunteers throughout the world, both Jews and non-Jews. Together, these men put an incredible amount of ingenuity and effort into getting the planes to Israel. Then they took them up into the sky to fight. They were in to the finish. And for many of them the finish came in the form of their own deaths.

Surprisingly enough, a Briton, Christopher Sykes, provides a fresh and candidly unbiased documentary of Israel's birth in his *Crossroads to Israel* ($7.95).

Beginning with the Balfour Declaration of 1917, the author evaluates the critical moments of decision in the struggle for the Jewish State. According to the *New York Times Book Review* ". . . he has written perhaps the most acute and penetrating interpretation of the entire Palestine question ever to appear in a single volume. . . . Keeps his grip on the central point . . . that the Zionist goal of self-determination could be validated (only) on the basis of historic need and visceral determination."

Both of these books give additional credence to the modern David and Goliath legend—the struggle for, and the success of, Israeli statehood.

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Americans work harder than any other people on earth to make adequate financial provision for their families after they are gone. BUT much of their hard-earned money is wasted, siphoned off by a scandalous probate system before it ever reaches their loved ones

Why Haven't You and Your Family Been Told These Facts?

- **On average, it takes one to five years to close out an estate. During that time your spouse can draw a pitifully-small "widow's allowance" but your children can't draw a cent.**
- **It costs three to ten times as much proportionately to settle a poor man's estate as that of a millionaire.**
- **Under the existing probate system, complete strangers may share your estate with your family.**

But, in the next 60 seconds I will tell you of an astonishingly simple way to transfer absolutely everything you now own to your loved ones after your death without delay, without red tape and without the excessive probate costs which your estate may otherwise be called upon to bear.

If you don't take the steps I suggest, my advice to you is "Don't die," because complications will start the moment you do. Your estate will come under the jurisidiction of a special court. Sometimes called the "orphans," "chancery" or "surrogate" court; its most common name is "probate" court. If you've left no will, it will dictate one for you in accordance with your state's law which won't necessarily read as *you* would wish. Now your children can start their long one-to-five-year wait to get what is left of their inheritance after the appraiser fees, executor or administrator fees and probate court costs are deducted.

THE UGLY SIDE OF PROBATE

Senator Robert F. Kennedy recently charged that courts handling probate are "shot through with scandal, scandal that has been documented over the years."

Fiorello LaGuardia called the probate system "the most expensive undertaking establishment in the world." The New York *Herald-Tribune* editorially denounced those "clubhouse lawyers" who "profit to the extent of one million dollars annually in fees, many taken, at a large percentage, from small guardianships where every dollar is needed." The Bridgeport *Post* called the probate system a "gravy train." An article in the Journal of the American Bar Association called the Connecticut probate system "one of the most viciously corrupt."

Probate judges on average are the highest paid judges in America. Many of them work on percentage and may earn more than the governors of their states. The income of one judge was 20% higher than that of the Chief Justice in Washington.

The clerk of a Chicago probate court appointed 691 "special guardians" in a nine-month period. One of his friends got 76 guardianships—an average of two a week. A probate judge has reported that 90% of the appraisers appointed by a probate court perform no service whatever for the fee they receive. Many conscientious members of the bar are worried about the corruption built into our probate system but most lack the courage to speak out.

It is up to *you* to do something to help yourself. Sooner or later some of your own family's money will be involved. Don't wait and let your family and your children face this problem. Learn now how to avoid the probate system.

THE MAGIC KEY TO AVOID PROBATE

How can you give your loved ones the very maximum estate in the very minimum time after you have gone? By *avoiding* probate. Yes, virtually everything you now own can be quickly and easily transferred to your heirs after your death—and exactly as you specify, without any red tape, without publicity, without strangers meddling in your affairs and draining off the financial security you worked so hard to build for your family.

You can achieve all this very simply by a method which few laymen know about called an "inter vivos" or "living" trust. Indeed, only a small proportion of lawyers fully understand its use—the American Bar Association has just issued a training film to be shown to local bar associations to educate them on its advantages.

It's amazingly simple: Let's assume that you own a piece of real estate which you wish to leave to your wife at your death. In a simple "declaration of trust" you say in part: "I declare that I am holding this property in trust for my wife. Upon my death my successor trustee is to turn the property over to the beneficiary and terminate this trust. I hereby appoint as successor trustee the beneficiary hereunder." Upon your death, your wife, acting in her capacity as successor trustee, simply turns the property over to herself as beneficiary. She is then immediately the complete and absolute owner of the property. That's all there is to it—no executor's fees, no appraiser's fees, no probate court cost. No one-to-five-year wait. No piece in the paper telling all your business.

VITAL IF YOU OWN A SMALL BUSINESS

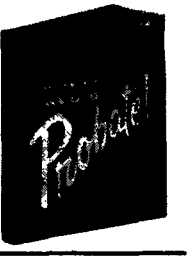
Passing on a small business, incorporated or unincorporated, to relatives or employees is extremely important. If necessary, your business can be quickly sold by the beneficiary-trustee if that is your and their wish. Otherwise, it could be tied up in probate court for years. A distress sale under probate procedures may produce little or nothing . . . may even create obligations. With an "inter vivos" trust, your successor trustee can quietly, privately and immediately investigate possible buyers . . . then take his time to make the deal that will give your family the very maximum, with no undesirable publicity to harm the sale.

WHY THIS BOOK?

I wrote this book to tell a few friends and clients how to avoid probate. They told *their* friends . . . and now it has zoomed almost to the top of the best-seller list because Americans everywhere are discovering that it frees them from the bondage of the iniquitous probate system.

In it you will find an explanation of why it is vitally important to you and your family that *you* avoid probate. Next, you'll find the *actual trust instruments* needed to exempt your home or other real estate, your savings or checking account, your stocks, your mutual fund shares, your small unincorporated business, your close corporation . . . even your personal effects such as jewelry, antiques, paintings, etc.

Even the manufacture of this book is extraordinary. It is not even printed on regular book paper. Norman F. Dacey has insisted that it be printed on the highest quality bond paper suitable for the important legal forms it contains (and which you will be able to fill in), so that these will last over one hundred years.



With each instrument are instructions that even a school child can understand, and a picture of how the instrument should look when it is completed. All of the instruments are specially perforated for easy removal from the book and *actual use*.

In addition, you'll find precise advice on a wide range of family financial planning decisions which you are called upon to make on matters of life insurance, taxes, investments and the like . . . the very things you and I would talk about if we sat down in your own home to discuss your financial estate problems.

LOADED WITH TAX-SAVING IDEAS, TOO

I'll show you a special way to give support to an elderly relative or to a growing child. I'll show you how you and the beneficiary can gain valuable tax benefits. I'll show you how to make gifts to charity to take effect at your death—but give you important tax benefits this year. I'll even tell you exactly what you do if you change your mind about any of the trust arrangements or want to change a beneficiary . . . and provide necessary forms.

WHAT DOES ALL THIS MEAN?

It means that you're going to learn how to make the money you earn safer and more productive, you're going to pass it on to your family at your death with a minimum of wear and tear from taxes—and you're going to avoid completely the up-to-10% or 20% cost, the one-to-five year delay and the unwelcome publicity which will attract the attention of unscrupulous persons to your heirs. And you're going to keep the sticky fingers of any probate racketeers out of your family's affairs.

To my knowledge, there's never been a book like this before. It is truly a "do-it-yourself kit" which will enable any literate American to administer his own estate. If you come by your money easily and you don't much care who gets it when you're gone, the book isn't for you. But if you're a hard-working American and you want to decide for yourself, with a conscientious lawyer, if you like, who is to get your estate when you're gone, and if you have no intention of bequeathing a chunk of it to the local probate court, this book was written for you.

Norman F. Dacey

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Your own lawyer may not like this man because of his courageous fight against the probate system. (On the other hand, he might be one of those enlightened lawyers who will positively agree with Mr. Dacey's fight.) But in a hundred books and articles, in more than 500 broadcasts, Norman F. Dacey has brought his case for the streamlined passing of personal property to the American people. The American people have responded. Norman F. Dacey is bombshell news today. He is America's best known professional estate planner. Senate committees, the Justice Department, the Defense Department, the largest consumer organization in America have all sought his professional assistance. At the invitation of the U.S. Air Force, he has delivered a series of lectures on estate planning at the Air Force Academy. Now you can obtain his guidance in planning *your* estate. We are proud to have published this historic book.

During the past 5 months we have printed and completely sold out *seventeen* editions. It is constantly in short supply. It has been first come, first served. Order it today on the special money-back guarantee. It costs nothing at all unless you are completely satisfied, and otherwise only $4.95. Send the coupon below.

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Please ship me your book "How to Avoid Probate" including full information as to how I may pass on my property without Probate costs and delays. I understand that this book is printed on special bond document paper and includes the legal forms I need and which I will be able to fill in. If not delighted I may return within ten days for full refund.

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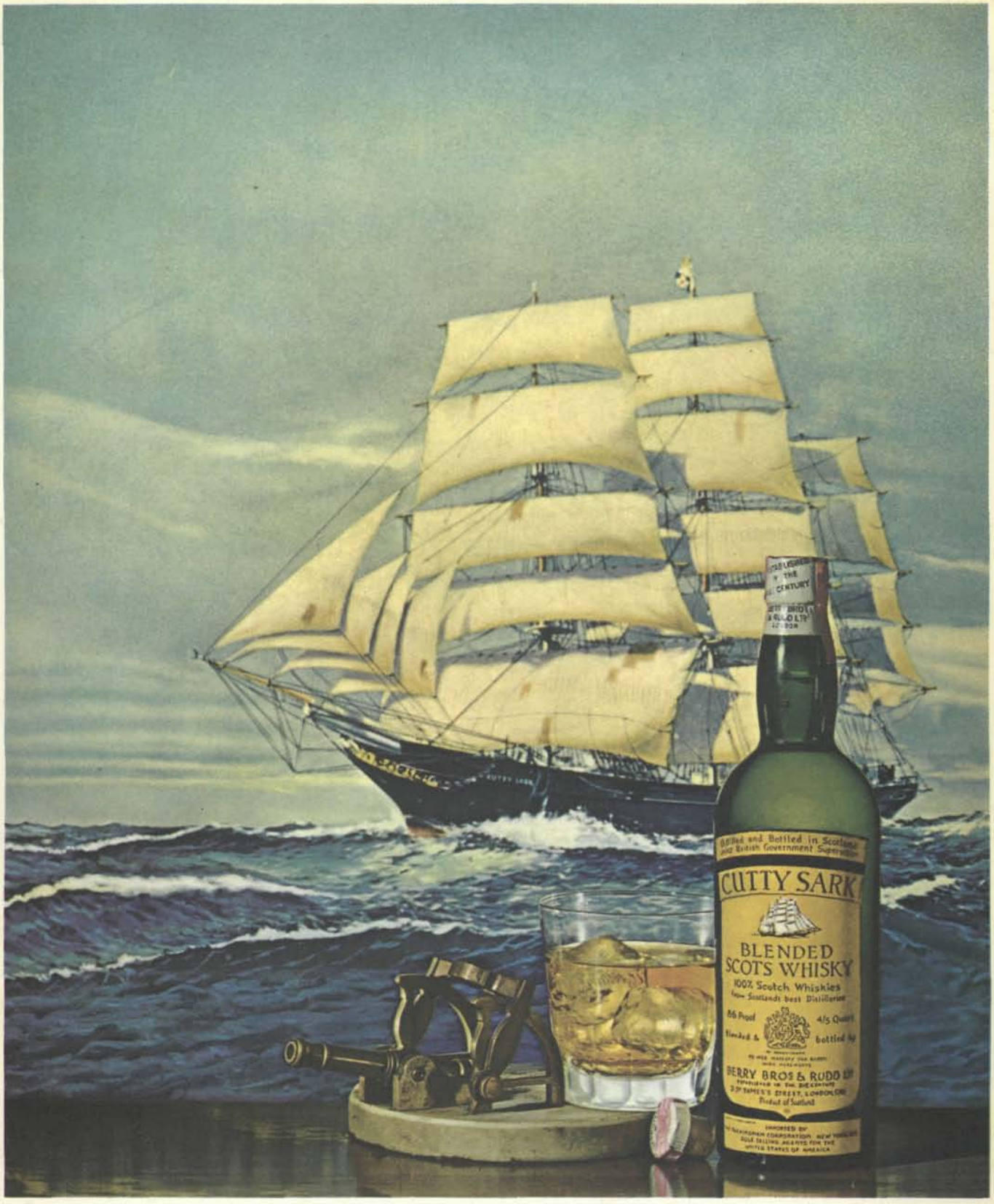

With scores of brands to choose from, the fact is more Americans buy more Cutty Sark than any other Scotch Whisky. Cutty Sark is "from Scotland's best Distilleries" and the No. 1 reason is in the bottle. Why not try Cutty Sark yourself?

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